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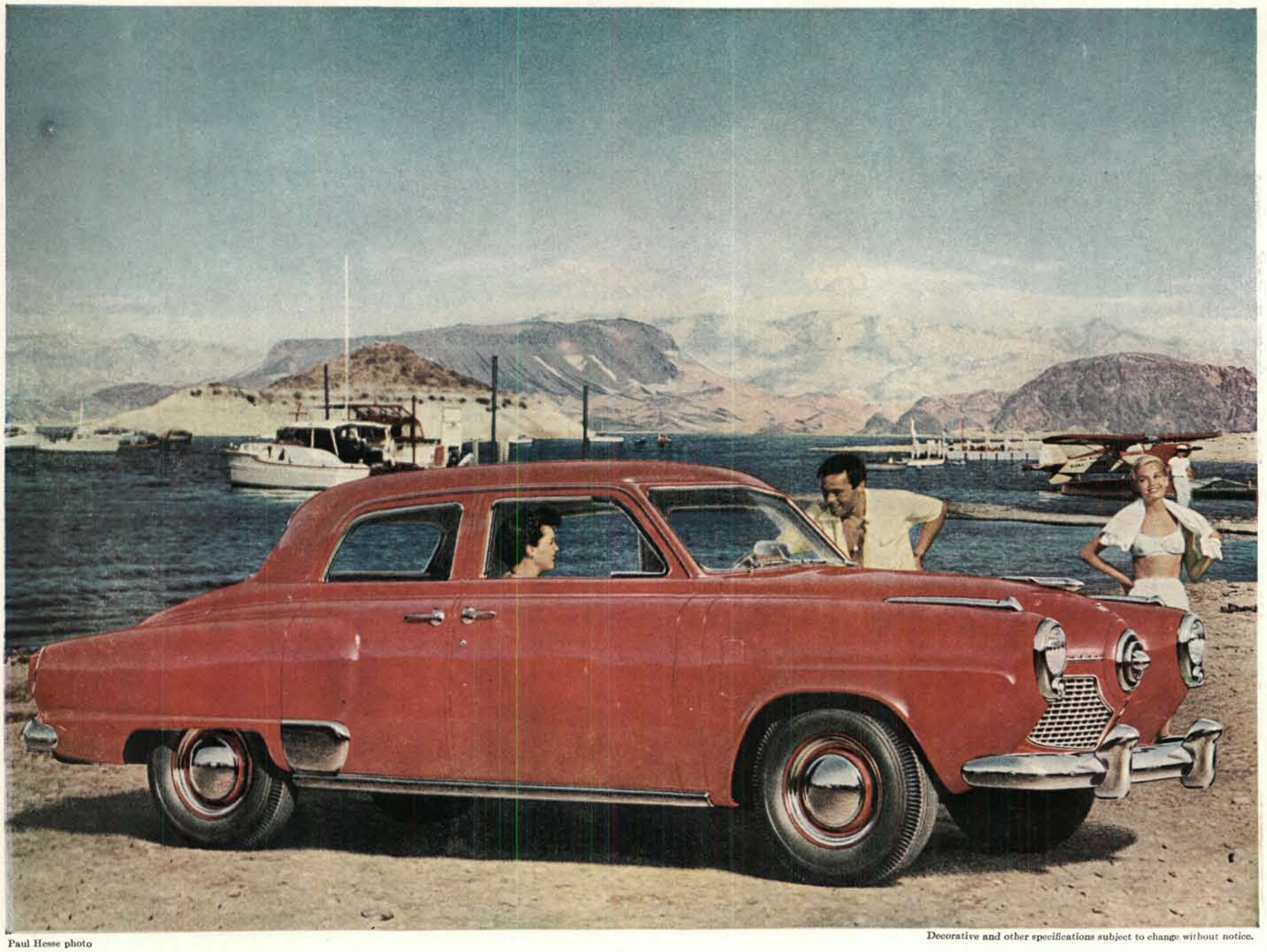

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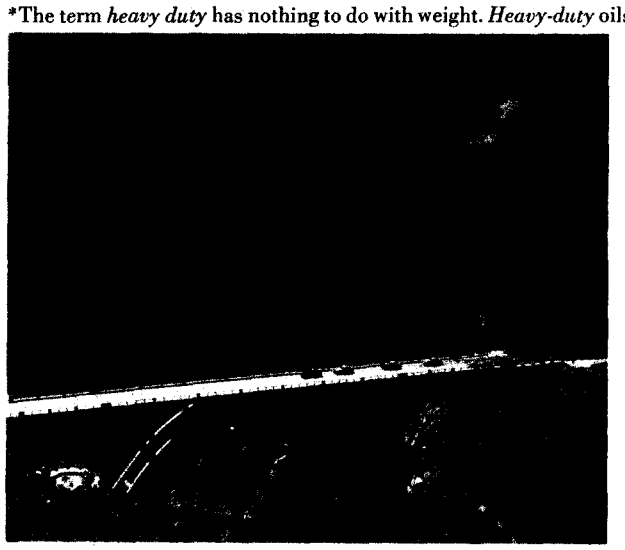

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says

BERT PARKS

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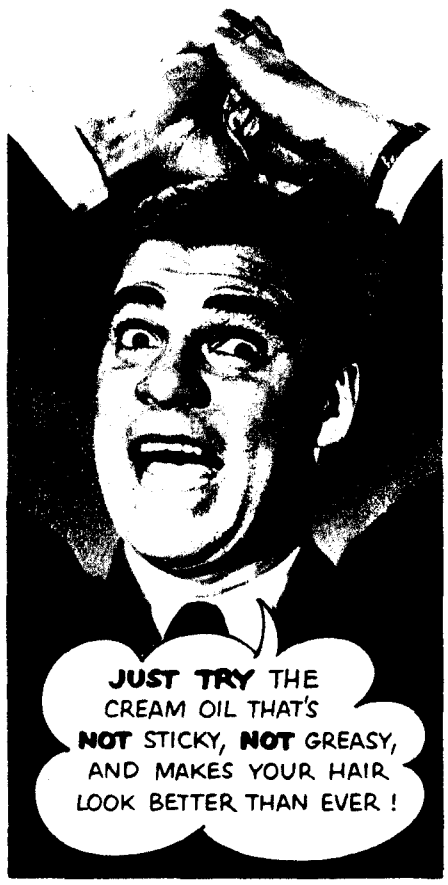

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The Cover

Since he's bogged down with about $15 worth of groceries, it looks as though Pop will just have to drool while the rest of the family digs into the boxes of fragrant popcorn. Artist David Mink, scouring the vicinity of Evanston, Illinois, for a colorful popcorn wagon, found this one in Des Plaines, a few miles west, and sketched the scene there while his models (and some neighborhood pigeons) stuffed themselves.

Week's Mail

Business' Role in Education

EDITOR: Allow me to congratulate and thank you for the timely and splendid (no less words will do) article by Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., on Big Business Must Help Our Colleges (June 2d). I have just ordered 10 copies and may order more.

Mr. Sloan has presented a basic fact with notably effective sweep and power, and has thus performed an important national service. D. KING, Quincy, Mass.

. . . Congratulations to you for publishing the article by Alfred P. Sloan, Jr. Certainly, unless our educational program is to become completely socialized, we must have greater support for private education.

However, this private education should not be confined to the colleges, but should also reach the more critical adolescent period. The research and experimentation and flexibility of the smaller endowed private school have been tremendously helpful in the field of public education.

As a trustee of a private college said to me, "There is really more justification for support of the private secondary school than for the independent college, because the state can take care of the college education but cannot possibly offer educational services comparable to those provided by the independent secondary school."

HOMER F. BARNES, Director, Montecito School for Girls, Santa Barbara, Cal.

Nostalgia

EDITOR: Truly enjoyed your grand article on the San Francisco cable cars ("Kowfadakuv!", June 2d). I think all former San Franciscans (I am one) will surely appreciate the picture looking toward Market Street, the Bay Bridge and the memorable little cars—what a nostalgic twinge it gives me, away back here in New York.

I'd like to make one comment to the editor—since when has Herb Caen been with the Examiner? I read his column in the San Francisco Chronicle for many years and am wondering if this is an error.

RUTH B. ROBIESON, Minetto, N. Y.

Caen has been with the Examiner since January 18th of last year. (See the article Young Mr. San Francisco, Collier's, June 24, 1950.)

. . . Lucius Beebe's article in your June 2d edition was like a letter from home, for San Francisco is still "home" to me. More power to Mrs. Klussmann and the Citizens Committee to Save the Cable Cars.

When I am in San Francisco and hear the gripmen shouting, "Kowfadakuv!" it is music to my ears.

VERLA E. CONOVER, Pasadena, Cal.

Double Cross?

EDITOR: Re your editorial What Is Our Foreign Policy? (June 2d).

Is there any absolute or even reasonable assurance that Marshal Tito and Stalin are not pulling the greatest coup in all history on the rest of the world and the United States in particular?

We are now loaning Tito a lot of money with which to arm. When the right time comes, could it not be these arms could be used against us and Stalin be allowed to walk right through Yugoslavia?

A few dumb plays on our side, such as our overlooking an entrance into Berlin, make me wonder if we're not dumb enough to walk into such a trap.

FELIX H. MCGINNIS, Seiad Valley, Cal.

Western League Lore

EDITOR: In his story on That Man Mantle (June 2d), Tom Meany made two statements that are not correct. He stated that the Joplin Miners of the Western Association won the pennant and the play-off in the 1950 Western Association League.

The facts are that the Hutchinson (Kansas) Elks, a Pittsburgh Pirates farm team, defeated Joplin three out of four games and accordingly won the play-off here in Hutchinson. ROBERT M. BREHM, Hutchinson, Kans.

If reader Brehm will settle for one incorrect statement, Joplin did win the pennant, but Hutchinson copped the 1950 play-off.

. . . That Man Mantle was very interesting, but Mr. Greenwade should brush up on Walter Johnson's life history. He is quoted as seeing Mickey Mantle play in Coffeyville, Kansas, "Walter Johnson's home town." 'T ain't true. Walter Johnson was born a few miles from Humboldt, Kansas, a town about 60 miles north of Coffeyville.

EVELYN BRADFORD, Humboldt, Kans.

True. But Walter moved to Coffeyville, which was his off-season "home town" during most of his baseball career.

Big Deal

EDITOR: I'm pretty accustomed to getting "letters from the people" but this is the first one I ever wrote. As usual it is to express some indignation. However, I can't get too angry because you did mention our town's name in your magazine.

I mean in your Golden Holden piece (June 2d). However, I wish you'd have asked me because I would have been able to tell you O'Fallon, Illinois, has officially

(Continued on page 45)

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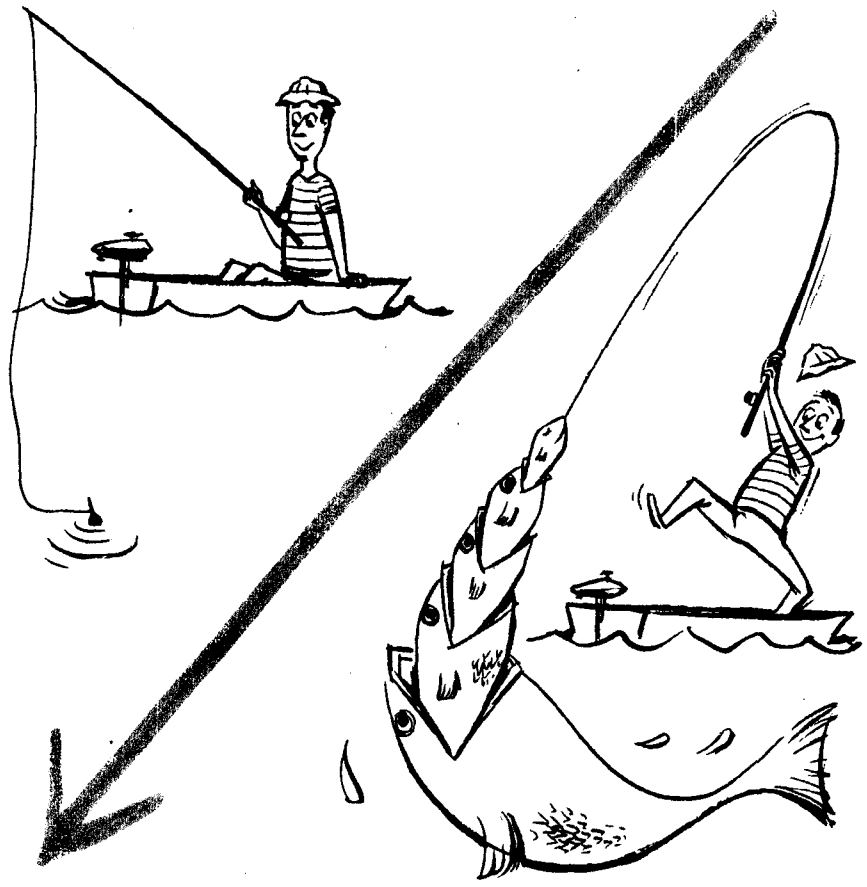

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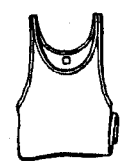

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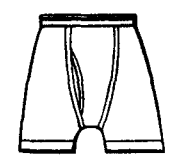

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48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

We were reading USSR, the monthly magazine issued by the Russian Embassy, described as "an information bulletin." USSR reports there is neither crime nor thought of crime in all Russia; no sin nor will to sin. The exquisite happiness, the piercing joy and the boundless well-being of life under Soviet rule must be just about unbearable. The description of the enraptured people of Azerbaijan and Moldavia, dancing and singing as they flocked to the polls to vote for the Hon. J. V. Stalin, is told in prose so purple that we still have spots before our eyes. Did you know that not one of those ecstatic people voted against Mr. Stalin? We haven't room here to tell you all we've read in USSR, but just once in the whole magazine do the paradise pencils of the authors waver. It's a piece by Viakobrazinovsky Kirsanov called The Unbearable Burden of Women in Tito-ruled Yugoslavia. Did you know that in only one other country are women so brutally starved, beaten and exploited as in Yugoslavia? Yep—the United States. More at a later date about this. We're sure you're palpitating to know.

★ ★ ★

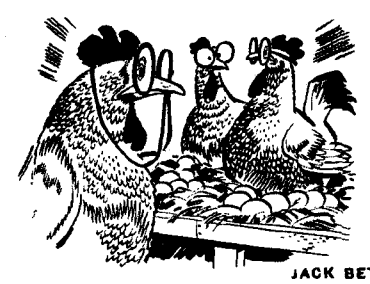
He was a brand-new rookie from Tennessee. His uniform didn't quite fit and his shoes squeaked. Said it wasn't his shoes at all but his feet, because it was the first time he'd had shoes on in two years. First day in camp he met another brand-new soldier—a second lieutenant whose clothes did fit and whose shoes didn't squeak. "Mawnin', Lieutenant," drawled the former; "fine mawnin'." Whereupon the new lieutenant told him off. For 10 minutes he told the boy how to address an officer, repeating himself frequently and emphatically. "Lawdy, Lieutenant," said the rookie with a charming smile when finally the officer was out of breath, "if I'd knowed you was going to carry on like that, I wouldn't of spoke to you at all."

★ ★ ★

From what we hear, there's no good reason any more for suffering from malaria. Chemists have found a preventative that's 1,000 times more potent than quinine and a hundred times more powerful than atabrine. Its name: 5-parachlorophenyl-2, 4-diamino-o-ethyl-pyrimidine. It won't be on the market until mid-1952, however, by which time they hope to find a shorter name for it. Of course, meanwhile it would be simpler not to catch malaria.

★ ★ ★

Until we got to talking to Mr. Wingate Cram of Bangor, Maine, we were inclined to pay no attention to this recent scientific development of spectacles for hens. However, Mr. Cram tells us that hens equipped with eyeglasses are much better layers than those whose vision is not thus improved. "In fact," Mr. Cram informed us further, "their production is also more consistent. You might say, I guess, that the birds seem to be more eggs-acting."



JACK BETTS

★ ★ ★

It was while we were traipsing through New England that we met Mr. Bludge Timmerman, whose job should cheer up the discontented. Mr. Tim-

merman is now making the rounds of the recreation parks, county and state fairs, and other amusement and educational spots. He permits himself to be tied to the hood of an automobile with his head sticking out in front eight or 10 inches. The driver of the car then speeds down the track at 60 miles an hour, with Mr. Timmerman's head still out front. He drives spang through a pine board which is not only one-inch thick but blazing with fire. Mr. Timmerman has been earning his living this way for four years and is feeling pretty well. Says knotty pine is the worst, but takes them as they come. His hair is not as luxuriant as it used to be, but he continues to scorn skull caps. May run for Congress next year speaking from the hoods of automobiles, to which he will of course later be tied before being jammed headfirst through flaming pine walls at 60 miles an hour. Mr. Timmerman is a Democrat.

★ ★ ★

Something wrong with the ancient art or—should we say racket—of Prophecy. For six months we've been taking notes on dire forecasts. Statesmen, generals, office seekers, bartenders, ancients with liver trouble, hired oracles—in fact, everybody with too much spare time on his hands—have been predicting disasters in universe-consuming loads, all of which were to have occurred before the date of this issue of Collier's. None has happened. Even the weather has crossed up the seers. Therefore, we're stringing along with Professor Liam Fogarty of St. Louis, Missouri, who calls himself the Medium with the Unscarred Neck. Professor Fogarty writes: "Everything from now to January, 1952, indicates that things won't be so bad that they couldn't be worse." Furthermore, he cautioned us against spending too much time preparing for the worst. "Remember," said Professor Fogarty, "no matter how deep the well, it is not a reliable refuge in case of flood."

★ ★ ★

Mr. Bill Potter of San Angelo, Texas, has been wandering around Arkansas, a state where, apparently, a conventional

(Continued on page 69)

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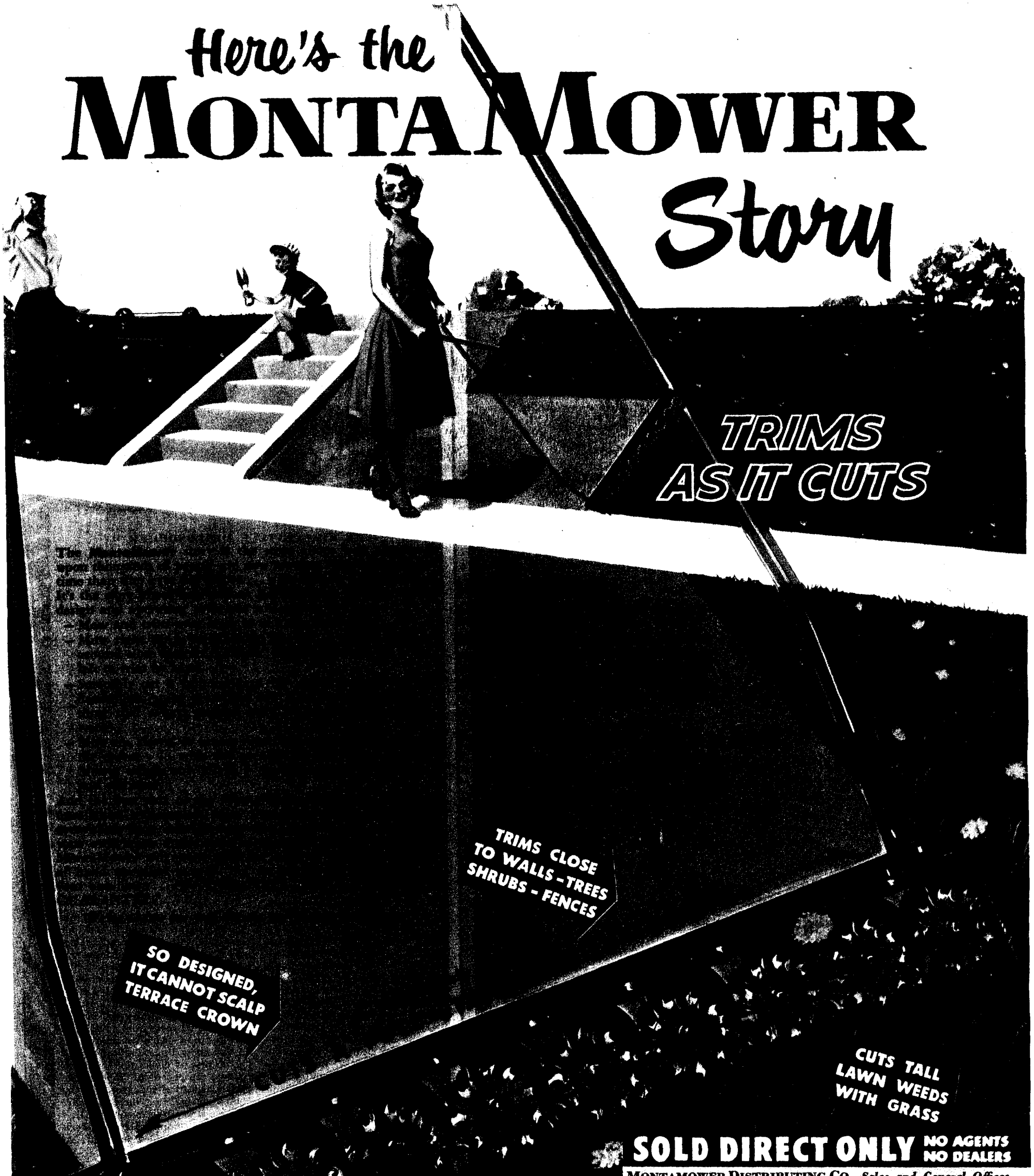
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Ordinary soda water won't give you blendability. Neither will plain water. But Sparkling Canada Dry Water has blendability—the ability to *point up* the flavor of any drink . . . to make all drinks taste better.

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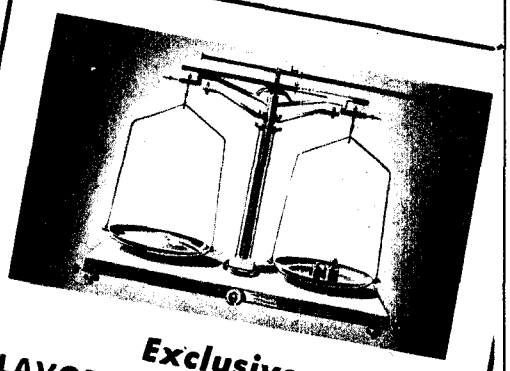
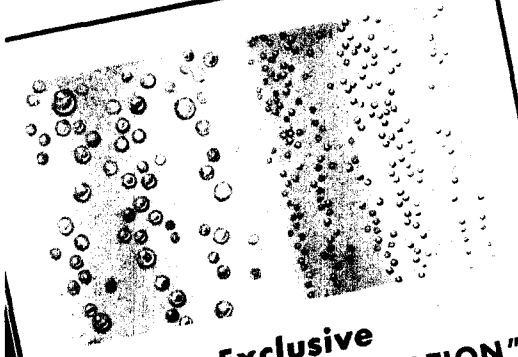


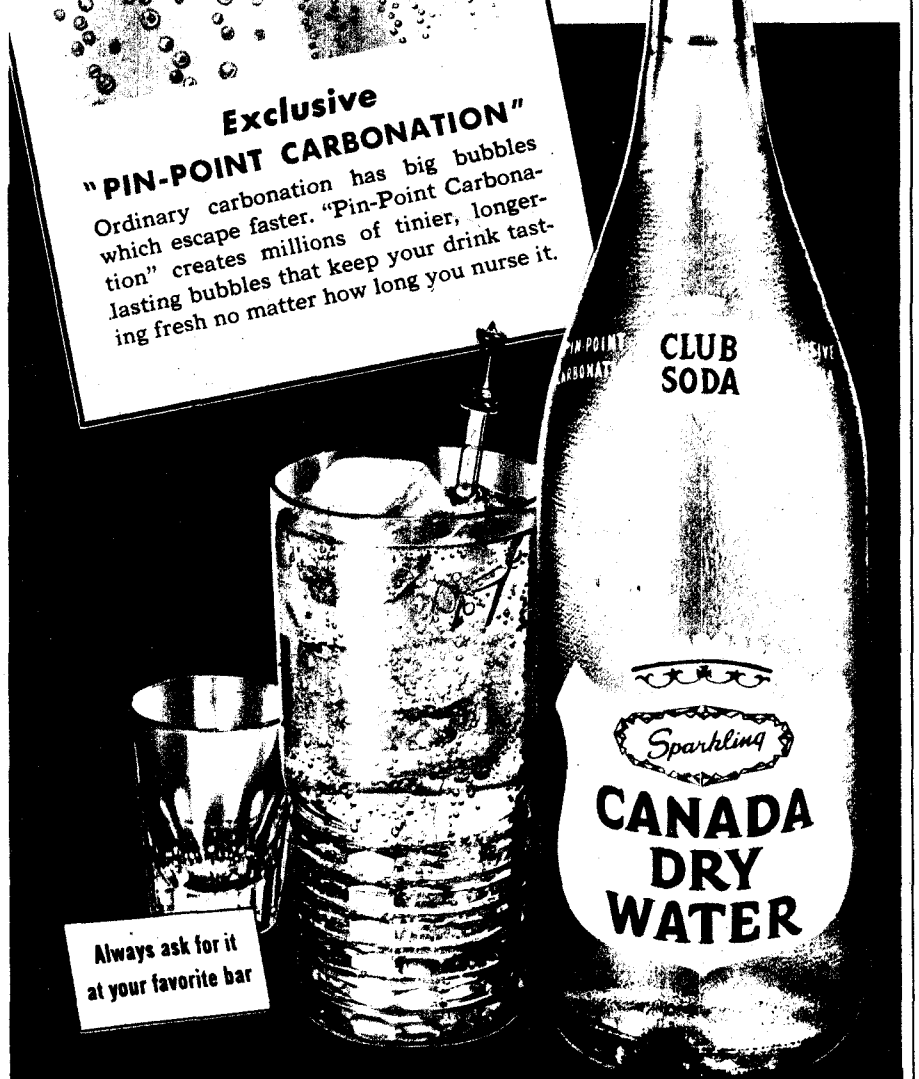
Exclusive "FLAVOR-BALANCED FORMULA"

Canada Dry takes several important mineral salts, refines them, compounds them with masterly skill. Result: a club soda with all elements perfectly *balanced* . . . ready to make every kind of drink taste better.



Exclusive "PIN-POINT CARBONATION"

Ordinary carbonation has big bubbles which escape faster. "Pin-Point Carbonation" creates millions of tinier, longer-lasting bubbles that keep your drink tasting fresh no matter how long you nurse it.



WORLD'S MOST POPULAR CLUB SODA

CHARLES HAWES

THE CIRCLEVILLE PHILOSOPHER

No New Worlds to Conquer

Dear editar:

With the weather sort of hot down here in Texas I've been coolin off frequently in the San Gabriel River on my Johnson grass farm out here at Circleville. There ain't nothin outside of findin you got more money in the bank than you figured that'll brace a man up more than a good swim in his own creek on a hot day.

The other afternoon I was at my favorite swimmin place which is a bend in the river where the water runs swift over a sand bar, where I'm able to stretch out and let the water rush past me—which gives the same effect as lashin out with your arms and legs and you rushin past it, and don't take near the energy—and I got to thinkin.

It's kind of out of my line, but you know man has always striven for perfection despite the fact he had a pretty good notion he wasn't gonna reach it.

He'll make a new automobile, with every known gadget in it from a television set to alpine air in the tires, and when it rolls out on the showroom floor in gleamin splendor it'll take your breath away. But down in his heart even the salesman talkin to you knows next year's model is already bein worked on at the factory and it'll be even better and in 10 years the thing will be as out of date as a handle-bar mustache.

The latest thing from Paris in the way of women's clothes always sets up a considerable furor, even here in Circleville, and a hem length in New York will be duplicated in Circleville 24 hours after it has been established. Still women here flaunt today what they laughed at yesterday and tomorrow they will be the other way around.

And also, right now it looks like there just ain't much way you can improve an airplane that flies faster than sound, but I imagine 15 years from now the 1951 models will be as out of date as tryin to kill an enemy with a spear.

In art, literature, architecture or business, it doesn't matter, whatever we got today somebody figures it can be improved on, and it can, but there is one line of endeavor I believe mankind has finally reached the peak of perfection on.

It's women's swim suits.

There just ain't no other way for the style experts to turn and still come out with a bathin suit. They may change the color, switch the zippers, etc., but I firmly believe the fundamental pattern of the present-day bathin suit will stand for all time. Believe a picture of a Hollywood star in one today will be just as modern 50 years from now. Ain't no way out of such a conclusion. As far as I know, this is the first time in the history of civilization man has reached the end of his rope in one particular field of endeavor. For the bathin suit inventor, there just ain't no more new worlds to conquer. He's reached the summit. He might back down, but he blamed sure can't go forward.

I was lookin at a picture of a bathin beauty in a newspaper the other day and I ain't in no mad rush to see any more changes.

Yours faithfully,
H. B. Fox

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Best seasons for going Pullman...

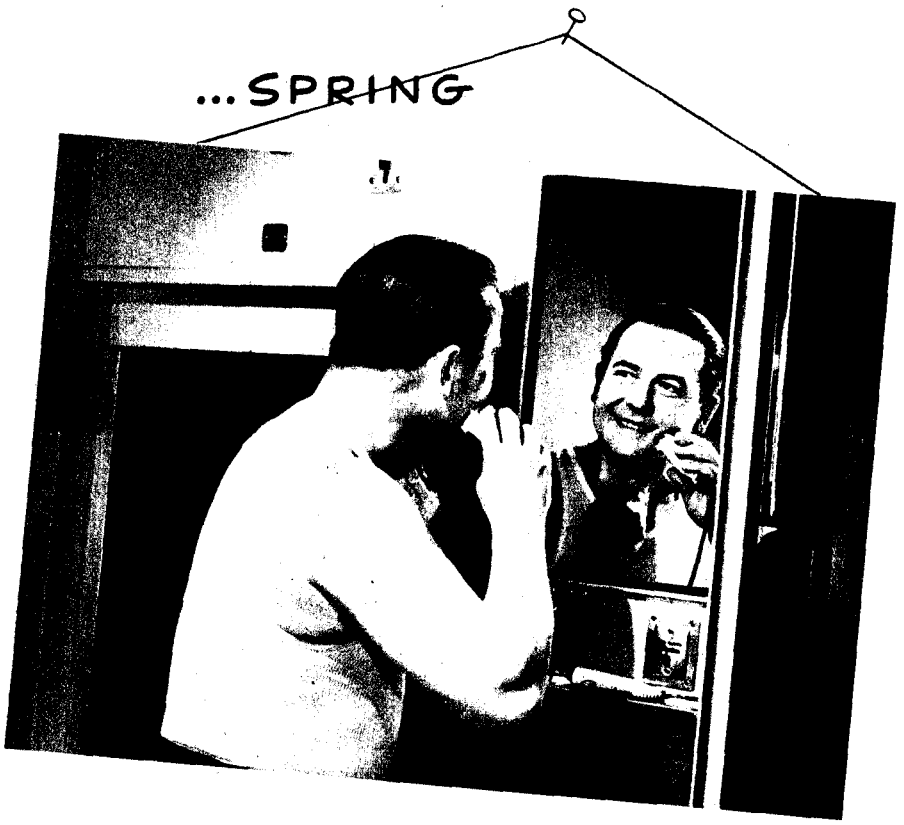
...SUMMER

You walk out of the heat of summer when you walk into an air-conditioned Pullman car. No matter what the thermometer says outside, it's cool and comfortable inside.

...WINTER

You talk about winter weather but you don't worry about it. You know you're even safer in a warm, cozy Pullman than you are in your own home.

...SPRING



You wake up fresh as spring from a good night's sleep on your soft Pullman bed. Almost all the conveniences of home are close at hand.

...FALL

You arrive right in the heart of town on dependable railroad schedules. You feel so good your step is as crisp as the fall air.

Of course, you can see what we're driving at.
Summer, winter, spring, or fall—

Go Pullman

COMFORTABLE, DEPENDABLE, AND—ABOVE ALL—SAFE!

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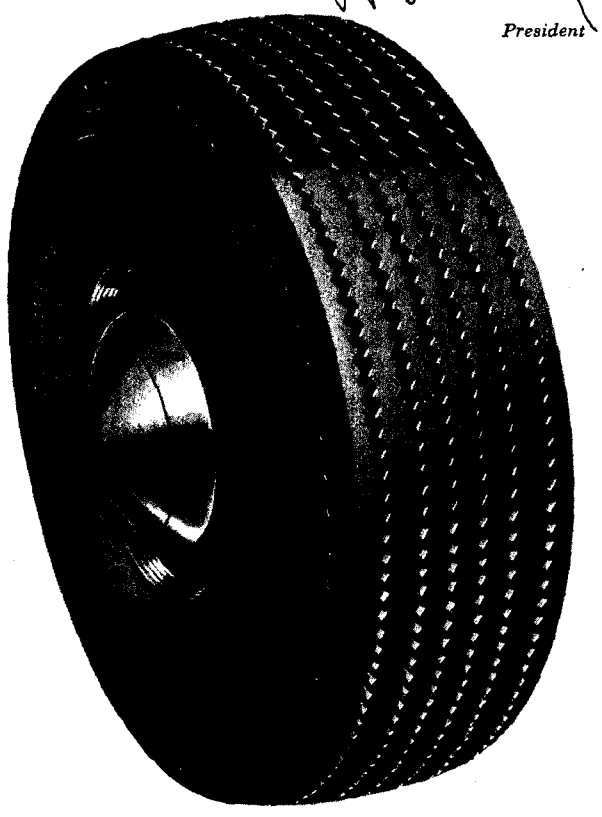
A Service that's saving up miles...

needed miles for the months ahead!

Every mile you save today is an *extra* mile for the months ahead. It's important to make your driving count . . . and, through proper tire care, to help make your driving *safe*.

J. P. Seiberling
President



YOUR TIRES, regardless of make, can give you thousands of *extra* miles. Provide for this future mileage today. Join the wise motorists who are already taking advantage of Seiberling Dealers' T★C (Tire Care) Service.

To help you get more mileage, Seiberling offers exclusive T★C service

See your Seiberling dealer *soon*. Let him explain in detail how he can save you tire-miles *and money* with these T★C services:

- Regular tread wear inspections
- Inflation service with ACCURATE gauges
- Examination for faulty wheel alignment
- Proper tire balancing service
- Tire rotation every 5000 miles
- Expert retreading guidance

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GUERRILLAS—
Our Hope in Red China

MIKE JAMES

Guerrillas train on Formosa, less than 100 miles from China mainland. Gen. Sun Li-jen, VMI graduate, co-ordinates them with regular army

Communists seized the government through guerrilla warfare. Now their own tactics are being turned against them—by a half-million rebels who fight hard, but need U.S. aid

By ROBERT SHAPLEN

Hong Kong

NEWS slipping through Red China's Bamboo Curtain reveals that her rulers in Peiping are increasingly concerned over an anti-Communist movement which already controls large areas of the mainland. They are especially worried because they themselves fought a long guerrilla war before they took over the country—and they know the possibilities of that kind of fighting.

But the Chinese guerrillas are worried too. They fear that unless outside aid is received in the next few months, their units will disintegrate.

This is the consensus of experienced political and military men—including Chinese, American, British and French officials with whom I talked—and of top guerrilla leaders whom I met secretly over a period of eight weeks in Taipeh, Formosa, and here in Hong Kong.

Every one of these persons fervently expressed hope the guerrillas will be given a strong shot in the arm soon enough to keep going. Repeatedly, I heard two points emphasized: first, that unless we follow through on our brave stand against aggression in Korea and quickly help the guerrillas in China, we may well lose our best chance to gain real strategic advantage out of the prolonged Korean war; and, secondly, we may cause China's millions to lose for an indefinite time the opportunity to rid themselves of their unpopular Red rulers.

"Unpopular" is a mild word.

Early this year, in the wake of some of the heaviest drains in taxation and man power the poor Chinese peasant has ever known, began one of the most ruthless purges the world has yet seen. It centered in the area south of the Yangtze River, where the Reds had less time than in the north to establish themselves before the Korean war began. But since the formal issuance, in February, of the Peiping government's "Regulations of the People's Republic of China for Punishment of Counter-Revolutionaries," the campaign to exterminate all enemies of the Red regime, actual and potential, has spread rapidly through the rest of the country.

Intelligence officials in Taipeh and in Hong Kong, whose job it is to correlate and appraise the welter of mainland reports, estimate conservatively that at least half a million persons and probably closer to a million have been killed in China in the last year. Chou En-lai, Premier of Red China, has admitted more than a million guerrillas and saboteurs were slain in 20 months.

Intelligence officers of the Kuomintang (the political party now in control of the Nationalist government), which has established a good record for correct information, have been able to identify 180,000 of these victims and to pinpoint the time and place of their murder. According to this same source, the Communists plan to eliminate some 500 persons in each of 2,087 districts into which they have divided China, plus at least 1,000 in each of 67 medium-size towns, and about 5,000 in each of the 12 biggest cities. This would bring the total marked for death to over a million, and there are many who believe that by the end of 1951 the figure will reach 2,000,000.

The Communists are even boasting about the success of their purge. Early in May, radio listeners in Hong Kong tuned in on Chinese-language broadcasts from nearby Canton describing the so-called "public trial" of 198 "counterrevolutionaries." After the frenzy of the crowd was whipped up, all 198 were executed. During the last two days of April, in preparation for what refugees here described as the May Day "peace campaign," 719 persons were killed, according to the Communists' own admission, in three key cities. Over a week's period, 24.000 were arrested in one of those cities alone, Shanghai.

And recently, the Kwantung Military District announced that a total of 196,000 "reactionaries" had been "dealt with" during 1950 in the three key

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Three rebel chiefs: Gen. Yuen; Col. Chang, a woman who commands 4,000 men; Gen. Chen

BILL STAPLETON

Lt. Gen. Chen Kai-min (l.) talks land-sea guerrilla strategy with Admiral Soong Ngo

Guerrilla chieftain Huang Pa-mei, known as "Two-Gun Moll," goes over reports with aide

BILL STAPLETON

southern provinces of Fukien, Kwangsi and Kwantung. Generally, in such over-all purge announcements, the Reds claim that most of those concerned either "surrendered," "reformed themselves" or "were captured"; but each week the Communist press also announces the execution of scores of individuals, about 10 per cent of whom are identified by name as "examples" and others simply listed as "secret agents," "tyrannical landlords" and such.

These definitions are broadly, but systematically, applied to anyone who has ever had any association with the old Kuomintang government, however indirect or remote in time. Individuals are often executed for political crimes allegedly committed 20 years ago.

This mass effort of the Reds to stamp out any and all opposition is being aimed particularly at an amorphous army of rebellion—the anti-Communist guerrillas. Some 500,000 of these guerrillas are operating in China today. They are loosely organized and they have a weird conglomeration of weapons, mostly old rifles. But they have the active secret support of another million Chinese peasants, and the potential backing of many millions more.

In announcing the new stringent control measures in February, Peng Cheng, deputy chairman of the Political and Law Committee of the Administrative Council, admitted that China's new guerrillas were achieving success. "In many places," he declared, "incidents have taken place in which railways and bridges were destroyed, factories and mines were damaged, warehouses set ablaze, and cadres were murdered . . ." With typically specious Red bravado, Peng went on: "If we do not thoroughly destroy the people's enemy, there cannot be a people's victory. To be lenient and magnanimous . . . is to be cruel to the people."

Despite the Red "antibandit" drive, the guerrillas have been striking back at the Communists whenever and wherever they can, always under the harshest handicaps. Its order of battle is opportunism. The Korean war at first presented it with its greatest opportunity as the Reds siphoned off their finest troops to the north and fell back on ill-trained local soldiers and hastily conscripted political cadres to guard and control the south. But the worm has begun to turn.

Handicapped by Critical Shortages

Now the Communists' repression campaign is slowly eating away at the guerrilla movement, destroying or splitting parts of it and forcing other elements to lie low in a state of virtual blockade. The guerrillas' most serious problem is a shortage of guns and ammunition, which keeps them from striking back. General Pai Chung-hsi, former Minister of National Defense, who is currently one of Chiang Kai-shek's top strategy advisers, told me in Taipeh: "The ammunition that was left on the mainland at the time of the Kuomintang retreats is just about exhausted. The Communists have confiscated what the guerrillas didn't manage to hide in the hills. The situation has become critical."

Another of Chiang Kai-shek's foremost advisers, onetime Foreign Minister Wang Shih-chieh, always one of the most respected and popular members of the Kuomintang inner council, put it this way: "In the long run, the guerrillas could spell the difference between victory and defeat. At present, if kept strong, they could certainly delay and impede Communist consolidation of the south. And when the mainland eventually is attacked, they could be both an invaluable screen and a concomitant offensive force."

What can be done to aid the guerrillas?

Although the new $50,000,000 program of American military aid to the Chinese Nationalists is designed solely to fortify the defenses of Formosa, the guerrillas in their mainland hide-outs have undoubtedly taken heart from it.

It remains to be seen how much and how soon they will actually benefit from any possible by-products. Nationalist commanders, whose bases I visited, pointed out that when fresh weapons begin to arrive from the United States, it should become possible to release to the guerrillas some guns now being used by Kuomintang soldiers-in-training. These present Kuomintang arms are as much of an odd assortment as the guerrillas' own hodgepodge "arsenals," but they would nonetheless be eagerly welcomed on the mainland, along with some of the 6,000,000 rounds of ammunition manufactured in Formosa each month.

But, again, the time factor is essential. Most of the guerrillas I spoke to said flatly they needed direct help at once to stave off their Communist oppressors and survive. And what they want, in addition to arms and ammo and communications equipment, their chief requirements, is a training base of their own and a sense of their own identity. Colonel Chang Hsi-ming, a famous woman guerrilla leader near Shanghai, who came to Taipeh to beg aid, told me: "Some of us have been fighting for eight years against the Communists, and we still have no real standing, no credentials. We want some status, some assurance that when the fight is over we will not be ignored."

Many Seek Leadership in Formosa

Because Formosa has so far represented the only focal point to which they could turn, many guerrilla leaders who privately hope for a "new force" in the future have been going there, seeking help and advice. As many others have been struggling along as best they can in their mainland redoubts or trying to establish independent liaison and gun-running bases in and around Hong Kong.

But they all stress the need for a central headquarters under a unified tactical command. Supplies could then be smuggled to them with some regularity by junk or, in certain areas, dropped by plane. Eventually, both General Pai and Dr. Wang added, it should become possible to establish a ring of secret supply centers around China, in South Korea, Indochina and Siam.

"Students" at the envisaged guerrilla school would include present and potential guerrillas now on the mainland, who would slip out and later be filtered back, and others chosen from among the many millions of anti-Communist Chinese now on Formosa and elsewhere in southeast Asia. The "faculty" would be primarily Sino-American. Admittedly, one of the hardest jobs would be to give form and unity to those guerrillas operating on the mainland. Without being *for* anything, many of them are simply *against* the Communists, and as one underground leader in Hong Kong sharply reminded me, "A guerrilla force without political leadership is banditry."

China's guerrillas today include an odd assortment of folk whose sole common bond is often salvation—wild tribesmen from the southwest hills, intrepid Mongolian horsemen, Kazakhs from the deep northwest interior, veteran pirates from the South Seas, but, above all, embittered peasant-soldiers from the rice paddies. In general, however, the guerrillas are of five types:

1—Former Kuomintang soldiers who stayed behind, either voluntarily or on orders, to fight the Communists. (There are also some former Nationalist troops who defected to the Reds and have since "re-defected.")

2—Ex-members of the old local militias, known under the Kuomintang as Peace Preservation Corps.

3—Civilians, mostly individual peasants and workers but sometimes whole villages, who provide "cover" for armed guerrillas by affording them three basic necessities—food, shelter and intelligence—and who conduct programs of passive resistance against the Reds whenever they can.

4—Religious and tribal groups, such as Moslems and Mongolians, mostly operating in remote areas, and members of semireligious secret societies. The latter have always played an important role in China and have recently become actively anti-Communist.

5—Bandits, who sometimes co-operate with other guerrilla groups but usually act on their own.

The Ministry of National Defense on Formosa officially claims 1,975,000 active guerrillas, broken down into 300 individual units of varying size and strength. Neutral observers, however, consider these figures high. Nor are the Ministry's claims of control over the bulk of guerrillas accepted. Taipeh headquarters maintains contact by radio or courier with a few hundred thousand, mostly in the south and southwest, but it's doubtful that even half the guerrillas in China at present willingly acknowledge the leadership of the Kuomintang, whose prestige in large areas of the mainland remains low despite the new disillusion with Communism. *(Continued on page 49)*

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Miller's Million

He was a math prof at the University of Illinois, a kindly eccentric who never earned more than $6,000 a year in salary. Here's the fabulous story of how he made a fortune

By BILL FAY

LAST February 10th, the News-Gazette of Champaign, Illinois, printed a brief obituary on page three under the headline: DR. G. A. MILLER, UI MATH PROF, DIES AT 87.

"Professor Miller," the obituary stated, "joined the University (of Illinois) faculty in 1906. He retired in 1932. He had been active until only recently and came to the campus daily for his meals and to see friends. He was especially known for his work in group theory in mathematics . . ."

The obituary created a feeling of sorrow tinged with anxiety among the professor's colleagues in the mathematics department.

It was recalled that when Miller was taken to Carle Hospital, five days before his death, he remarked worriedly: "I don't know how I'll ever pay for all this."

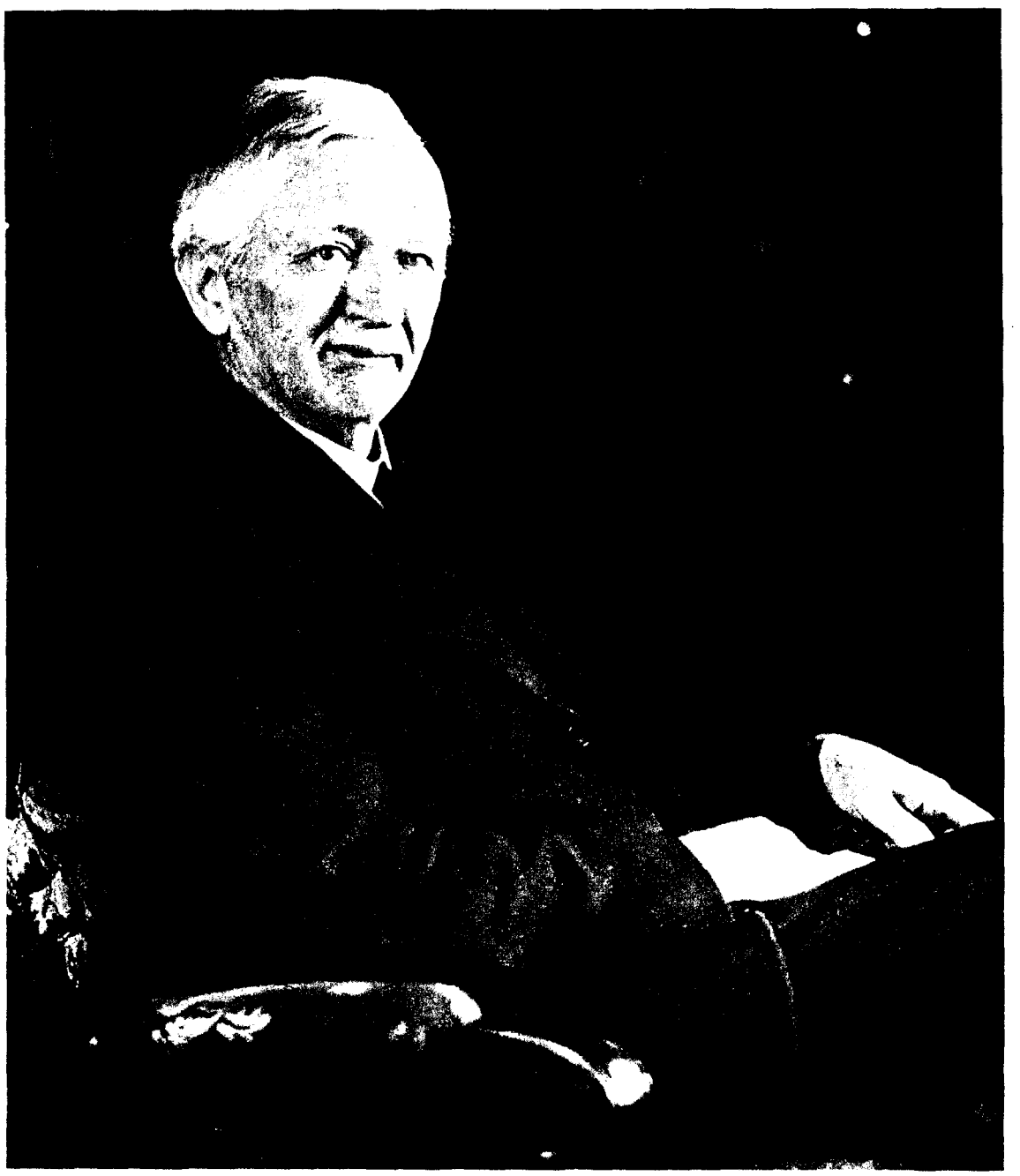
Everything pointed to the bleak probability that frail, white-haired "Papa" Miller had died penniless. His wardrobe consisted largely of two rumpled suits which he had been wearing, summer and winter, for as long as anybody could remember. His overshoes—flapping strips of rubber precariously tied together with pieces of string and gum bands—were a campus legend. It was known that he ate sparingly—seldom paying more than 35 cents for a meal at the student cafeteria—and supplemented his small pension by renting half of his apartment to a Chinese couple, Mr. and Mrs. Tien-Un Lee.

Miller died on a Saturday. Over the week end, a group of professors quietly collected $157 to help defray his funeral expenses. The money was returned when they learned that Champaign Attorney J. G. Thomas, who drew up Miller's will in 1944, had made arrangements for the services.

Professor Miller was laid to rest, wearing one of his frayed suits, in an inexpensive wooden casket. Following simple services at Trinity Church, the mortician informed Attorney Thomas that the bill would be $300 and inquired apprehensively whether the estate could pay such an amount. "Don't worry," Thomas replied, "you'll be paid in full—and there'll be some other surprises, too, I guess."

Five days later the full meaning of Thomas' cryptic reply was revealed in a startling eight-column banner headline across the top of page one of the News-Gazette: MATH PROF LEAVES UI $1,000,000! "It's a fabulous story," the News-Gazette commented. And it was.

George A. Miller, the shabby retired professor who had lived for nearly 20 years on a college pension of about $250 a month, had pyramided his frugal life savings into $1,000,000 through studied investments in special situations on the fringe of the stock market. Then he had bequeathed the entire amount to his employers because, as he explained when the will was prepared, "Everything I have I received from the university, and I simply want to repay my obligation."



WEBER STUDIO

Dr. George A. Miller—his is really the story of one man's faith in the future of America

Collier's for July 21, 1951

Campus Colleagues Not In on Secret

What made the story even more fabulous was the almost incredible fact that none of Miller's friends on the campus suspected he was even remotely interested in securities. Professor E. J. Townsend, eighty-seven-year-old retired head of the mathematics department, was stunned. Dr. Townsend, who brought Miller to Illinois in 1906, told reporters that his old friend seldom talked about anything except equations.

"Not many people could understand him, either," Townsend declared.

"Miller talked finite groups—a highly specialized abstract field of mathematics. One of our professors who coauthored a textbook with Miller a few years ago admitted that even he couldn't grasp some of Miller's finer points."

Anyone who has attempted to study Miller's 810 published articles on group theory can understand his coauthor's perplexity. Miller dashed off complicated equations as casually as the average person might address a post card. His original work in group theory—a virtually undefinable field of pure algebra which relatively few mathematicians understand—won the International Mathematics Prize in 1900, when he was an instructor at Cornell.

Miller's $2,000-a-year starting salary at Illinois reached its $6,000-a-year peak only a few years before he retired. From 1932 on, he received a $2,950 yearly pension. Over 44 years, his earnings from teaching averaged $3,300 a year. He never inherited a penny and, at the time of his retirement, his total savings were only $25,000.

But Miller had one priceless intangible asset—a mathematical conviction of the ability of American industry to grow and prosper. Even in the depths of the depression, this confidence remained unshaken. When panicky investors were selling in the early 1930s, Miller put every cent he had into stocks and bonds. He chose companies which his analytical mind told him *(Continued on page 62)*

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THE SKY GODDESS

By NOEL HOUSTON

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What I did was more foolhardy than courageous. But I had to show Taylor I was braver than he was, and he gave me my chance. He lost his nerve; and on an impulse that had no element of thinking in it, I shouted, "I'll do it!"

THE papers quoted the President not long ago as saying he had always wanted to make a parachute jump. I think he'd better forget it. I, myself, had the same desire—or rather, a psychological need—to make a jump when I was fourteen years old. It wasn't a pleasant experience. My jump was meant to win the respect of the gang of boys I hung around with, but if it hadn't been for the Sky Goddess it wouldn't have worked out that way at all.

One Saturday afternoon in the summer of 1923—the day we first saw the airplanes—half a dozen of us boys hiked out to McNabb's Park, a hilly area of scrub oak a couple of miles north of town. We were ninth-graders at Webster Junior High in Oklahoma City, though we weren't all the same age. Gilbert Cassidy, Frank Tanquary, Pete Hart and I were fourteen. Oliver Snead, who was thirteen, was the youngest. He had skipped a grade in elementary school. Taylor Thurmond was fifteen. He had once flunked a grade.

Taylor—agile, strong, and reckless—was our leader. We looked up to him, we admired his boldness and physical ability, we yearned for his approval. We all liked one another, sure, but we went around together mainly because each of us wanted to be with Taylor. He had marked the six of us with an emblem we carried on our left forearms: a Roman numeral VI in scar tissue. Taylor provided the razor blade and we each cut a shallow VI into our flesh until the blood ran; then, for a couple of weeks after that, whenever scabs formed we pulled them off and beat our arms with a strap until the VIs bled again. Finally, all of us had nice white scar tattoos to prove we had the kind of guts Taylor had.

Going out to McNabb's that Saturday, we left the city limits and the pavement at East 13th Street and North Durland Avenue and trudged on out the mile-long prairie road that led to the Oklahoma State Capitol, which, at that time, was out in the country. Taylor strode along in front, kicking up the soft red dust, his pale head of hair glinting gold, lustily singing dirty verses of Madamozel from Armuhteers Parley Voo and casually swinging a short piece of rope.

The rest of us were a little subdued and thoughtful. The rope tantalized and threatened us. We were thinking of Gilbert Cassidy's question when we met at Temple's Drugstore: "What's the rope for?" and Taylor's grinning answer: "You'll find out."

The Capitol, a neo-classical edifice patterned after the national Capitol, but domeless, grew in size as we approached until it became a barrier two or three hundred yards wide across our path.

We kept our course and climbed the great flight of steps and walked quietly through the cool, silent corridors. At the building's axis we stopped at the bottom of the rotunda and looked up at the circular marble railings of the three floors above us and hollered up to the roof to enjoy the echoes. A uniformed guard appeared and told us to get the hell out and we went on out by the back steps, saying to one another it was a fine damn' thing when citizens in a democracy couldn't enjoy their own Capitol building.

North of the Capitol we crossed another half mile of prairie, then went into the woods. In a dry creek bed at the foot of a rocky bank, or cliff, some thirty feet high, we built a fire on the ashes of one we had had there a month or so before. Each of us had two or three big Irish potatoes stuffed in our pockets and we pulled these out and shoved them into the coals.

We lay around until the spuds were judged to be done. While we juggled and peeled them, blowing on our fingers, and biting cagily into the steaming, mealy potatoes, Pete Hart laughingly recalled how we had all followed Taylor in a tough climb of the cliff last time.

"Aw, that wasn't so tough," Frank Tanquary said.

"No?" Taylor asked. We looked at Taylor, who was on his feet and playing with his rope. His lips curved into the smile we admired so much, crinkling the corners of his gold-flecked green eyes. "Well, we're going to do it different this time. At least, *I* am."

He knotted one end of the rope around his left wrist, then held that arm behind himself. He pulled the other end of the rope around and took a couple of half hitches in it at his belt buckle.

I was thinking: Uh-oh, here is where I break an arm. None of us were sure that even Taylor could climb the cliff with one hand tied. Of course, if he couldn't, none of us would have to try. We didn't want to have to try it, but, on the other hand, we didn't want Taylor to fail. We wanted him to succeed, handsomely and expertly, and then we wanted to be able to do the same thing he had done.

As Taylor climbed we watched every move he made. "See!" said Pete, when Taylor was halfway up. "The thing to do is press your chest hard against the bank while you reach up for a new handhold. You keep your balance that way." And we saw how he angled up to the right, to pull himself partly sideways as well as up. Even so, loose pebbles kept sliding out from under his feet and he would have to hang to a root or a jutting rock while he felt for a new foothold.

When he got to the top he stood and looked down and shrugged, as if to say the thing had been too easy. He untied his arm. "Anybody else want to try it?" He threw the rope down without waiting for an answer. It landed at Frank's feet. Frank picked it up and, with a little laugh, tied himself as Taylor had done. After a couple of false starts, he got the hang of it and made the climb all right.

ONE by one we followed without mishap, except that Oliver Snead, who was last, had a root pull out on his first try. He swung around on his back and half slid, half fell, to the bottom. It tore his shirt and bloodied his back, but after he had cried a while he got up and made it the second try.

Then the airplanes began to go over. There were six of them—two of them yellow, one red, and the other three natural linen color—all of them biplanes. They weren't flying in any kind of formation, just strung out, their engines making a wonderful racket. None of us had ever seen so many airplanes at one time and we yelled and threw rocks up at them, though of course they were hundreds of feet high. When they were quite a way to the south, they began circling and going down.

"They're landing," Pete cried.

"They're going to land near to the State Capitol," Gilbert yelled.

It was too far to run all the way, but we ran a while and walked a while, out of the woods and across the prairie. We ran up the rear steps of the Capitol and through the rotunda, letting out booming whoops. The guard shouted at us, but he was too fat to chase us, and then, as we came out on the front steps, we saw the biplanes parked a quarter of a mile down the red dirt road, behind the pasture fence.

Quite a few office workers were out on the steps looking, too, and a number of others were walking over to the planes. Three or four cars were coming out the road from town, throwing up red dust. We got over to the pasture and crawled through the barbed wire.

We grabbed pink handbills from one of the fliers who was passing them out, and learned that this was the Lou Heinzelmann Flying Circus. Heinzelmann, according to the handbill, had been a German ace in the World War; the other fliers were described as American or Canadian aces, with the exception of a woman flier, called Greta The Sky Goddess, who, it turned out, was Heinzelmann's wife.

A BURLY man, bareheaded, his goggles pushed up into his yellow hair, sat on the rim of his plane's cockpit, scowling at the people milling around. He was Lou Heinzelmann. Every once in a while he shifted a cigar stub to the corner of his mouth and called, with an accent, to somebody he saw thumping a wing or waggling a rudder, "Look, but don't touch. Don't touch."

The Sky Goddess leaned against the fuselage of his plane, helping him keep an eye on the crowd. Her clothes were like Pearl White's: peg-top breeches, shiny boots, and a white silk blouse with a blue scarf knotted around her throat. She wore a wide studded belt with three silver buckles around her slender waist, and the straps of her flying helmet hung unfastened. When I got my first look at her she was just taking a deep drag on a cigarette. Her mouth was sullen and her eyes a clear sky-blue.

She gazed at me and pushed out her lower lip to let the smoke float out. I suppose my jaw dropped. She shrugged and turned away, apparently saw someone meddling at a plane, and said something in German to her husband; her rich, tough voice was like music on the air. I thought her a dangerous but most beautiful sky goddess.

Sunday two of the planes dropped thousands of handbills on the city, inviting folks to come out for a flight. There was a big crowd by the time we got to the field. The fliers had made a gate in the fence and erected a sign: See Your City From The Air—$5. Two for $7.50. Fly With A War Ace. We didn't have that kind of money, but plenty of people did, and there were two or three planes in the air all afternoon. And that day I overheard the Heinzelmanns quarreling bitterly near a plane.

We went out to the field every day the following week. Not many people came out for a ride on the weekdays, and the fliers for the most part sat in the shade under a wing and played cards, or lay around bragging, or tinkered with their planes. They didn't mind our hanging around, and soon they were calling us by our first names.

It was great to hear the free and easy talk of the fliers, though we were astonished by the way they all used swear words as if the Sky Goddess wasn't there. We had never heard anyone swear in a lady's hearing. Pete Hart dared me to say a dirty word so she could hear it.

She was lying on a blanket under a wing of her yellow De Haviland, reading a magazine and running her fingers up under her golden bobbed hair. Pete and I walked past the front of the plane and I pretended to stub my toe. I grabbed my foot and loudly said the nastiest *(Continued on page 46)*

A burly man, bareheaded, his goggles pushed up into his yellow hair, sat on the rim of his plane's cockpit. He was Lou Heinzelmann

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN EKMAN

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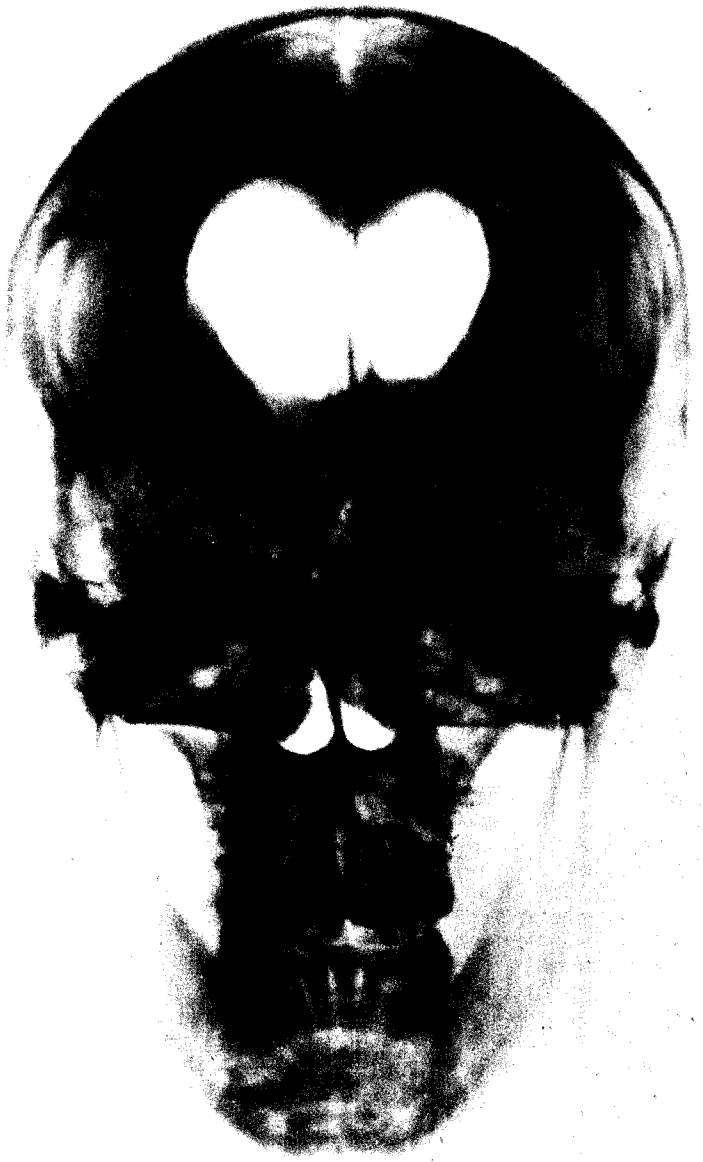
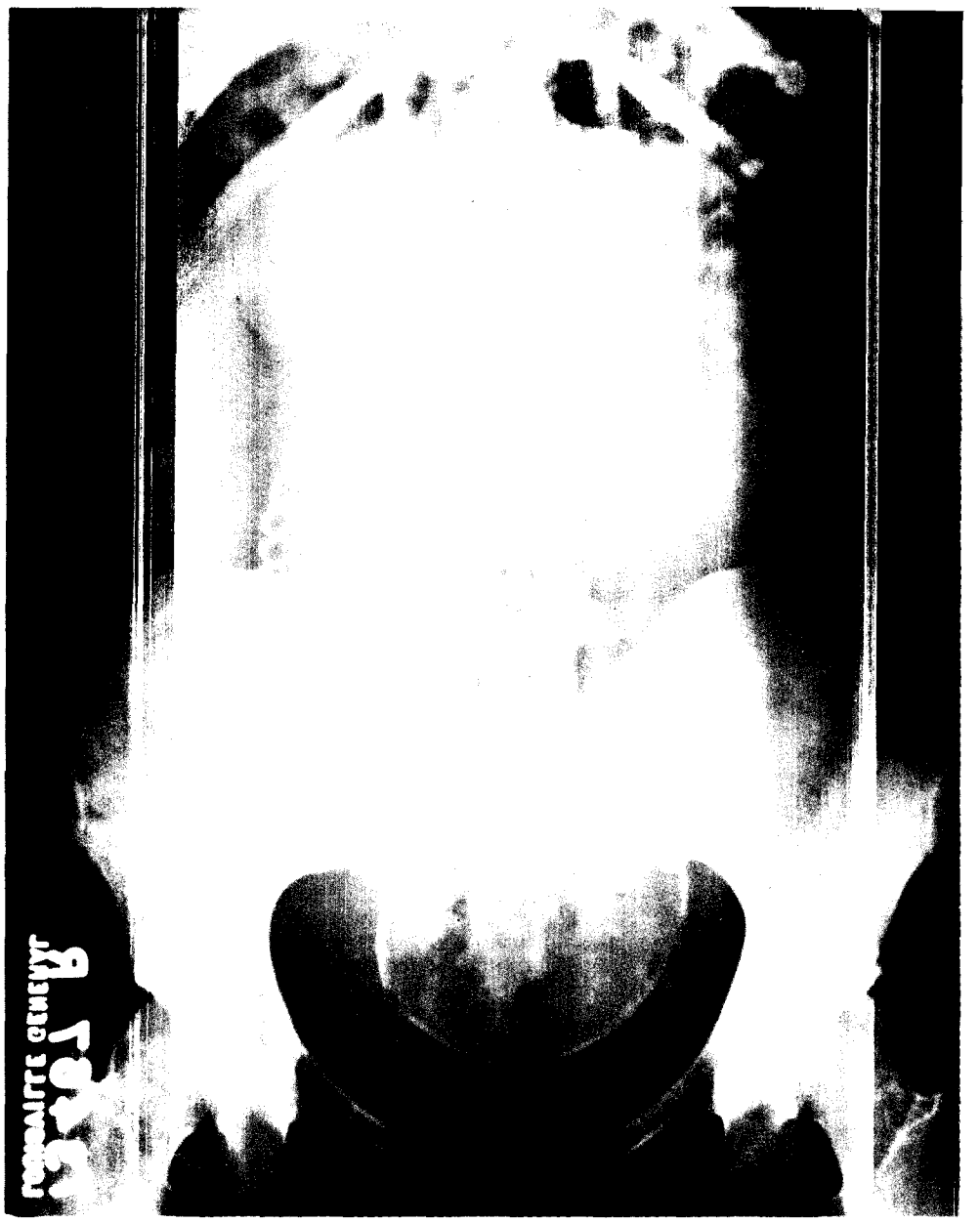
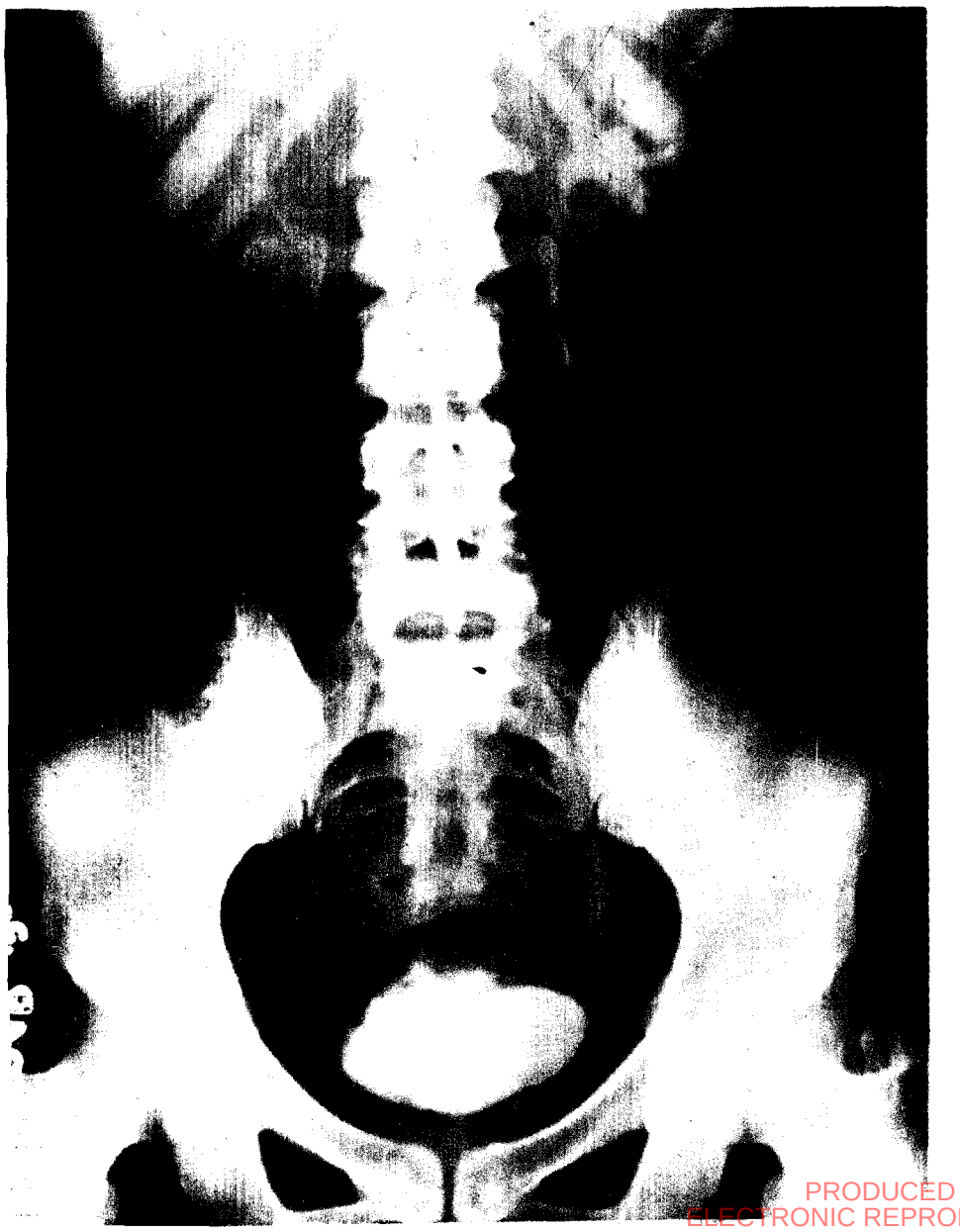


Color X-ray, by Dr. Pirkey, of head of patient with brain tumor, indicated by clear area above forehead. Vertebra appears in red



Eight-and-a-half-month-old fetus in mother's uterus. Child's head is near bottom of Dr. Pirkey's color X-ray; its backbone curves up to left, center

Dr. Pirkey's X-ray—with color added to help students—of normal kidneys (red) and ureters (blue) leading to the urinary bladder



Side view of normal stomach and upper small intestinal tract (both in red), showing bones in green. Dr. Pirkey uses color X-rays in radiology classes

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What COLOR X-RAYS Can Do

The first public showing of two important aids to medical education

By SEY CHASSLER

MODERN medicine is so vast and complicated a body of knowledge, growing at such a rapid rate in scope, intricacy and meaning, that few individuals, however competent, can grasp it in its entirety. Students and doctors who try to keep pace with developments in the U.S. and abroad find the task as tough as eating spaghetti: important bits and scraps are forever slipping away. As a result, medical schools, independent researchers and individual doctors are constantly on the lookout for means to simplify the acceptance and retention of new information.

Spurred by the effort to meet the needs of casualties during World War II and by the development since then of research in atomic radiation, few of medicine's interrelated sciences have advanced as rapidly in the past decade as radiology, which is chiefly concerned with the use of X-rays. The treatment of cancer, especially, has pushed radiology high up on the list of things a modern doctor must understand thoroughly. And every day, new ways are being found to use X-rays in the early detection and diagnosis of disease.

Dr. Everett L. Pirkey

Dr. G. E. Donovan

Ordinary X-ray photographs, however, being made up of shades of black, gray and white, are difficult to read, have always required special study. Ever since the German scientist Wilhelm Roentgen discovered his process in 1895, radiologists have been seeking ways to make the results clearer, easier to read and more readily comprehensible to beginning students. This year, for the first time in the dramatic history of X-rays, something tangible has been accomplished.

Progress, as it often does in science, came from two directions at once. After several years of research, Dr. G. E. Donovan, of Swansea, Glamorgan, Wales, Divisional Medical Officer and Medical Superintendent of the Garngoch Isolation Hospital, gave a startling lecture before the Medical Society of Ireland, in March of 1949. Early this year, he reported the results of his experiments in The Lancet, Britain's top medical journal. In the United States last December, Dr. Everett L. Pirkey, Professor of Radiology at the University of Louisville (Kentucky), introduced an exhibition which made news at the annual meeting of the Radiological Society of North America. Both men had succeeded independently in producing color X-rays.

X-rays themselves, so far as science knows, will not produce color photographs in the same sense that simple light rays can. However, it now becomes possible to add color to black-and-white negatives without sacrificing important details. Both Dr. Donovan and Dr. Pirkey have come up with processes which, though different, do essentially the same job.

For medicine, the results are of wide importance. Color will help impress upon students the contrasting appearance of normal and diseased organs and tissues as seen on X-ray film. It will increase the potentiality of new discoveries in diagnostic techniques, and eventually lead to the even wider understanding of X-ray films among general practitioners. Hitherto, hard-pressed doctors the world over often could not spare the time to become and remain expert in reading the vague and shadowy forms of black-and-white X-ray photos.

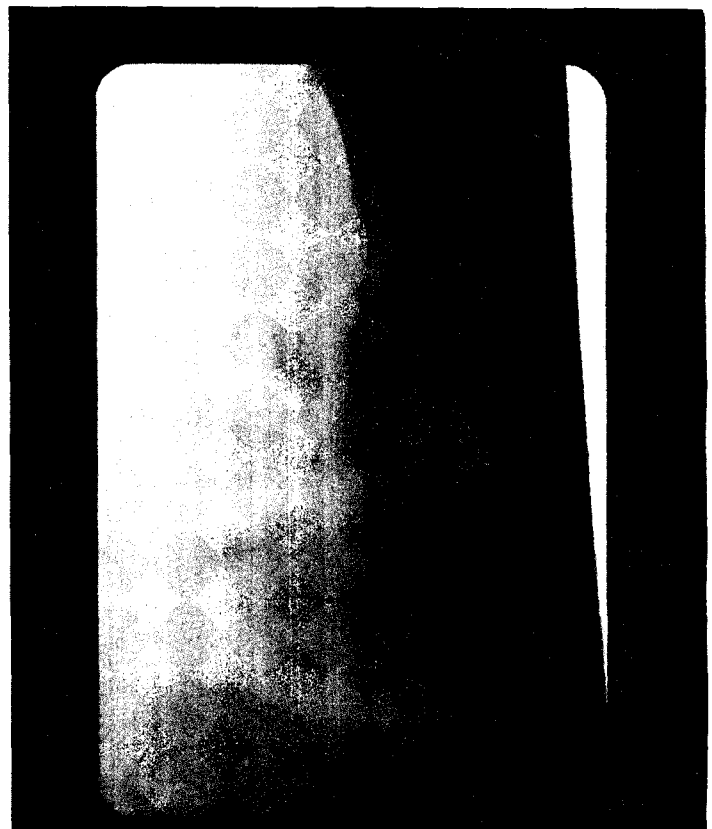
A physicist as well as a student of medicine, Britain's Dr. Donovan was primarily interested in what the varying wave lengths of X-rays could do to film. He based his process on the fact that the wave lengths of X-ray radiations can be varied by changing the voltage in an X-ray tube. "The detail," he writes, "seen in an X-ray picture taken at, say 45,000 volts is different from that taken at 65,000 volts." To an expert radiologist, each black-and-white picture made with these different voltages would show something else. If the two pictures were superimposed on each other they would produce a single detailed photograph of increased meaning. To make it easier to read, Dr. Donovan hit upon the idea of rephotographing the individual black-and-white pictures through red, blue or green filters on color film. Then, when he put two differently colored pictures together, he got X-rays which showed details in varying colors, thus simplifying in general the technique of teaching by means of X-rays.

While Dr. Donovan was calculating voltages and manipulating filters, Dr. Pirkey was reading about a process, developed by the Eastman Kodak Company, for making full-color photographs of ordinary black-and-white pictures. This was the now well-known Flexichrome process, in which special dyes are used to paint over black-and-white prints from which the silver salts have been removed. It is simple, takes little training and produces brilliant images. Applying it to his need for visual aids for his students, he found that X-ray prints could easily be Flexichromed, rephotographed on full-color film and projected as color slides. What's more, with this system he could dye any organ, tissue or diseased member of the body whatever color he wished.

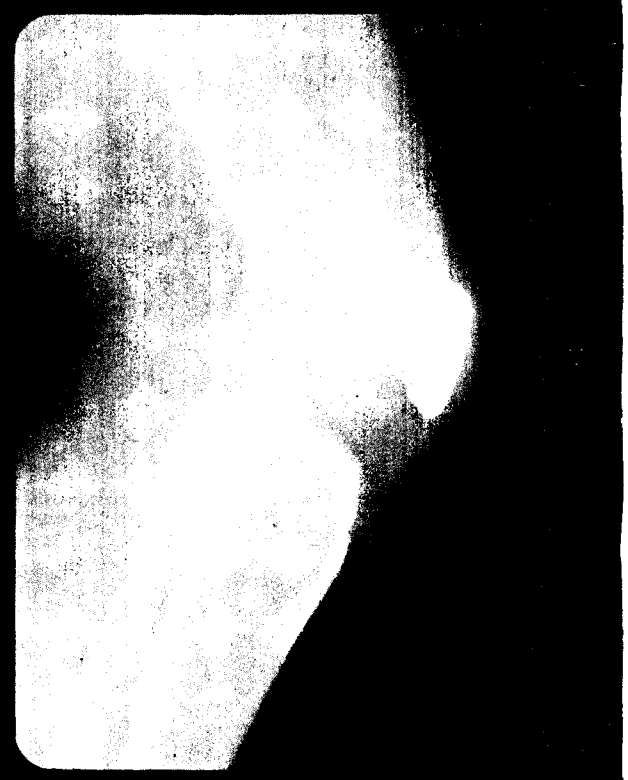
"It is good," says Dr. Pirkey. "But it is going to take lots more time and money."

Neither Dr. Pirkey, who has just had a description of his process published in Radiology, the scientific journal of The Radiological Society of North America, nor Dr. Donovan can be sure where their work eventually will lead. Color X-rays are just one more beam of light probing the darkness out of which modern medicine is constantly emerging.

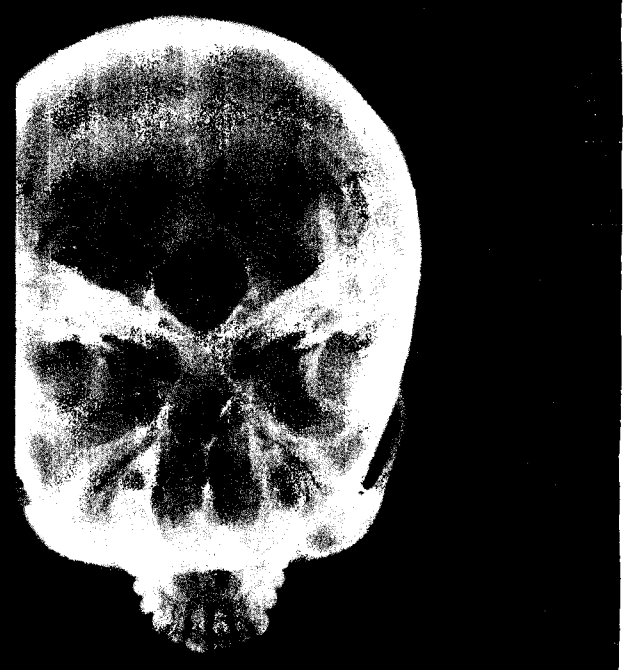
THE END



One of the first color X-rays ever made; it shows how Dr. Donovan uses two colors



X-ray by Dr. Donovan, in one color, of thigh, kneecap (right center) and shin



Two-color top view of preserved skull; spinal cord entered brain by large hole

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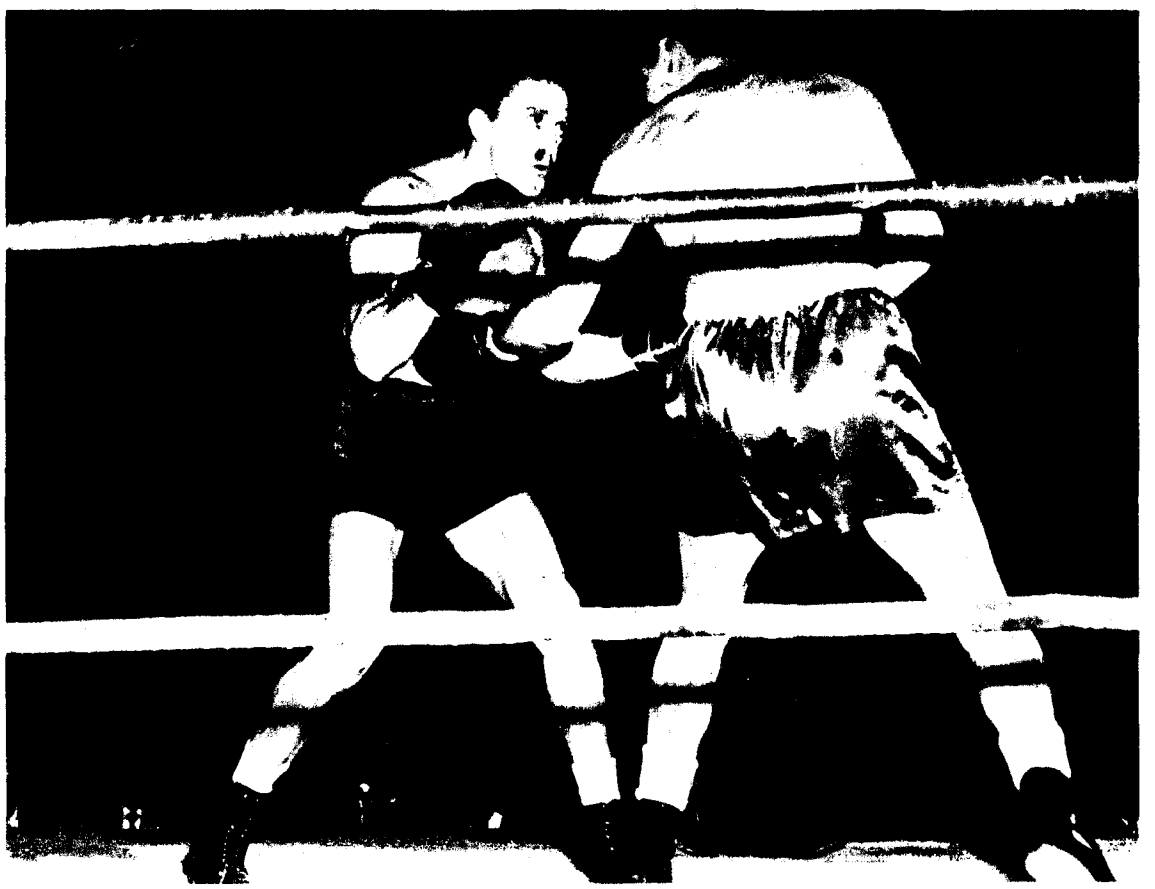
HOLLYWOOD'S "HEAVY'

Kirk Douglas made his name in films by playing a new kind of villain: you feel sori



Douglas (left) rose from obscurity with portrayal of a bitter prize fighter in film Champion

In Ace in the Hole, with Jan Sterling, he plays newsman who capitalizes on another's mishap

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

A FEW years ago, a mild-mannered, relatively obscure young actor took his wife and mother-in-law to dinner at a tony Hollywood restaurant. Although he had made an advance reservation and there were tables vacant, he and his party were forced to wait a long time while one filmdom "name" after another came in and was ceremoniously seated. After 45 minutes of this, the young actor strolled over to the head-waiter, reached for his lapels, and lifted the astonished man off his feet in approved gangster fashion. "A table or else," he said in a steely voice. He got the table.

It was a good act; with variations, it has been working for Kirk Douglas ever since. If he is no longer obscure, it is largely because of his great success in portraying for the films a memorable series of antisocial characters.

But it is not the run-of-the-mill screen villain that Douglas does best. Movie badmen used to be either "dog-heavies" (so mean they kicked dogs) or conniving "brain-heavies"; and in recent years, there has also developed the psychopathic villain of the Richard Widmark school. Douglas has become Hollywood's leading specialist in a fourth version: the neurotic heavy, the man with a baneful obsession—essentially weak or unsavory, but with such understandable motivations as to evoke a degree of sympathy.

Back in 1946, he made his debut in the movies, in The Strange Love of Martha Ivers, as the drink-sodden and spineless husband of a wealthy woman industrialist. In his second picture, I Walk Alone, he was a graduate bootlegger who shamelessly double-crossed an underworld pal. Similarly, in Out of the Past, The Walls of Jericho, Mourning Becomes Electra and Young Man with a Horn, he played characters who would be definitely out of place in any well-operated Sunday school.

But he reached his peak—if peak is the word—as the despicable pugilist in the motion picture Champion, based on a Ring Lardner story. Among other things, it was in this film that Douglas most forcibly demonstrated his ability to portray a character whom people would feel sorry for at the same time they were hating him.

Before the picture's release, its makers were convinced that in Midge Kelly—a fighter so ruthlessly ambitious that he capped the betrayal of all his friends, male and female, by slugging his crippled brother—they had created just about the most heartless man in history. There was even some apprehension that because of this, the public might not take to the film.

But the box office response to Champion—which was barely nosed out for the 1949 Academy Award by All the King's Men—indicated that, along with radiating ruthlessness, Douglas had established an element called audience-identification, or the there-but-for-the-grace-of-God-go-I feeling. He successfully conveyed the idea that, rather than a creature of perverse impulses, Midge Kelly was simply a victim of the same urges that affect everybody, but which he carried to tragic lengths.

Although Douglas' career in Hollywood has not been one of unmitigated villainy (he has played occasional benign roles—the bemused author in My Dear Secretary, the earnest schoolteacher in A Letter to Three Wives, the agreeable "gentleman caller" in The Glass Menagerie) in his three latest screen efforts, he unlimbers new embodiments of the-man-you-love-to-hate.

In Warner Brothers' Along the Great Divide he plays a frontier marshal who, although on the right side of the law, is so obsessed with law enforcement that he carries it almost to the point of injustice.

In the film version of the Broadway hit, Detective Story, recently completed at Paramount, he plays a New York detective whose neurotic antipathy to illegality leads to his own doom.

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HEARTTHROB

for him while you despise him

By GLADWIN HILL

Douglas' third current vehicle, Ace in the Hole, has the distinction of having been custom-tailored to his personal forte.

Fascinated by the callous commercialism that marked the accidental entombment of Floyd Collins in a Kentucky cave in 1925, producer-director-writer Billy Wilder of Paramount had long wanted to use the situation as the basis of a story centered on a fictitious newspaper reporter who heartlessly exploits such a tragedy, to his own undoing. But he was dubious about making such a characterization come off. Douglas' performance in Champion convinced Wilder that it could be done, and he prepared the production with the proviso it should be made only if Douglas could be obtained for the lead.

So, in Ace in the Hole, released this month, movie-goers are being regaled with a Douglas calculated to give their hackles their heaviest workout since Champion.

Kirk's portrayal of Midge Kelly in the latter film was so convincing that he has had some difficulty disentangling himself in people's minds from the characterization. This situation is emphasized by his physical appearance, which bears some resemblance to that of a cool, calculating prize fighter; he has high cheekbones, a long jaw, piercing green eyes and an impressive physique. As he strolled through the Warner Brothers restaurant not long ago, a dry-witted scenarist, alluding to Midge Kelly's spectacular demise in the film, wise-cracked: "Gee, that Douglas would have been a great fighter, if he'd lived."

Douglas, standing six feet tall, and weighing 175 pounds, is admittedly physique-conscious. When the independent producer Stanley Kramer was casting Champion, he intimated that Douglas might not be rugged enough to play a prize fighter; Kirk promptly ripped off his shirt and bared his chest right in Kramer's office.

Too Many Pictures of Muscle Men

It was this same awareness of his own muscularity that prompted actress Laraine Day, during the making of My Dear Secretary, to needle Douglas by decorating the sound stage with photographs of professional strong men on whom she had superimposed Kirk's head. (He retaliated one day by reaching around during a romantic clinch with Miss Day, grabbing a seltzer bottle and spraying her with it.)

During most of Champion, he appeared unclad above the waist; it has been suggested that this, plus the fact that he cuffed attractive women around, caused him to be enthroned by many fans as the apotheosis of sex appeal, an attitude which crops up in many of the 500 letters he gets every week. Douglas himself simply points out that he had made seven previous pictures without anyone's even mentioning sex appeal.

Regardless of whether sex appeal had anything to do with it, Champion was a great success, and so was its star. This caused considerable discussion in Hollywood. Amid all the perfunctory acting in the film capital, there is perpetual suspicion that when someone plays a part exceedingly well, some sinister factor must be involved. Some members of the community's ever-ready anvil chorus have tried to explain away his portrayal of Midge Kelly by suggesting that Douglas was just playing himself.

Seeking parallels in the *(Continued on page 67)*

In real life, Kirk is a mild, pleasant, hard-working actor who takes his job seriously and rarely gets into trouble

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The MASTER'S TOUCH

By HERBERT WARREN WIND

You had to get up pretty early in the morning to put one over on C. C. Shepard. He knew everything there was to know about baseball. And outfielders. And love

CALVIN COWLEY SHEPARD was methodically going through the mail stacked on his desk. He owned the largest desk in organized baseball—a foot longer and nine inches wider than Branch Rickey's by actual measurement. It was a fine July morning, the air exceptionally cool and dry for the Atlantic seaboard in summer, Shepard was thinking as he savored a testimonial from the local Elks Club to the effect that C. C. Shepard was the smartest man in the major leagues.

Reluctantly, he went on to the next letter, a routine report from the secretary of the Redlands farm team. The weather suddenly changed. The severe granite contours of his face became sharper and deeper as Shepard impatiently jabbed at a buzzer on his desk.

By the time his secretary, Ray Bell, came hurrying in, Shepard looked like the Old Man of the Mountain after a rough storm.

"You're not ready to see the press yet, are you?" Ray asked. He was a slim young man in his early thirties, who spoke, as did Shepard, with slight traces of a Vermont twang.

"No, my boy, I'm not ready to see the press," Shepard said with what was supposed to be elegant sarcasm. "I see them at ten o'clock. I know that. I don't need any coaching." He paused for a moment. "I've just been reading the report from Redlands. Do you know what Walter Eamons is batting?"

"It was .274 on last month's report," Ray answered. "Probably up around .280, .285 by now. I wouldn't worry about Eamons."

"Well, for your information," Shepard said slowly, "our Mr. Eamons is now pounding the ball at a robust .221. That boy ever hit below .340 for us?"

Ray fingered his brow. "No. He was over .370 those two years in the Kitty League. Last year at Redlands, let's see—" He broke off. "Think it was .362."

Shepard leaned over and pushed one button in a battery of sixteen attached to his desk. A glass panel at the far end of the office was jerkily lighted by fluorescent tubing. At the top of the panel, *Redlands* was printed in red; beneath the name of the club, in black, the roster of players. Fifteen similar panels, each devoted to a different farm team, formed unbroken murals along the two windowless walls of the office. The installation of this equipment had been one of Shepard's first moves after he'd bought his major-league franchise, and he derived a sense of power from pressing his buttons and watching the panels light up like a pinball machine in the hands of a true artist.

"I've won three pennants in the five years I've been in baseball," Shepard resumed, slightly appeased by the panel's obedience to his wishes. "How did I do it? By building up the best organization in the game. Not a single personal relation of mine is on the payroll. How come, then, I'm only now getting word that the best prospect we own is miles off the beam?"

"You saw that note about Eamons, didn't you—the one in last month's report from Redlands?" Ray asked him. "That line about possible woman trouble."

"Woman trouble!" Shepard cut in scornfully. "How can you live and not have woman trouble! That doesn't tell me a thing. It seems that any time I want the dope on anything, I've got to get it myself. Add Redlands to the itinerary on tomorrow's trip. Tell McCrillis to get packed. I'll want both of you. And *now* you may show the gentlemen of the press in." . . .

Late Friday afternoon, Shepard and his aides deplaned at San Bernardino and proceeded directly to the Arrowhead Springs Hotel, a plush oasis perched on the foothills of the mountains above the arid valley. Shepard had been pushing himself hard for three days but his labors had paid off in results. In Topeka, Shepard and McCrillis, his chief scout, had watched Whitey Kravchek pitch a four-hit shutout. Sid Sandler, the young left-hander with Portland, had also impressed them as having the stuff to make the big jump to the majors.

As McCrillis put it, both youngsters had a little more to learn before they were finished pitchers, but just as they were, they would probably help the club a lot more than those two base-on-balls philanthropists, Al Marineau and Blitz Baker.

With his pitching problem nicely under control, Shepard took things easy during dinner and limited himself to two long-distance calls. In addition, he made one local call, instructing Emil Hochstetter, the old Cincinnati outfielder who managed Redlands, to meet him at nine o'clock sharp on the hotel's outdoor terrace. After lighting his old cherrywood pipe, Shepard felt so pleasantly in tune with his private universe that the thought of calling a conference of the local sports writers never entered his mind.

Somewhat under the spell of the palms and a few planter's punches, Shepard and his entourage, supplemented by Hochstetter, relaxed contentedly on the terrace. They did not stop talking baseball, however, until their attention was arrested by the entrance of a tall, handsome girl whom the headwaiter guided to a table directly across the dance floor from theirs. She wore a white dress over her tan, and had whatever it is that makes people rest their drinks on the table and stare. The four baseball men looked her over as closely as they would a promising left-hander.

"Now there's the sort of girl I like!" Shepard exclaimed.

"That's very big of you," Ray said. "I thought you were an antiglamor man, boss. That girl's loaded with it."

"*Honest* glamor," Shepard said, correcting him. "That tan, for example. That isn't one of those beauty-parlor jobs. None of that grapefruit-colored hair, either. There're a lot of other tips if you know what to look for. I can tell you all about that girl."

"Like what?"

"Well, first, she's in the movies."

"That's like saying that a guy who's just fanned Kiner, Musial and Robinson is in baseball."

Shepard refused to be thrown off stride. "She's obviously an outdoor girl," he continued calmly. "Plays good tennis, rides horseback well. She's an intelligent girl, levelheaded. Probably from a solid middle-class family. I'd *(Continued on page 52)*

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

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"I've got news for you," Priscilla said. "Personal news. I wanted to tell you I'm going to marry one of your ballplayers next Wednesday"

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NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

"But Can

As often as Durante sang tha

Continuing SCHNOZZOLA

By GENE FOWLER

The son of a poor immigrant barber, James Francis Durante never sought success, but he just couldn't avoid it. It dogged his steps all his life, first as a honky-tonk pianist in New York, and later when the team of Clayton, Jackson and Durante had formed around him. Throughout the speak-easy era, the team prospered amidst gangsters and gun fights. By the late twenties they were famous in vaudeville as well as in the Broadway cafés—and most renowned of all was the humble, humorous Schnozzola

IV

JIMMY DURANTE is a living illustration of the old adage that travel is broadening. During his 30-odd years as an entertainer he has journeyed all over the country and through Europe; and he has rarely made a trip that didn't teach him something—even if it was something insignificant.

One time he was sitting in the club car of a train when two gentlemen across the aisle chanced to bring up the subject of African big game. "I've seen some fantastic things in Africa," one of the men remarked, "including an elephants' graveyard; the great beasts sometimes travel as much as two thousand miles to die there."

The amazed Durante pondered this information for a moment, then reached out and tapped the speaker on the knee.

"It's the trip," he suggested, "that kills them."

The Schnozzola was, in a small way, an expert on disastrous trips. In 1928, he took one on which he figuratively died a thousand deaths at the hands of the chilliest audience he had ever known; it was an experience he never forgot. Furthermore, his personal safety was endangered on that trip, although he didn't get all the details until he was back in New York. Altogether, it was quite a journey.

At the time, Jimmy and his partners, Lou Clayton and Eddie Jackson, were the toast of Broadway as the result of their night-club and stage appearances there. Their great success encouraged them to try the conquest of new territory; accordingly, they essayed a tour of the vaudeville houses of the Midwest.

As the three men arrived at the railroad station, in Cincinnati, first stop on their swing, they were greeted by a race-wire operator known as Gambling Boy. He promptly took command of the trio.

"In this town," he said, "you're not going to make a move without me. I'm going to be at the hotel when you have your meals. I'm going to be with you every time you leave the hotel, and when you want to go anyplace you'll go in my car."

He didn't seem interested in debating the point, so the three partners shrugged and went along. Gambling Boy remained with them at all times during their stay in the city. Clayton observed that whenever the trio got into the five-passenger car provided by their self-appointed companion, he insisted that all three sit in the back seat. Durante liked to ride up forward, and made one or two

Ethel Merman **was helped on road to stardom by Jimmy, later appeared with him on stage. They posed for this picture in 1939**

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Broadway Do Without Me?"

ine, the Main Stem gave its answer: Jimmy was always welcome on the Great White Way

Jimmy Durante's Life Story

efforts to do so, but Gambling Boy always said firmly, "Get in back, Jimmy." Instead, another man, a strangely silent character, rode in front while Gambling Boy drove. None of the vaudevillians asked any questions about this man, and the race-wire operator volunteered no explanations.

It wasn't until the partners returned to New York weeks later that they learned what it had all been about.

When they stepped off the train at Grand Central Station, they were confronted by two high rollers who had frequently visited night clubs where Durante and his partners performed. One of these men was a bootlegger known along Broadway as the Chinaman and the other was a chap called Long Shot Abraham. They asked Clayton for a $2,500 loan; since they were reputed to be men of their word, he gave them the money, and they left. Just a few days later, Lou encountered the pair again; they promptly counted out the money and returned it to the surprised Clayton. "We only wanted to know how we stood with you," explained Long Shot Abraham, "to see if you would risk your dough on us."

Clayton was somewhat offended by this test, but the Chinaman placated him. "We knew we had your confidence, or you would not have gone for the bite."

Lou thought that over, then said, "How come you boys knew the exact hour and the train Durante and me and Eddie Jackson were going to come in on?"

At this, the Chinaman told the whole story. He and Long Shot Abraham had frequent business relations with Gambling Boy, and had been in consultation with him during the trio's visit to Cincinnati. It seems that the man who had ridden with Gambling Boy in the front seat of the car had been a lamister, or fugitive, from Detroit. He was called the Dimmy because he was not bright, and Long Shot Abraham had reason to dislike him.

Upon arriving in Cincinnati, the Dimmy had disclosed that he planned to kidnap Durante or one of his partners at the earliest opportunity. The race-wire operator, to balk this scheme, had thereupon placed both the Dimmy and the trio of entertainers under his personal custody—keeping the vaudeville team in the back seat so the Dimmy could not split them out, as the saying goes, or seize one of them for ransom while the others were elsewhere. Gambling Boy was left-handed; he could have covered the Detroit gangster instantly with the gun he carried under his right arm.

The grateful Clayton now understood the reason for the $2,500 loan. The two New Yorkers had gone to considerable trouble to protect the team of Clayton, Jackson and Durante; naturally, if Lou had declined to risk his money with them they might have felt that he was not deserving of their concern—and, such being the practice of the underworld, might even have given him back to the Dimmy or someone else with evil intentions. (As for the slow-witted fugitive, someone eventually caught up with this gangster and made blue portholes in him.)

Of course, Clayton, Jackson and Durante knew nothing of this background while they were on tour. From Cincinnati, they went on to play two weeks in Chicago, a week in Milwaukee, and finally a week in Minneapolis.

Things went well until they reached the last of these cities, which Jimmy always pronounces "Minneanapolis." *(Continued on page 70)*

CULVER

First movie **was Roadhouse Nights, filmed in 1929 at the Astoria, Long Island, Paramount studio**

Bartolomeo **Durante, though impressed by his son's success, would never admit it**

Show Girl **was the first stage production the Schnozz and his partners appeared in. Produced by Ziegfeld, it included Ruby Keeler, as well as Clayton (center), Jackson (left) and Durante**

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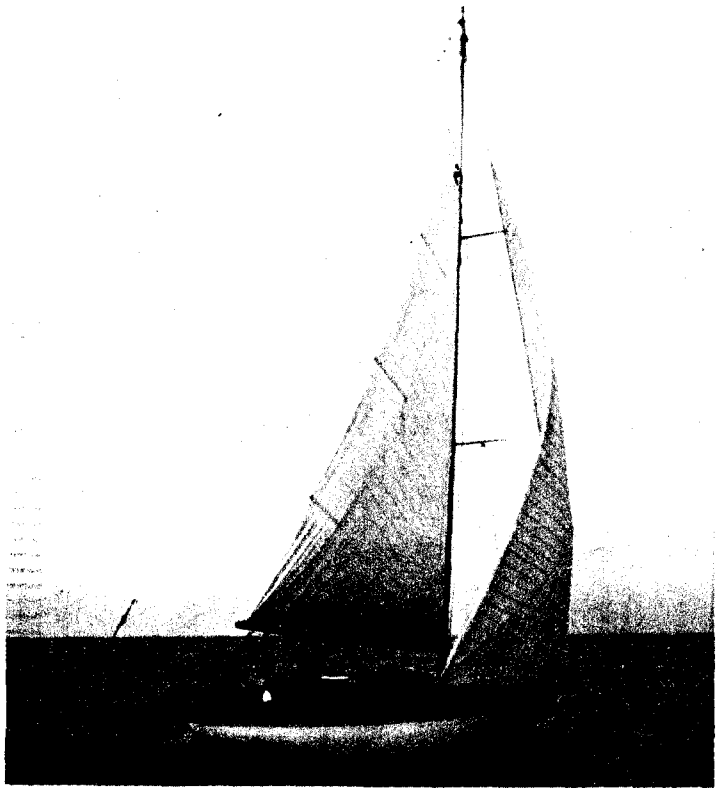

Cutter-rigged Venturon, with an all-girl crew, will try the 335-mile Chicago-to-Mackinac race

Portside: Peg Erzinger (above) watches Carole MacNeil ease line as Venturon picks up speed. Starboard: girls yell as 45-foot sloop heels

The captain and his crew (l. to r.): Peg Erzinger; Jean Spies; Marianne Radley; Skipper H. F. MacNeil; his daughter, Carole; Mary Anne Russell; Mrs. MacNeil (in foreground); Sally Brody

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

SEVEN BELLES—and All Is Well

ASK anyone along the Great Lakes, old salt or Sunday sailor: he'll tell you the toughest fresh-water race a sloop ever ran is the Mackinac, a grueling 335-mile-long handicap run up Lake Michigan to historic Mackinac Island.

Every year, 50-odd boats of various classes get into this fresh-water sailing race, one of the longest in the world. Sponsored by the Chicago Yacht Club, the forty-seven-year-old Mackinac race covers a course noted for temperamental waters, squalls, and just plain meanness. Even for men of brawn and stamina it's plenty rugged battling the whip-sharp northwest winds.

But for the second year in a row, beginning on July 14th, the 45-foot Class A sloop Venturon is going to challenge wind, water and male supremacy with an all-girl crew. Under the command of owner and skipper Howard F. MacNeil, seven women—two housewives, three secretaries, a salesgirl and a teen-ager—will grapple with mainsail instead of mop, boom instead of broomstick, tiller instead of typewriter.

MacNeil and his ladies hope to sink the skeptics who say they'll be flying a white (lace) distress signal long before the 60-hour trip is done.

The skipper has been sailing in other races with lady crews for years. "They try harder than men to win," he says, "because they stand to take a worse razzing if they lose."

MacNeil bucked the guffaws of Mackinac yachtsmen last year by entering the big race with an all-female crew topside. His Venturon finished last.

But this year MacNeil and his girls are ready to try again. The forty-three-year-old Chicago accountant has spent $2,500 for new rigging and other changes to lighten the Venturon, and has tested the sloop's new effectiveness in countless trial runs. Confident that his boat will now handle well in the calm spells which licked it in the 1950 Mackinac, he has given odds that the sloop and her seven belles will finish among the first 10 in their class. Victory wouldn't be a plum for MacNeil, though. "The other skippers," he points out, "have convinced their wives—who have been anxious to compete themselves, in many cases—that the Mackinac isn't for women. If my girls win, there'll be the devil to pay."

That isn't stopping MacNeil and the lady sailors. "We're out to win," he says. "But if we do, we'll have to crawl in a hole and stay there till the hooting is over."

MARTHA WEINMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JONATHAN HARR

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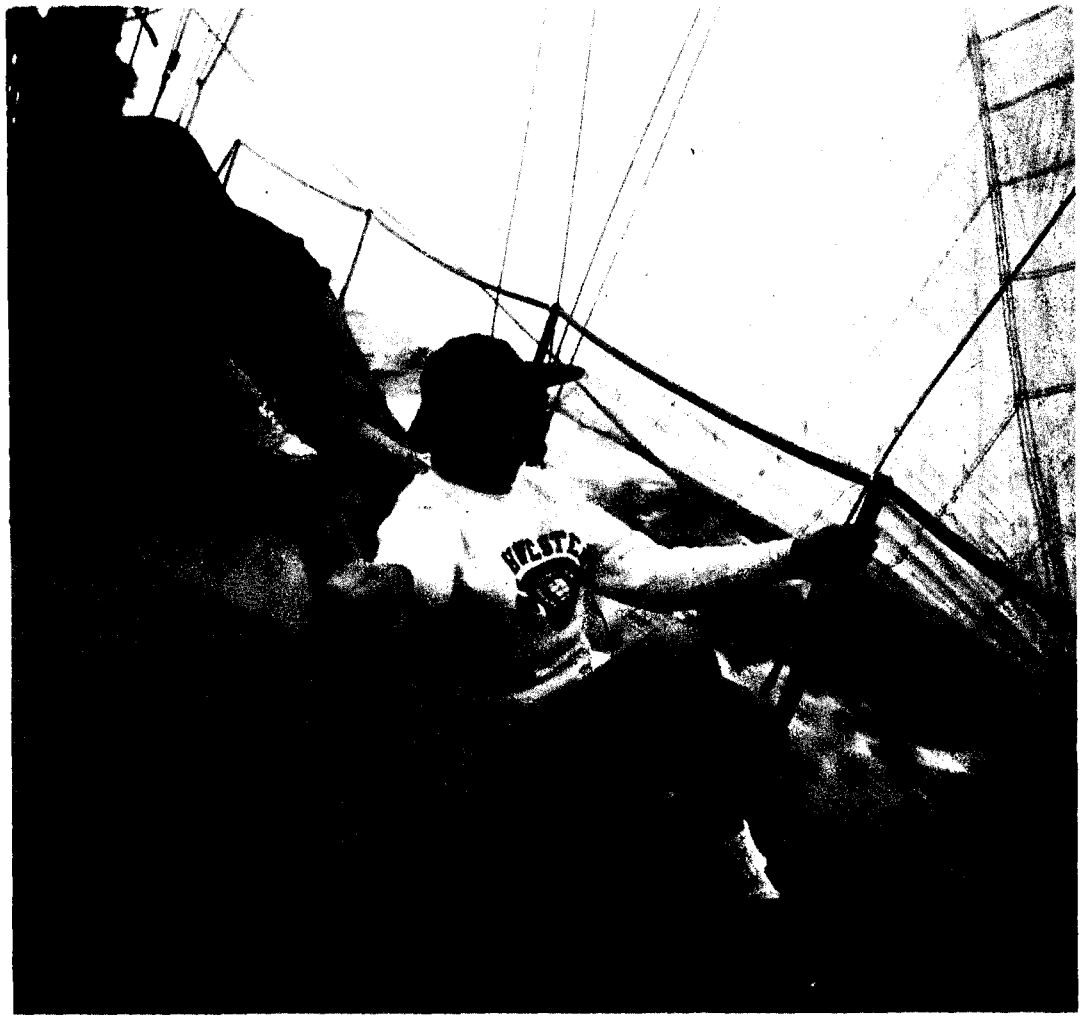
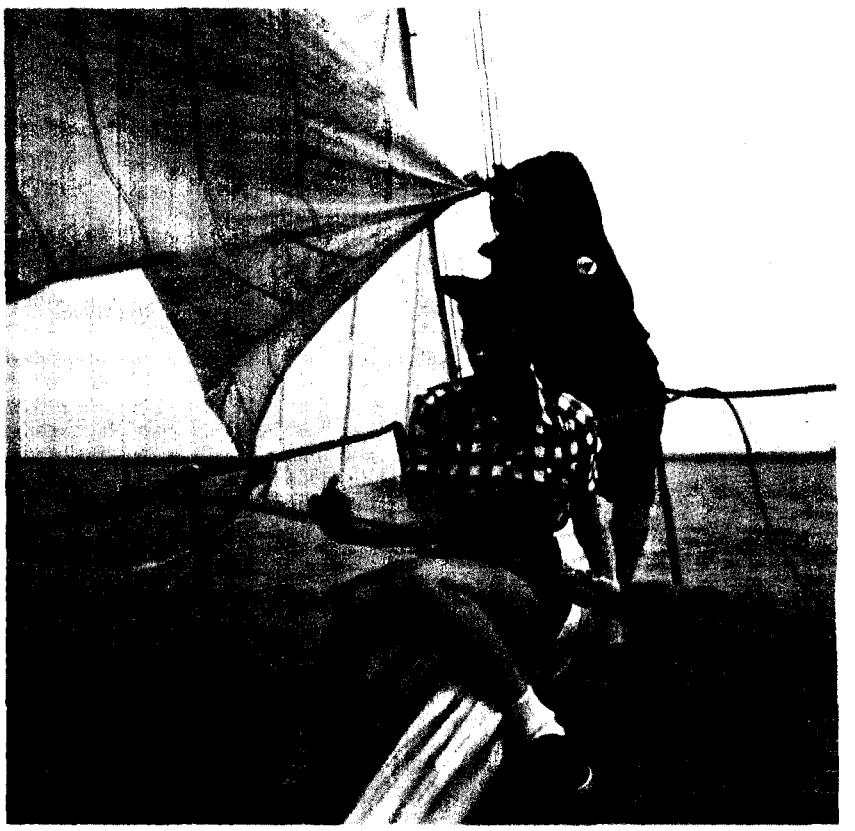


Relaxed, but not for long. MacNeil's girls will try again after placing last in '50 Mackinac. An earlier female crew ran the race in 1905, finished a week late

Wild winds howl across Lake Michigan, and girls must stick like glue. Skipper insists they're better sailors than men



Topside: Mrs. MacNeil (background) and Marianne Radley guide sail across deck so it can pick up a fresh breeze. Below decks: big-time sailors or not, wimmin is wimmin

Marianne Radley (cap) and Jean Spies find going rough on wet decks. But rougher yet is night watch, with only four hours' sleep at a stretch during 60-hour run

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Point Venus

If she could not be happy herself, she could at least make someone else happy, Marianna thought. Clearly she meant nothing to Jonas—and Richard loved her

By SUSANNE McCONNAUGHEY

The Story: Tahiti, in the 1840s, was an island torn by the desperate struggle of its people, under QUEEN POMARE, against annexation by the French. It was this fight for freedom, and the part they played in it, that brought MARIANNA MOORE and JONAS BURKHAM to a new intimacy.

Marianna was the Tahitian-born daughter of an English missionary, NATHANIEL MOORE. Jonas, handsome, reckless, worldly, was an American writer. He had little use for the prim ways of missionaries' daughters. His only links with Marianna had been his affection for her father and the fact that Marianna was teaching TIHOTI, his little son by a native woman.

When Tihoti was killed in a tree-climbing contest at the mission school, Jonas turned for comfort not to Marianna, but to LILY NICHOLLS, the beautiful, spoiled and sensual wife of ANTHONY NICHOLLS, a planter. Their affair was soon the gossip of mission society, but Marianna, for a reason she could not explain to herself, since she admitted to no greater interest in Jonas than he felt for her, refused to believe it. But she was forced to when, during a visit to Lily in Anthony Nicholls' absence, she saw Jonas casually enter Lily's bedroom. To forget her disappointment in Jonas, Marianna tried to develop an interest in RICHARD JOHNSON, a mild-mannered young missionary who was obviously devoted to her.

Meanwhile, the outlook for Tahiti's future grew bleaker. The hopes of the Tahitians and the English missionaries for British protection against the French faded when the British warship in the harbor got orders to leave Tahiti, and MR. PRITCHARD, the British consul and Queen Pomare's chief adviser, swallowed his disapproval of Jonas and asked him, as a writer, to help inform England and America of the true state of affairs. Jonas agreed eagerly, then discovered it was Marianna, also passionately concerned with the independence of Tahiti, who had suggested to Pritchard that he ask Jonas' help. A meddling schoolmarm, he decided angrily, as he left Mr. Pritchard's house.

II

JONAS finished buttoning the cuffs of his shirt and pulled on his coat. Behind him he could hear Lily's voice. "You aren't going to leave me now?"

What a lot these white women could learn from the Tahitians, Jonas thought, if only they would.

"I must," he said shortly.

She straightened up against the pillows, pushing back her disheveled curls. "But it can't be more than three o'clock! And Anthony won't be back until six, at least."

He was reminded suddenly of a time he had been swimming in the bay and a piece of seaweed had become entangled about him, soft and limp, yet clinging stubbornly against his efforts to kick free of it. "I must go," he said impatiently, and then more gently: "You shouldn't take such chances, Lily."

"I haven't a great deal to lose," she said moodily. She stood up, pulling her robe about her, and poured two stiff drinks of brandy into the glasses on the table. She held one out to him. "At least you'll have another glass of brandy with me."

He took it and sat down, holding back his words of protest. She would have it even if he were not there. He looked at her with sudden compassion. "You're very beautiful, Lily," he said.

The bright pleasure in her eyes gave him a feeling of guilt; it was so pitifully easy to please her.

"When will you be back, Jonas?"

He glanced away. "How can I say, my dear? You know how careful we must be."

"If you really cared about being with me," Lily said bitterly, "you would find opportunities to see me—*make* opportunities."

Once again it was hard to keep the impatience from his voice. "You know how I feel about you, Lily."

"That's just the trouble," she said. "I *do* know." Then, suddenly contrite, she swayed against him. "Stay with me, Jonas. Have one more glass."

"No more," he said. "I must go."

"But you'll be back? Promise you'll come next time I can see you—I'll let you know."

"I'll come," he said shortly.

Outside, in the brilliant sunlight, he realized that he was drunk; at this hour, with nowhere to go, nothing to do, there was a stupid and tiresome futility to it. He stood for a moment, indecisive, and then he turned away from the road, up the river path that led to the wild solitude of the valley.

HE OPENED his eyes against the golden afternoon light and lay for a moment staring up at the delicate pattern of green leaves above him. Shadows were crawling up the floor of the valley, but the sun was still bright against the higher slopes. Apparently he had slept for less than an hour.

He rolled over on his stomach and rested his forehead on his folded arms, making an effort to reorient himself. He could remember his walk, two or three miles up through the narrow valley, and he remembered sprawling down on this shaded ledge above the river. And then he remembered the hours he had spent with Lily. His dry lips made a grimace against the rough cotton of his shirt sleeves.

The dissatisfaction with his life and with himself that had been mounting in him since Tihoti's death overwhelmed him now; there was no aspect of his present existence on which he could look with pleasure or with pride. All of the activities which had once sustained him seemed to have lost their charm. Once he had found a calm, engrossing joy in his work, but now he could not concentrate on it; the simple, everyday occupations that used to seem so satisfying—fishing with his neighbors, working in his garden, making improvements on his house and boat—had become pointless.

The one thing left to him was his love for Tahiti and its people, but lately he had felt that he was an unwilling spectator at its destruction. Ever since white men had first come to their island the Tahitians had been marked for death, and now perhaps they were doomed to die in ignominy.

For a long time he lay still, his head bowed against his arms, and little by little he became conscious of his physical discomfort. The brandy he had drunk throbbed behind his forehead, his mouth was dry, and his muscles stiff and cramped. The cool splashing of water falling into the stillness of the river just below him gradually edged into his awareness, and with it the idea of a swim as solace for his physical and mental malaise.

He raised his head, his fingers already fumbling with the fastening of his shirt, and glanced down at the dark clarity of the pool below the waterfall. At once he saw that someone was already swimming there—someone whose white body moved languidly under the surface of the water, whose long, fair hair undulated lazily with the movements of her head. Like a mermaid, Jonas thought dazedly; and then he noticed a little pile of clothes laid neatly on the bank, with a poke bonnet set beside them. Marianna! And naked as Eve. He shook with silent laughter. Deliberately, he pushed aside a branch that was in his way, and peered down at her.

AFTER a moment he forgot the sly meanness of what he was doing, and watched her with growing curiosity. There was a graceful sensuousness in the way she swam that revealed a deep, relaxed contentment. She moved across the pool to the waterfall, pulled herself up on the rocks behind it, stood for a moment veiled in its flashing white foam, then dived deeply, sliding like a silver fish under the surface. Marianna, he realized with astonishment, was as much at home in the water as any Tahitian.

He saw that he had stumbled across a clue to a certain incongruity of her nature that had always puzzled him. For years he had seen her simply as Miss Marianna Moore, missionary's daughter and capable schoolmarm, whose natural intelligence was limited by the narrowness of her training. Occasionally he had wondered about the curved mobility of her lips, which seemed to suit a more worldly or passionate woman; and sometimes he had caught a gleam of amusement in her eyes when he least expected it, but these momentary signs of another Marianna were at once erased by his habitual acceptance of her as she appeared to be—cool, serene, dignified.

He had been blind, he thought; he had forgotten that Marianna, whose mother had died when she was very young, whose father was dreamy and impractical, had no doubt been allowed to run wild with her Tahitian playmates. How much she must have learned from them that no English young lady would ever know. From childhood she would have accepted as natural the talk of those around her. The broad humor of the Tahitians, their earthy cynicism, their constant preoccupation with the senses, their bland and devastating avoidance of euphemism, had been as familiar to her as catechisms and prayer meetings.

He saw that she was swimming toward the bank just below him. Now, surely, was the time to look away, but he made no move to do so. Marianna pulled herself out onto the grassy bank of the stream, stood up, and raised her hands to twist the water from her long hair. So this was the drab and angular Marianna—this sylvan creature with small bones, delicately fleshed, whose taut, uplifted breasts were firm as a young girl's, whose tender curve of belly and thigh straightened into the long, graceful taper of her *(Continued on page 38)*

At once he saw that someone was already swimming there—someone whose white body moved languidly under the surface of the water, whose long, fair hair undulated lazily

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THE VANISHING

What with motorboats, traffic lights and new rules and regulations, the

WHEN I was young," Arturo Cucchiero of Venice, Italy, said to me, "a gentleman courting a lady without success would, as a last resort, bring her to this romantic city and take her for an evening ride in a gondola. Naturally, I'm speaking of a gentleman of persistence—and wealth. Ah!"

My eyes swept the fabled Adriatic metropolis about us, composed of 100 or more islands linked by 400 or so bridges and the 177 canals which serve as "streets." All about us were palaces and hotels, public buildings and homes dating back many hundreds of years. "Romantic city," Gondolier Cucchiero called it. Yes, I thought, if any city deserves to be so described, it is Venice. But Arturo was still talking.

"Perhaps a lady wasn't in love with her gentleman before she stepped into my gondola," he said, "but by the time we reached the Grand Canal . . ."

Arturo left the sentence unfinished. Evidently he meant to imply that the sight of splendid Renaissance *palazzi*, a gondola's floating motion, and the sound of lapping water combined with a gondolier's captivating tenor voice have been the undoing of many a virtuous lady.

Arturo Cucchiero, I learned shortly, is a sixty-two-year-old veteran of the canals with 42 years' experience as an observer of gondola-inspired romance. A heavy man with a reddish face, dark eyes, a generous nose and white hair, he seems to have walked straight out of an old Italian painting. When it's cold he wears the dark sailor's suit and tasseled beret which are the prescribed uniform for Venetian gondoliers. When it gets warm, he puts on a straw hat with a red ribbon, a white blouse, a red scarf and a red sash around his waist.

Now, he stared morosely at the Grand Canal where a fast motor launch carried American tourists on a See-Venice-in-Two-Hours tour.

The waves in the wake of the motorboat broke hard against Arturo's gondola and against the foundations of the nearby Gritti Palace which 450 years ago belonged to Andrea Gritti, one of the republic's most prominent doges of his era. Today the palace is a hotel. And two years ago a traffic light was installed on the intersection of two ancient canals. The *palazzo* where composer Richard Wagner died is a winter casino. And bubble-gum chewing kids roam the Rialto Bridge where Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice is supposed to have walked.

"Assassins!" my emotional friend, the gondolier, shouted and shook his fist at the motor launches *(motoscafi)*. He glared, too, at the municipal steam-

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GONDOLIER

By JOSEPH WECHSBERG

storied boatmen on Venice's ancient canals suffer their share of trouble

boats, the *vaporetti* which are the streetcars of Venice, that were plodding noisily up and down the Grand Canal. "Soon the tourists will arrive here in helicopters. Did you notice, *Signor,* that many of our glorious palaces are sagging down to one side under the impact of the motorboats' waves, that our delicately built gondolas are gradually falling apart? One day, Venice is going to cave in like a house of cards. We don't need the atomic bomb to finish us off—we have the motors of the *motoscafi.*"

Arturo is a *campione* (champion) gondolier, winner of 21 gondoliers' regattas, famed among his 420 licensed fellow gondoliers and their 80 unlicensed assistants for his strong arms, powerful lungs and passionate, hyperbolic speeches in favor of the gondola and against the "horrors" of mechanization. He belongs to the Knights of St. Mark's whose motto is, "Remember the Past—Work for the Present—Dream of the Future." Members must show their enthusiasm for the gondola and pay 40 cents dues a year. Cucchiero's grandfather was a gondolier, and so were his father and his two brothers, all now dead.

Arturo himself hardly looks his age. Owing to life in the outdoors and plenty of exercise, the gondolier's profession seems to be as healthy as it is romantic. One third of all gondoliers are above the age of sixty. Two years ago they buried Luigi Zocco. He was ninety-six and briskly rowing his gondola when he died.

Arturo presented me with a little booklet, The Gondola, published anonymously in Venice. It says, in a weirdly wonderful English translation: *"As in everything in Venice, the Venetian gondola is wrapped in an atmosphere of phantasy and legend. Just as we cannot imagine Venice without her canals, we cannot imagine her without the silent quivering of this black boat, born with her and for her in the mystery of her remote past . . ."*

Little is known about the origin of the gondola (pronounced "gahn-doh-lah"). It is a 32-foot-long, 5-foot-wide, flat-bottomed boat, with a sharply pointed high prow and stern. It seems as fragile and slender as a harp, but bears up surprisingly well under bad weather (and the waves of the motorboats). You can't go fast in a gondola, but there are accidents. Gondolas and motorboats sometimes collide in the fog. A while ago a Swiss family was killed when their boat was sliced in two by a steamer.

In the sixteenth century there were more than 10,000 gondolas in Venice. Before the first World War this number was down *(Continued on page 56)*

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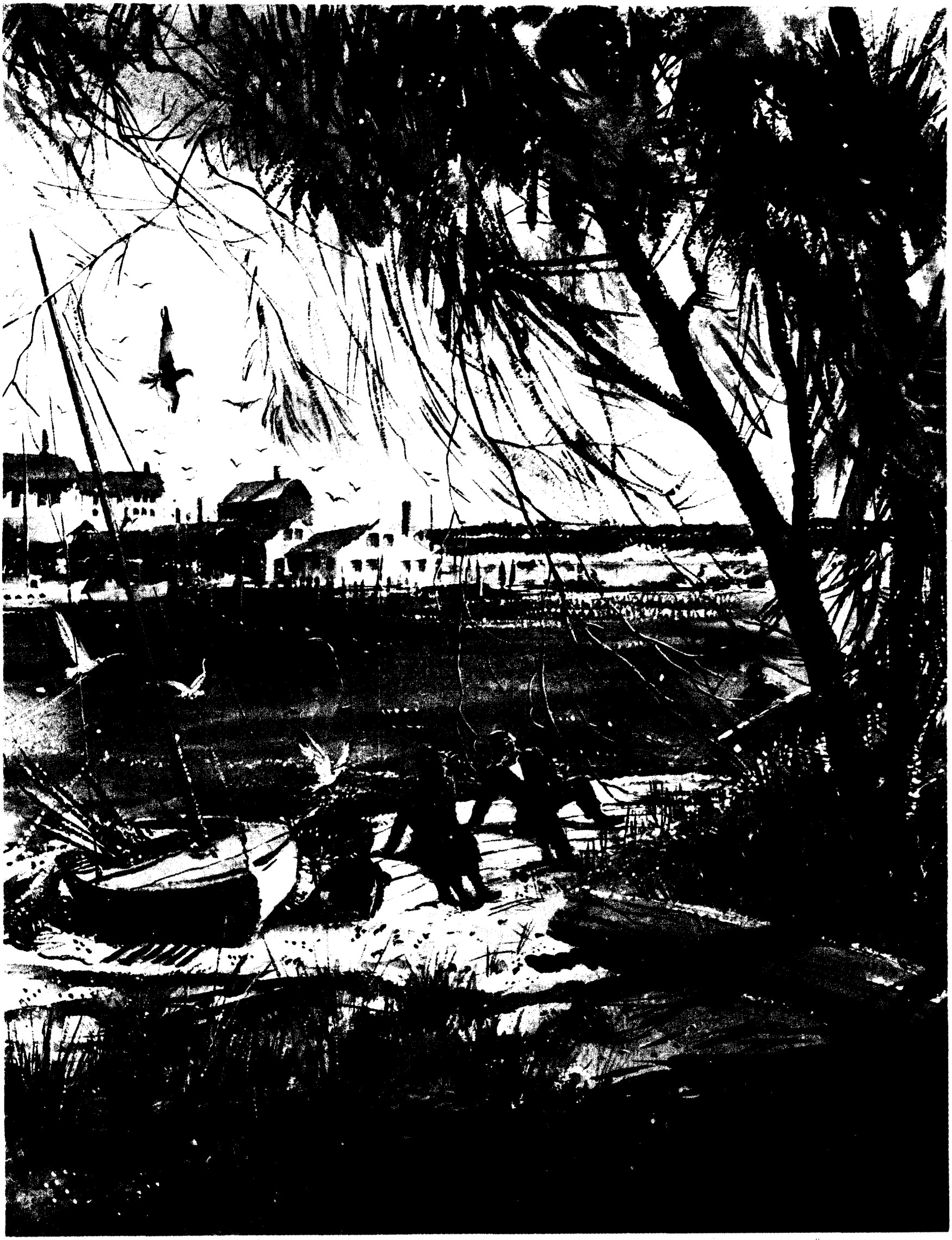

They went to little coves where the shores were piled deep with oyster shells and looked at men mending nets

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Allie's Birthday

By DWIGHT HUTCHISON

It wasn't really her birthday. It was just a joke—just one more way for them to make fun of her. But it was the happiest day of her life

THE dawn made Allie think of babies. All that pink, bright like their little bottoms, like the crib-lining some baby had once. She'd taken care of so many she couldn't remember which one —Miss Letty, maybe. The dawn was quiet too, like a little fellow was asleep and everbody shushing. But the birds wouldn't be quiet; they were all singing like they'd burst if they didn't. From the marsh grasses a flock of red-winged blackbirds rose; she stood and watched their climbing flight. They flew as though they were free at last, as though it were their birthday maybe and they couldn't wait to celebrate it.

She giggled at that and walked faster, pulling her coat about her; her old bones got cold here on this Cape. Down in Georgia it was hot in May. She didn't know where she was going; she just felt something would turn up. You want the first birthday you ever had to be a good one. Mr. Martin had offered to drive her to Hyannis for the day but she had been to Hyannis twice since they moved up here, and she didn't want to spend her birthday in a place where you need money in a purse.

Miss Letty would be mad at her for going before breakfast, but with nine people in the house breakfast would drag on and after the dishes were washed one of the girls might want a blouse ironed, or Allie'd think she ought to scrub the kitchen floor and her knees might give out. They had bought her a mop but Miss Letty's mother had always made her get right down and go at it good and she couldn't change now.

She had waked up happy, remembering she had her own room now, and then it came to her what Mr. Martin had said the night before, that tomorrow was her twenty-first birthday. The light was coming in the window so it was tomorrow already and beginning to be her birthday that minute. She dressed by feeling; it was a little bit of a window and there was no electricity in the room and they said it wasn't safe to have lamps in there—all the paint cans and everything. She put on her red dress; Miss Nancibelle was a little stouter than the other girls and her dresses fitted Allie fine, if she left a few hooks undone.

Downstairs she heated coffee and ate some gingersnaps, giggling a little at how quiet she was, tiptoeing over boards that squeaked and lifting things carefully. Before she left she went back up and got her brief case; she might have a chance to practice writing. Someday soon she'd write her granddaughter a letter and surprise her.

Every minute, now, it was getting brighter and prettier. She could see colors now, not so much color so early in the spring but there were ghosty bushes with white flowers and the branches of trees were plummy color. It seemed like the prettiest day she ever saw. Mr. Martin promised it would be. "The sun always shines when you're twenty-one," he said.

This Mr. Martin had driven down with Miss Angie's husband yesterday. It was like a party as soon as he came. At dinner he said, "Allie, did you make this soup?" When she said, "Yessir," he said, "Pack your bags, young lady, you're going home with me." Young lady! Everyone laughing. Then he took a biscuit. "I thought you said these were biscuits. Hot buttered clouds!" He'd pretend it was flying and he'd have to reach up and catch it. She got to giggling so, she couldn't bring in the dishes.

"What a character!" he said when she was in the kitchen. "Where did you find her?" They all talked at once, explaining she had been with the family ever since their mother, Miss Letty, was a young girl. She'd raised Miss Letty and she'd raised Miss Letty's children and now she was raising the grandchildren. "Good Lord a'mighty," he said, "she doesn't look a day over forty, if that. And she laughs like a kid."

"She has a grandchild over thirty," they told him, "but that doesn't prove anything. That's the way they are, you know—forty or a hundred and forty." She'd looked the same since any of them could remember.

"Allie," Miss Nancibelle said, when she came in next, "recite the names of your grandchildren for Mr. Martin." She didn't. She knew Miss Letty wouldn't like it at the table, and anyway she was too full of giggles. They were pretty names—the ones she could remember—but everyone always laughed.

She didn't mind their laughing, telling things she had said and done in New York, back in Atlanta even. No two of them could laugh as much as she did. She bubbled right over all day—at the cat ruffling its nose at a mouse hole, at the way her apron slipped out of her hands, at her starting to wash dishes and washing dish towels instead. At birds hopping and babies sneezing, and milk frozen and sticking its neck out of the bottle. Not loud laughs but little inside shaking laughs they wouldn't hear in the dining room. Mr. Martin said it was her laughing that kept her looking so young.

After dinner Mr. Martin and Miss Nancibelle came out to help with the dishes—with nine people it makes a pile. He asked so many questions she couldn't keep her mind on her work. She only had one baby, she told him, and she never really got acquainted with him; her mother took it and she went right back to Atlanta to go on working. Miss Letty hunted him up later, when he was a grown man, and she brought some of the grandchildren North to work. But she said she had no idea at all how old she was.

"When we used to be studying history," Miss Nancibelle said, "every time we mentioned a date Allie would ask, 'You think maybe that was the date I was born?' July Fourth, 1776, for instance."

He said he must write that down, it was priceless.

"You don't need to know when you were born, Allie," Miss Nancibelle said, hugging Allie's waist from behind. "You'll never be more than twenty."

"You don't think I ever will?" Allie asked, worried, turning to them, her hands deep in the soapsuds.

"But that means she never had a birthday," he said. "This is a serious thing." Miss Nancibelle took the platter before he dropped it. "We can find out what day her birthday is, easy." He rubbed his hands and pulled up his sleeves. "Your name is Allie. Last name?"

"Call her last name Jones. That was your husband's name, wasn't it, Allie?"

"I guess maybe. If you mean *him*."

Mr. Martin took out twelve matches and laid them in a row, then he closed his eyes and said, "Allie Jones," and reached out and took a match. Then he lighted it and held it, counting until it burned his fingers. "Allie Jones's birthday is May fourteenth," he said. Then he clapped his head. "Jumping Jerusalem—that's tomorrow."

She could hardly believe it.

"Your twenty-first birthday and, by golly, you ought to get the day off. I'll do the cooking and Nannie here will help me. The cat can lick the dishes, the beds will air all day, and the breezes can sweep the floors."

Miss Letty wasn't so pleased. She said she couldn't possibly let Allie go, with nine people for the week end. Allie had every other Thursday afternoon, she told Mr. Martin, but she spent it just sitting up in her room. She didn't explain to him that this was the first room of her own Allie had had since they came up from the South, years and years ago. In New York she just put her mattress down at night, in the kitchen or in a hall or anywhere.

Mr. Martin got around Miss Letty somehow and she finally said Allie could go after breakfast. So here she was. *Sory I lef erly*, she wrote on a paper bag, and she put the paper bag on the table.

SHE had gone some distance down the road now. The warmth was coming into the air and she'd stopped shivering. They told Mr. Martin last night how she had said when they moved here: "This Cape not so warm; seems like it needs a lining." And before they came she used to say they were moving to Fishcoat. There's not so much difference between a cape and a coat, and a cod is a fish, isn't it?

Pretty soon she came to the house where they had stopped to get Joey Bangs last week. She and Joey had had a talk while he was eating his lunch. He'd told her he was having trouble with his back —mending the porch floor wasn't so hard but some things he just couldn't do, like spading his garden.

There by the road was the piece of garden, hardly bigger than a double blanket. She found his fork in the shed but knocked over a rake getting it. "Miaow—miaow—miaow," she cried, in case Joey Bangs heard, and she doubled up giggling. The spading went easy, it seemed funny not to have the soil red but it was soft and *(Continued on page 58)*

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Artist in

Blind before 57, Minna Blau created a

MINNA BLAU was like thousands of other public-school teachers before her retirement in 1945. She was fifty-six years old, had taught art in junior high schools, and kept up with her education through extension courses. She could, in addition, write poetry, stories and plays, and lecture on ballet when necessary. At the moment of her retirement, Minna was teaching elementary grades, which she preferred, in P.S. 20, a New York City public school. She didn't want to quit. Unmarried and energetic, she was supporting her eighty-six-year-old mother, and enjoying her career to the fullest. But Minna Blau was forced to retire: glaucoma, which blotted out her left eye in 1934, had begun, in 1945, to creep over her right eye. Within a year, she was totally blind.

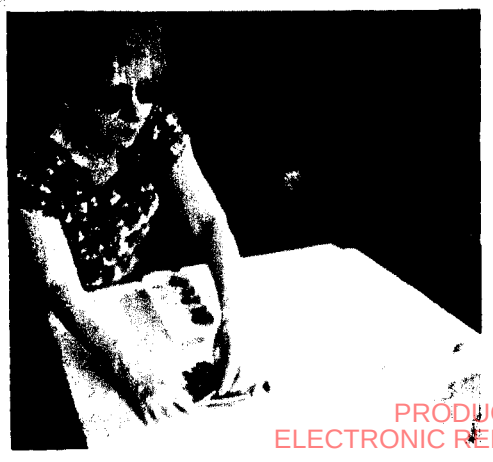
What happened next is the old and tragic story of those who suddenly go blind. Minna Blau found herself swinging helplessly at the bottom of a well, in a thick, gray-black, uneasy darkness. It was unutterably frightening. Her first reaction was to cut her life in half—to commit mental suicide; she intended to live with her older brother and withdraw from the world. She was going to, but she didn't; for, at this point, she was introduced to The Lighthouse, a forty-six-year-old educational, social and recreational center maintained by The New York Association for the Blind, which teaches everything from music to carpentry. Its slogan: "Light through work and play." Minna Blau found the light soon after her first few visits, when she happened to mention, sadly, that she used to paint. For the Lighthouse workers this was enough. In a matter of weeks, Minna Blau was involved in a new life.

She learned how to use finger paints to produce pictures as full of form, vitality and color as those she had left behind. It was a long and arduous process. She literally had to teach her imagination to see completed paintings and to remember where each of the colors she was to use would finally go

Vase of Irises. Reminiscent of Van Gogh's work, it shows perfect use of color

Like all blind people, Minna Blau creates devices to help her "see." To keep paints in order, she uses a plastic egg tray. After blending colors with a brush, she dips fingers

A clever craftsman, Miss Blau uses thicker-than-normal paint to help her fingers to feel it. At start of painting she must accustom arms to paper's size. This gauges length of strokes



Underwater Scene. One of Miss Blau's first "blind paintings," it includes excellent sea horse (lower right). Artist tried to evoke feeling of water

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the Dark

new life with the talent in her finger tips

Minna Blau uses extremely sensitive fingers as brushes to achieve her remarkable effects

in her pictures. And then she had to accustom the muscles of her arms, hands and fingers to do exactly what her imagination had envisioned. It was difficult and nerve-racking. Her fingers and wrists ached with the tension of following—in the darkness—the dictates of her mind. But she finally mastered the problem. Today, at sixty-two, Minna Blau is painting remarkably accurate impressionistic images of the kind reproduced on these pages. No longer afraid, she is a happy, vital woman. She has said in a sonnet she wrote recently on her blindness, "There's joy in work and play. There is no night . . . The world's still wide for me."

CORNELIUS RYAN

Dancer with Scarf. To capture action, Minna danced to get feel, then painted

Landscape. Astonishingly accurate perspective illustrates task Miss Blau imposes on her imagination. Her mind saw this fully before she began it

All Minna Blau's work is now limited to finger paints, but she hopes to find a method of using brushes, while keeping fingers in contact with paper. Here she plots work with pins

To put colors in right places, Miss Blau uses pins or putty. Putty indicates paper's edges; pins show where flowers end. Fingers' hardest job: keeping still-wet colors from running

COLLIER'S BY EVE ARNOLD

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BILL BAKER

I drop my lighter, pick it up, look at my watch, roll up my sleeves and yawn

Sporting Blood

By B. M. ATKINSON, JR.

I CAN'T help believing that sooner or later everybody slips up and does something to make the world a better place to live in. Take last Saturday night when I proved to everybody in Martinsville that Ed Shanks, Joe Green, Charlie Turner and Sid Jackson were the lousiest bunch of liars since Jacob asked the boys what happened to Joseph. That little act of kindness not only helped my fellow townsmen in general but it helped the police. Just how will take a little explaining.

The thing goes back a year. That's when Lady Luck abandoned me to sit out the grisliest run of poker hands in the seventeen-year history of our poker club. I didn't have bad hands, understand. I had wonderful hands. However, some member present always had a hand just a little bit more wonderful, and for fifty-one straight Saturday nights I dropped more money than a bank clerk with palsy.

Sid would ease me out of a big pot and then he'd smile and say, "George, don't say those dirty words! It ain't whether you won or lost but how you played the game."

Then the next hand Ed would put me to the sword. "George," he'd sneer, "put down that chair! It's just a game." The accent is always on good clean fun. It's like Captain Kidd and his crew reciting the Beatitudes to a plank-walker.

Then a couple of weeks ago they really get humorous. They run this little item in the paper saying that they've voted the club's Shylock Memorial Trophy for Outstanding Sportsmanship to genial, quick-smiling, fellow member George "Second Hand" Hicks for his outstanding contributions to the game during the year.

Real subtle, you know. Before it's all over everybody is saying: "Ain't it a shame about poor George Hicks. A man who loves money like he must shouldn't play cards!" What makes it even worse is that they get the idea that Ed and them are such sporting fellows they're above money.

A little error in judgment like that can bankrupt a town, so I take an oath to show everybody just what money-mad monsters my playmates really are. I ask myself what would bring out the beast in a poker player the fastest. The answer comes back: a royal flush. Then I have an even happier thought. "George," I say to myself, "suppose they all had royal flushes. And, George, what if . . ."

I start negotiating. Saturday night it's all set. We're in the Emperor Nero Room over the garage, and it goes perfect from the start. Joe has got Lady Luck riding him piggyback and his guardian angel flying fighter cover. The rest of 'em would like to cut his throat, but with me sitting there they have to act like he's their favorite charity. I get the deal just as Joe announces for the twenty-third time that he's getting mighty sleepy. The rest of 'em, of course, have got Loser's Insomnia. I figure the time is ripe for the rack. I lay the cards aside and go over and get what looks like a brand-new, unbroken deck. "I'm gonna end this reign of terror right now," I tell 'em. "How much you winner, Joe?"

Just like I figure, he's got Winner's Amnesia. "Oh," he says, "about twenty bucks!"

Well, while they go into hysterics over that I make like I'm shuffling the cards. By the time they get through frothing about the fifty he's got hidden in his shoe, I'm dealing from the stacked deck. I give 'em all four cards and then stop and act like I've got something in my eyes.

"Deal!" Ed wheezes. "Deal!"

He ought to wheeze. He's got the ace, king, queen and jack of spades. The rest have got the same in the other suits. They can't even work up a good wheeze.

I quit messing with my eye, light a cigarette, drop my lighter, pick it up, look at my watch, roll up my sleeves, yawn, and then knock my lighter off the table again.

"You drop that damn' thing one more time," Charlie says, "and I'm gonna cremate you with it!"

"It's just a game, Charlie," I say. "What you sweating about?" He looks like his head is melting.

I deal the last card around. Ed is the only one I allow to fill his royal flush. I watch him peek at it. "Who dealt this mess?" he gasps. His expression is that of a butcher in a pen of lambs.

Charlie whimpers he can't open. Joe reels in his eyeballs and says he can't either. Ed looks down at that royal flush of his and says, "Well, I've been beaten on these damn' things every time tonight but I'll open."

"I'm out!" I tell 'em. I start messing with my eye again.

"Deal!" Charlie snarls.

I give him his ten of hearts. He peeks at it and every seismograph in the country picks up the tremor. I flip Joe's card to him so that it lands face up. It's the ten of clubs he needs. I grab at it like I'm gonna take it back and give him another card.

"That's all right," he gasps, crushing twenty-three bones in my hand as he grabs the card. "You couldn't help it. I don't want it, but I'll take it."

I look at Ed. The veins in his forehead are popping out. I ask him how many cards he wants. He gives a little sigh and pulls one halfway out. Then he gives another little sigh and shoves it back. "The hell with it!" he says, "I'll hold it for a kicker!" Sweet old fellow doesn't want to frighten his little friends with a pat hand. He wants 'em to think he's got two pairs and an ace.

Joe and Charlie fall for it. Their mouths are watering so they look like a couple of gargoyles. I stand up and sniff. "I smell smoke," I say. "You smell smoke, Sid?"

"I'm gonna wall up your head!" he snarls. "If it ain't your eyes, it's your nose. Gimme one stinking little card, will you?"

I slip him his ten of diamonds and the job's done. Four royal flushes waiting to crash head on. Four vampires, and each one thinking he's got the key to the blood bank. I push back my chair. "I'm going to see about that smoke!"

"Good-by!" Ed says. He looks around the table. "I'm going to check to all those one-card draws." He wants 'em to think he's afraid they've caught something better than he's got.

I go down the open stairway into the garage. Underneath the stairway we've got our old bathtub stored. There are all the oily rags I put in it the night before. They're lying in about a quart of kerosene. I light a match and toss it in. Smoke starts curling up the stairway.

"Hey," I holler, "don't you smell smoke, too?"

"What smoke?" Ed half snarls and half coughs. "Joe, just for the fun of it, I'm going to raise you."

With that I rush in and telephone old Tom Riley, the town marshal, who's been standing by for the call. Then I go back out and explain to the congregating neighbors just what's keeping their money-loathing sportsmen in the suttee suite. They can't believe it. I man my garden hose and send a blast of water through the window. "For Lord's sake," I scream, "get outta there! Tom Riley is leading the fire department down here. He'll get you for gambling. It's just a game, for crying out loud!"

All we can hear is that same old chant: "Raise! Raise you! Raise you back!" Then Tom and a couple of my accomplices from the volunteer fire department come through the back gate. Tom dashes up the steps, grinning like a cat going after smoked fish. Then we hear him say: "You're all under arrest for gambling! Gimme those cards and get outta here!"

We hear Ed give this nasty laugh. "You mean *they're* gambling, Riley! I'm just running a collection agency." We hear him slapping his cards down like they're so many tombstones.

THERE'S a real pregnant silence and then the shrieking breaks loose. It sounds like all the poor damned creatures in hell paying their respects to the stoker. They've found out what I've done to 'em. Then there's this dead quiet, and they stagger down through the smoke.

"Ed," I call from my locked back porch, "I tried to get you out in time. You all couldn't think about anything but money, though, could you, you cheap cutthroats!"

He draws himself up like a fricasseed martyr and blinks at me and the sneering throng. "You damn' arsonist," he says, "can't *you* ever think about anything but money? We just like to play poker. We didn't care anything about the money!"

That nearly does it. Half the gourd-heads present believe these phonies really were playing those hands just for the thrill of it. Then, just as they're starting to look down their noses at me, old Tom cackles out: "I'm glad to hear you didn't care anything about the money, Ed! I'll just turn this three hundred dollars I impounded from the pot over to the town's Playground Fund. But I'll give you back all those papers you boys drew up. Charlie, here's the IOU on your car; and Ed, here's that mortgage you drew up against your house on that last raise."

And that is how I helped the police. If I'm ever found encased in a barrel of cement with a poker deck crammed in my mouth, the police won't have any trouble at all finding the encasers. THE END

Collier's SHORT SHORT

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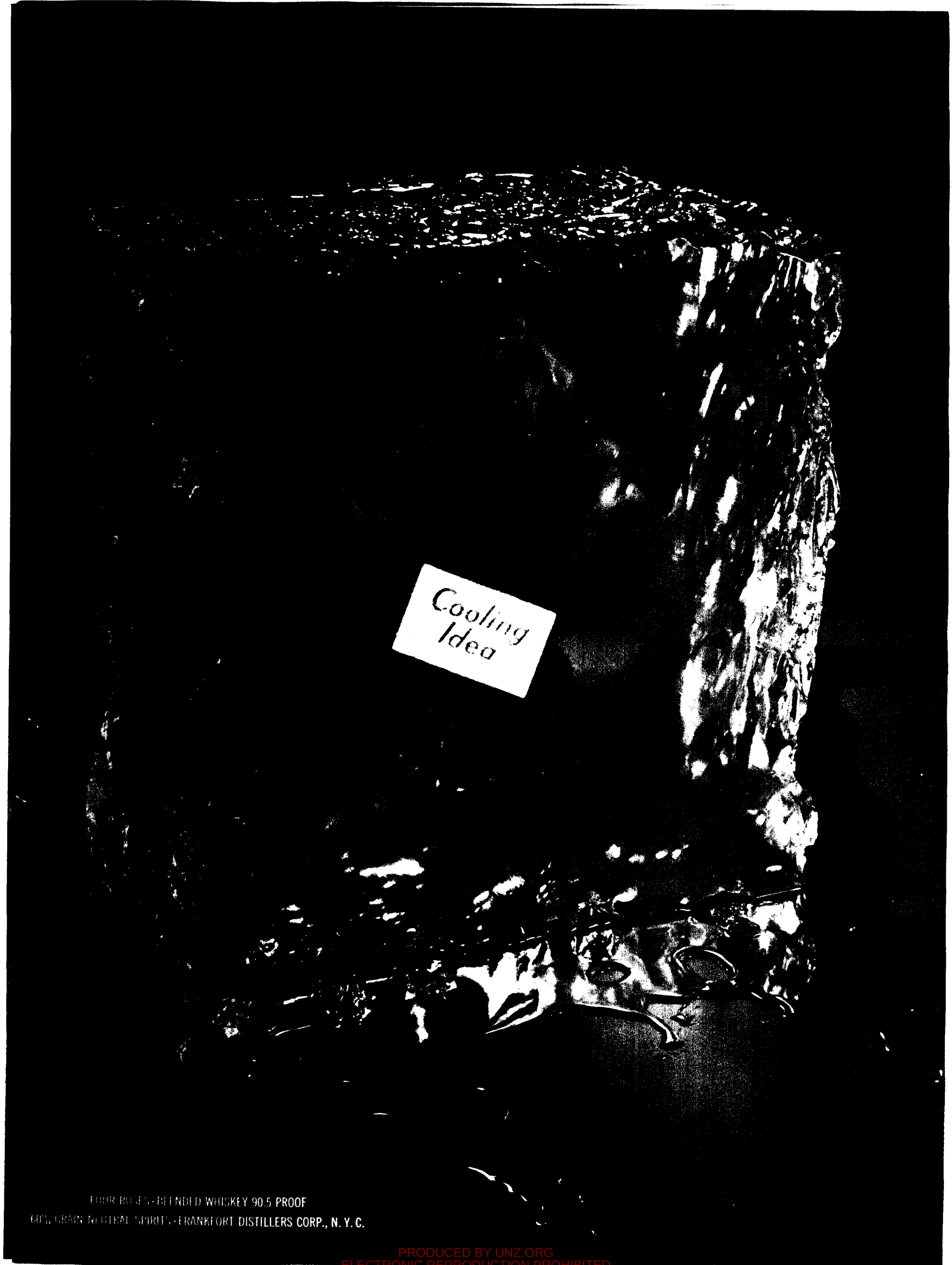

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Point Venus

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

legs. Barely breathing, he watched her as she dried her hair and brushed the drops of water from her body.

The low branch of a *purau* tree, studded with yellow blossoms, hung above the stream beside her, and, as he watched, she broke off one of the flowers, tucked it, Tahitian-fashion, behind her ear and bent over the water to see her reflection. Then she pulled the flower away, and with a gentle gesture of resignation let it drop into the quiet pool.

Shaken by an unexpected compassion, Jonas dropped his head against his arm. I shall have to avoid her after this, he thought confusedly; I shall never be able to think of her in quite the same way again, but always see her as she is now, naked and defenseless and oddly moving. He had seen more than he intended; not only her body but something far more personal and vulnerable than that.

For several minutes he waited without moving; then cautiously he raised his head and looked down at her again. She had put on a severe black gown that completely masked the slender grace of her body, and she was pinning her still-damp hair into a prim knot at the back of her neck. As he watched, she stooped, picked up her bonnet, and with a barely perceptible straightening of her shoulders, turned and started off along the path that led down the valley.

Jonas watched her go, outwardly indomitable, and yet, it seemed to him, profoundly pathetic. What was her life, beyond mere duty? Only a waste, warmth that must be repressed, yearnings and instincts that must not even be acknowledged. It was shameful and unfair that he should know these things about her, and yet just now he felt a curious gratitude to her. It was the first time since Tihoti's death that he had fixed his thoughts on anyone but himself.

SLOWLY, reluctantly, Jonas rode along the shady road that led past the church to the Moores' house, near the end of Point Venus. It wasn't pleasant to be the bearer of bad news, and the envelope he was delivering from Queen Pomare to Nathaniel Moore was surely that.

A few days before, a French frigate of sixty guns had sailed into Papeete bay, bringing word that King Louis Philippe had officially accepted the protectorate of Tahiti. Today Jonas had gone to town to see for himself what the situation was, and had arrived in time to see three more French men-of-war drop their anchors in the harbor, and to notice that they were loaded with troops, guns and ammunition. It was obvious that the French meant business and Pomare's message was further proof of that.

As he had half expected, the Moores' broad, flowerless front yard was full of people; it was the focal point of the district, where, in any crisis, a few came to seek advice and everyone came to give opinions. They were waiting for the news Jonas had brought from town, although they would ask no questions until he had talked to Nathaniel and Marianna.

He tossed his horse's reins to one of the boys and went up the steps of the veranda. Nathaniel Moore rose and gave him a welcoming handshake. Beyond him he saw Marianna, and was pricked again by that odd sense of embarrassment he'd felt in her presence ever since the day, two weeks ago, that he had seen her bathing in the river. Her greeting was as courteous as usual, but lately, for some reason, its habitual coolness had begun to nettle him.

That pompous ass of a Johnson was standing beside her, and Jonas felt unreasonably annoyed; he nodded to him, and then turned to greet Taua, the chief of the district. When they had all seated themselves again, Nathaniel turned to him inquiringly.

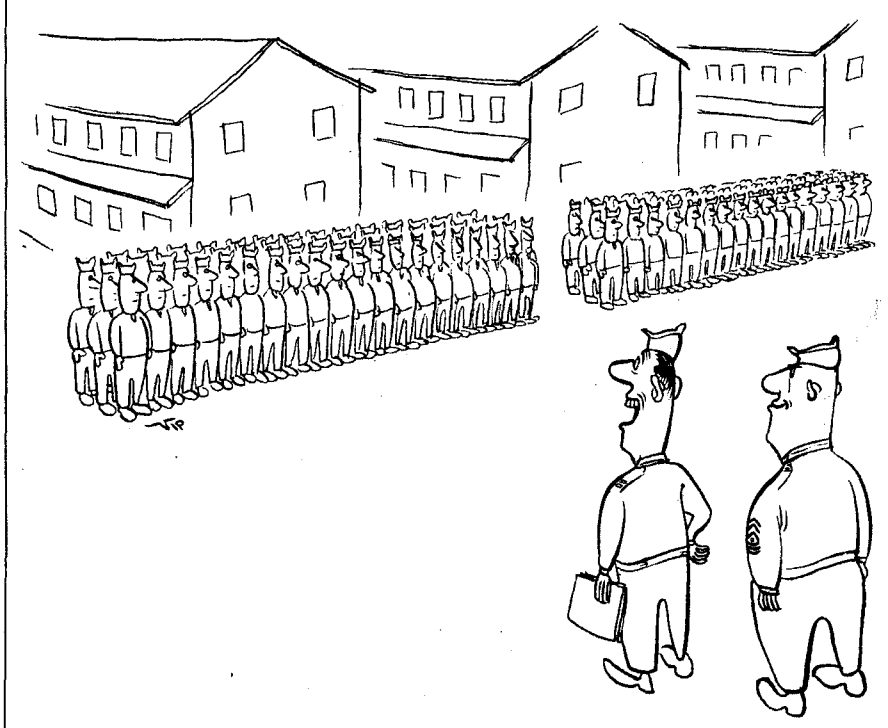
"Well, Jonas. What news do you bring us?" He spoke in Tahitian, so that Taua would understand.

"First of all, sir, a message from the queen." Jonas took the envelope from his pocket and handed it to Nathaniel.

The old man ripped open the envelope and pulled out a note. He stared at it a moment, and then handed it to Marianna, his hand shaking a little. "You read it, my dear."

" 'To my dear brother in Christ, greetings,' " Marianna read aloud. " 'The French have come and they demand that I take down my flag. There will be word of this tomorrow morning, and I would like for you, my good friend, to be with me then. Please say to my people in Matavai that I

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S

"I've got great news for you men. Not *one* of you has flunked basic training"

VIRGIL PARTCH

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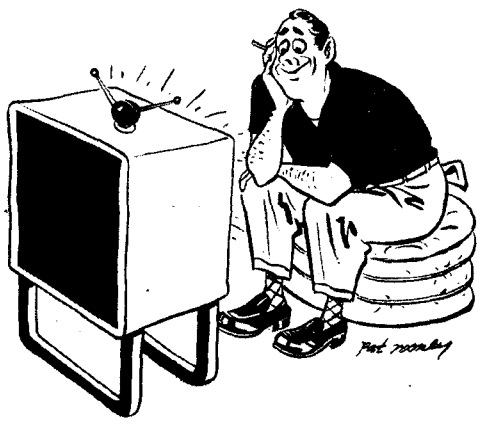
PAT ROONEY



Progress

Things have improved since Emerson's day:
You take Ralph Waldo, I'll take Faye.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

wish them to be quiet and to make no disturbance. The British will help us when they hear of this thing that is done. Peace be with you, Pomare.' " Marianna put the letter down and looked at Jonas.

"I think the farce of the French protectorate is about over," Jonas said. "Tahiti will, no doubt, be declared French territory tomorrow. Mr. Pritchard got a notice from the French admiral saying that 'in consequence of actions both hostile and offensive to the dignity of the King of France' he would no longer recognize Queen Pomare as sovereign, and if the flag is not down by noon tomorrow he would take official possession of the islands. It's simply a pretext, of course."

Taua rose to his full six-feet-three, his chest swelling, his great head thrown back. "The pigs! They think to steal our land and our birthright. Well, those puny French, they will find that we can fight!"

Nathaniel Moore's face was drawn and old. "We must keep peace at any cost."

"They have many men, Taua," Jonas said, "and many guns. And there are thousands more where those came from. France is a huge and powerful nation."

The chief looked at Jonas. "You are my friend. You will help us, will you not?"

"You know I will," Jonas said, "if I can." He turned to Nathaniel Moore. "Would you like me to go with you to town?"

"Thank you, Jonas, I would."

"Let me go with you, Brother Moore," Johnson said eagerly.

"That's kind of you, Brother Johnson, but Mr. Burkham knows the French tongue. I believe we shall need his help."

Johnson pursed his lips. "Just as you say, Brother. I shall make it my duty to stay here and protect Miss Marianna."

What absurdity! Jonas thought. Can Marianna possibly respect that idiot? He glanced at her, and discovered that she was looking directly at him with a warmth that he had never seen in her eyes before. Before he could recover from his surprise, she passed by him on her way to the door. Incredibly, she reached out and touched his arm for an instant. "Thank you for going with my father, Mr. Burkham," she said softly. "I am immensely grateful."

So it was only gratitude that he had seen in her look! With exaggerated formality, he made her a little bow. "Anything to please a lady," he said.

Taua had stepped to the railing of the veranda and was looking down at his neighbors. His deep voice, heavy with grief, tolled out into the silence. "My friends, I have sorrowful news for you . . ."

The five men on the veranda of the British Consulate were merely marking time, waiting until noon. There had been little conversation. Jonas Burkham sat in a corner of the veranda, watching the others.

Mr. Thomson, the resident missionary in Papeete, had sat for the last half hour with his head buried in his hands, his lips moving silently in prayer. Mr. Pritchard, the British consul and Queen Pomare's closest adviser, stood by the railing, his face stern, watching the groups of natives clustered along the water front. Nathaniel Moore sat with his reflective gaze turned to the ceiling. Behind him Captain Tucker, in command of H.M.S. Dublin, strode back and forth. Occasionally he would stop his pacing and glare out at the bay, which bristled with the masts of French warships, his long chin set in anger, his eyes bleak with frustration.

"Look at 'em," Tucker said fiercely. "The whole ruddy French navy to take an island that can't claim two muskets for its defense!" He turned, facing the others. "Here I am, with a fifty-gun frigate, and what can I do? Even if I had the orders, what could I do against that damned flotilla?"

Nobody answered him, and Mr. Thomson did not even look up from his devotions. "Just look at 'em," Tucker said again. "One sixty-gun frigate, three fifty-gun frigates, a thirty-gun corvette, and that ridiculous steamship, Phaeton." It was the fourth time he had counted them over.

Mr. Pritchard looked down at the watch he had been holding in his hand. "Gentlemen, I suggest that we walk over to the queen's palace. We can at least stand by her while this—this deed is done."

They got to their feet at once, and the captain picked up his hat. "I shall go along with you," he said, "like any civilian. I'm as helpless as one, now."

THE queen's palace, a white frame house larger than any other on the island, and surrounded by a large lawn, was a block back from the water front. In front of it was a tall flagpole, with the queen's flag flying defiantly from its top. Out on the roadway was the queen's carriage, with her coachman, a tall young Tahitian dressed in a tattered, too-small uniform coat and a skimpy calico *pareu* wound about his hips, seated on the box.

Jonas and the four Englishmen found a place beneath one of the trees that shaded the lawn, and waited there, watching the crowds of natives who were gathering, sullen-faced and quiet, around the front of the palace. Tucker gestured toward them.

"Will they make trouble, do you think?"

Mr. Pritchard answered him. "No. Not today, at least. How can they? But it's impossible to foresee what may happen in the future if the French impose their yoke too harshly." He set his mouth in a thin line. "We shall counsel peace, of course—peace until Britain can be notified of this heinous crime, and can take the steps to undo it."

"You sound pretty confident that they will do that."

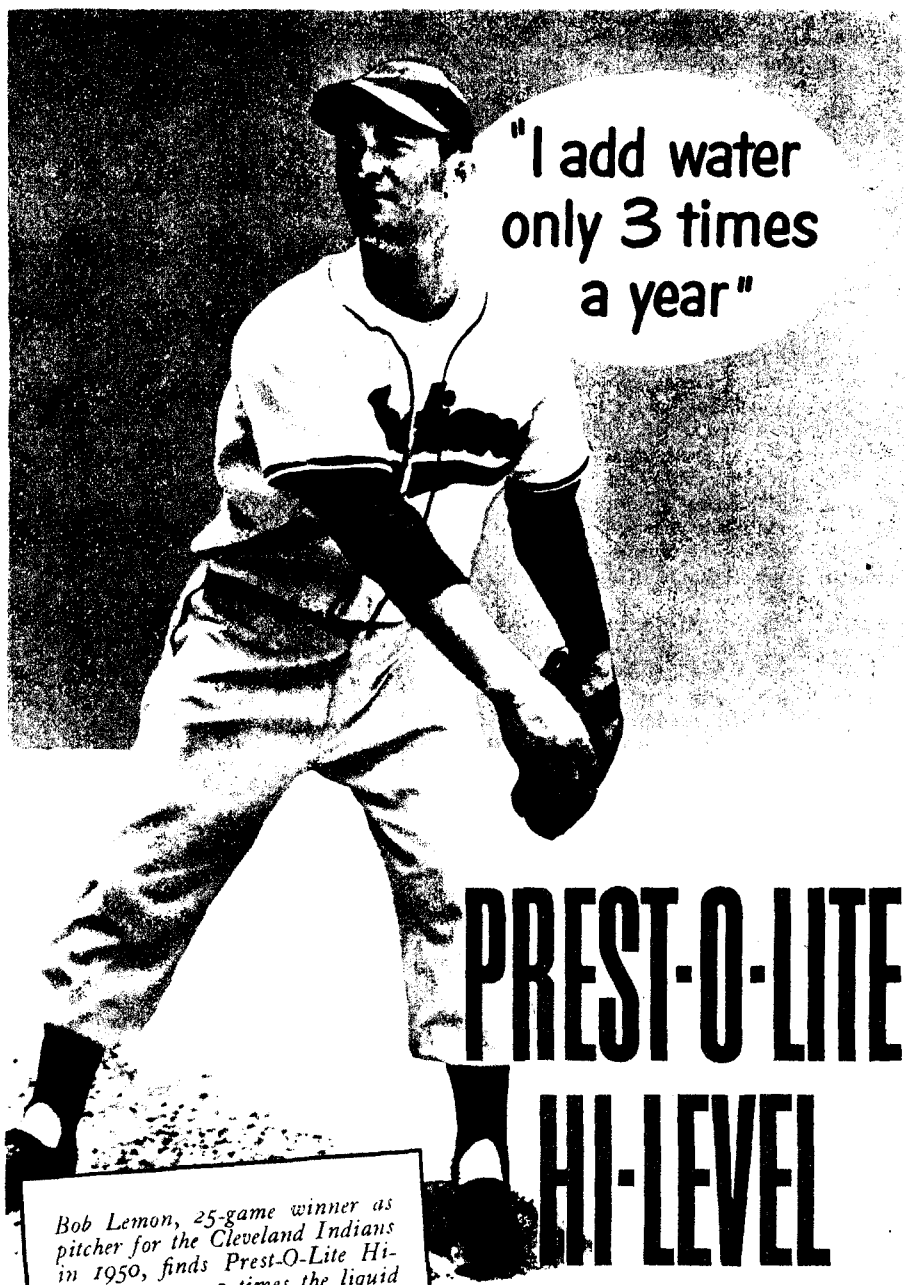
"I must have confidence in my country's good faith, Captain Tucker."

Tucker shrugged. "To be sure. But I've spent a good part of my life dealing with admiralty boards and government powers-that-be, and I know how mule-headed they can be sometimes."

Mr. Thomson motioned for silence. "Listen!" he said.

The breeze from the bay carried sound with it now—the sound of drums rolling, and then of band music in martial rhythm. A low wail went up from the crowd, the sound of many throats uttering the grief-laden Tahitian exclamation, *"Aue!"* Jonas turned his head and saw that the queen had

Bob Lemon SAYS



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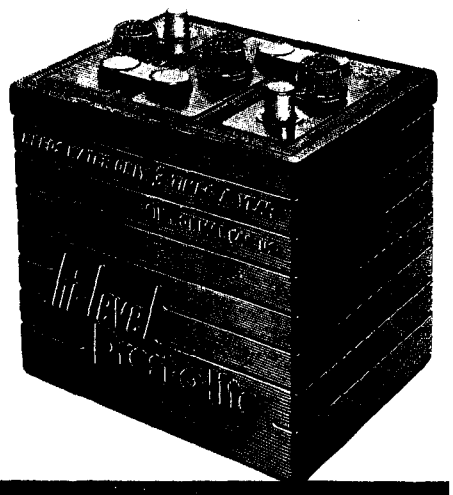

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come out of the palace and was standing on the steps with her husband and four children. She wore a black silk gown, clasped at the waist with a golden girdle, and her face was shaded by a white poke bonnet.

The queen stood quietly, her head held high, her eyes fixed on her flag, gay in the brilliant sunshine. She did not look down even when the first troops marched around the corner into the roadway in front of the palace.

Jonas watched them come, ten abreast, marching smartly to the music. How small the French looked in comparison with the Tahitians, but they were trained and they were well armed. He tried to count them as they marched by and formed a hollow square around the flagpole. There must be *five hundred in all.*

Pritchard held his watch open in his hand again, and Jonas saw that it pointed to one minute before twelve. A slight, fair-haired French officer stepped forward, raised his sword, and said a few sentences in French in a loud, shrill voice. Pritchard leaned toward Jonas. "That's d'Aubigny, captain of the corvette. What does he say?"

Jonas kept his eyes on the officer. "He says that they will lower the flag—and that they take possession of this island in the name of Louis Philippe, King of France."

THE soldiers had raised their muskets and, as d'Aubigny's sword dropped, a volley of musket fire sounded. Three times they fired, and, as the smoke cleared away, the men watching saw that the queen's flag was being lowered down the mast. The tense silence after the roar of the muskets was broken only by the frightened cry of one of Pomare's children. Then the French soldiers cheered.

D'Aubigny was shouting more orders and some of the troops were marching off, behind the band, while others lined up along the edge of the roadway. Pritchard took Jonas by the arm. "Come, Burkham. We must take the queen to her carriage and bring her at once to my house. I may need you to translate if any of these Frenchmen try to stop us."

The queen had not moved. Her husband, Pomare Tane, was holding their sobbing little daughter in his arms, trying to comfort her. Pritchard bowed to the queen and spoke to her in Tahitian. "Allow me to take you to your carriage, madame."

She looked down at him, her eyes refocusing as if they had been looking into a great distance, and nodded. She took his arm and they started slowly down the walk, with Jonas and her family.

It was then Jonas saw that Captain d'Aubigny was standing beside the queen's carriage with a small detachment of soldiers. Jonas stepped up beside Pritchard just as he and the queen came to a halt in front of the carriage steps. When Pritchard made a move to hand the queen up the step, d'Aubigny held his arm across the carriage door. "*Je regrette, madame,*" he said stiffly. "This vehicle is now the property of France."

The queen was looking at him in bewilderment, and Jonas felt himself flush with anger. In French, he said, "What right have you to take the queen's carriage? Does French thievery extend to small things as well as great?"

D'Aubigny's eyes snapped. "And who may you be, sir?"

"My name is Burkham. I am an American. The queen has asked me to interpret for her. It is scarcely an agreeable task, under the circumstances."

"So." D'Aubigny looked at him appraisingly. "Do your duty, then, and translate for me, but watch your words, and don't meddle into things that don't concern you. Ask the queen to be so kind as to give me the keys to the palace. It is to be taken over by the new governor and his lady."

"Governor?"

"M. Bruat has that honor. There is a proclamation being issued now that will make his position as governor of a French territory clear." He spoke impatiently. "Tell the queen she is to take nothing from the palace except clothing and small personal possessions. All furniture and fittings are to be left just as they are."

Jonas gave him a long stare, and then turned to Pomare, explaining in Tahitian as gently as he could what d'Aubigny had said. She looks like a child who has been struck, he thought, but as he continued speaking he saw a stiffness come into her face.

"You are quite sure that they mean to take all of my things?" she asked.

"I am quite sure, madame."

"The drawing-room furniture that was sent to me by Victoria? The set of dishes and all the other fine gifts that my father and I received?"

He nodded.

For a moment or two Pomare stared down at the ground; and then she raised her eyes to Jonas. "Tell the captain," she said steadily, "that one of my servants will bring

KENNESAW

"To tell the truth, it's reached the point where I don't rightly know what make to call it"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

him the keys to the palace. And tell him too, that among my possessions he will find the barrel organ that was given me by the French admiral five years ago. Tell him I regret that it is now broken, and no longer makes music, but that perhaps it wasn't a very good one in the first place."

Jonas looked at her—at the overplump face and figure that had once been beautiful, at the direct, courageous clarity of her brown eyes, and at the sensual, laughter-loving mouth that was set now into a firmer mold—and he made her a sweeping bow.

"Your servant, madame," he said. "It will give me much pleasure to tell him your very words."

THE lamp flared up for an instant with a protesting hiss, then settled again to a gentle, steady glow. Marianna put her sewing on the table and sat for a moment, rubbing her finger tips across her eyes. Teaui, their servant, had gone to her house, Nathaniel Moore was spending a day or two at Papaoa, and the profound quiet of the Point, broken only by the far-off mutter of surf, emphasized her restlessness.

Jonas wouldn't come now, she told herself again; it was after eight o'clock. Perhaps he didn't know that her father was away, but he knew that the old man was in the habit of going to bed very early. Naturally, he would not come this late. But the unacknowledged sense of waiting, the cumulative disappointment at his absence that had been the background of all her thoughts for the last two days, could not be dispelled by such reasoning.

With a momentary flash of understanding she thought of Lily Nicholls—of Lily as she had seen her the evening before, when she went over to the Nicholls' plantation to return a book. Anthony Nicholls had gone to town, and Lily, disappointed in her expectation of seeing Jonas Burkham, and recklessly indiscreet from the brandy she had been drinking, had poured out to Marianna the whole flood of her feelings about Jonas and his treatment of her.

Ignoring Marianna's protests, she had railed against his selfishness, his stolidity, his cruelty, only to confess the next moment that she could not endure her life without him. Her outburst had produced in Marianna a feeling of sick distaste, but the memory of it was not nearly so disturbing to her as the sudden sympathy, born of insight, that stirred in her now.

She got up abruptly, as if to shake off her thoughts, and moved over to the railing of the veranda. After a moment she turned back, took a roll of woven matting and a cushion from the shelf against the wall, and carried them out to a grassy patch near the edge of the water.

She spread the mat on the ground and sat down, clasping her hands around her knees. Across the bay she could see the gold flare of torches held up by invisible fishermen in invisible canoes to attract flying fish within reach of their hand nets. The familiar sight all at once seemed strange to her; strange that people must go on fishing and gathering fruits and repairing nets, regardless of the circumstances that tightened like a noose about their necks.

Queen Pomare, with her husband and children, had taken refuge aboard a small British ship of war, the Basilisk, which, now that H.M.S. Dublin had left, was the only British ship anchored in Papeete. And Mr. Pritchard, her fiery British adviser, had struck his consular flag since the seizure of the island, telling Governor Bruat that he must resign his duties, since he was accredited as consul, not to a French possession, but to a French protectorate. The island seethed with rebellious discontent.

For the past week the district had hummed with rumors that fighting men were assembling in the mountains of Hitiaa, to the east. It was said that they were building a camp there, gathering supplies and ammunition; preparing, in spite of their queen's pleas that they be patient, for an open rebellion against the French. The fear of war had changed by degrees to expectation of it; and Marianna knew the Tahitians well enough to be sure that they would prefer the useless gallantry of a bloody and unequal protest to saving their own skins. In the more than two months since the French had seized the island, she and her father, weighing the news that Jonas Burkham brought them, had come to realize the inevitability of conflict.

If only Jonas would come, and she could talk to him. Impatiently, she brushed aside the wish, and stretched out on the mat, staring up at the stars. What in the world was the matter with her, she asked herself in childish bewilderment; what was the ferment at work within her that seemed to threaten the long-practiced serenity of her life? One could not blame everything on the French! She thought over her days, searching for the source of her discontent: school to teach in the mornings, afternoon sewing classes with the girls, Sunday school classes, catechisms to hear, prayer meetings and church services with her father, the daily round of household duties with Teaui—all this was as it always had been. Yet gradually it was becoming clear to her that this was not enough.

She was conscious of an insistent longing for a life and experience of her own. For twenty-seven years she had been only a spectator of the vivid scene around her. She had accepted her role without a thought of protest, but now the long habit of self-abnegation was becoming irksome. Too often lately she became bored and impatient.

It was as if all her life was now spent in waiting. But for what? For Jonas' visits? No, no, she told herself quickly; or if that were so, it was only for the pleasure they gave her father, and her own interest in the news he brought. Dear God, please have Jonas come here, now.

INSTANTLY shamed, she shut her eyes against the stars, and turned over, burying her face against her arms. Incredibly, in that bleak moment, she heard Jonas' voice calling across the darkness.

"Hello," he said, "is anyone at home?"

She sat up quickly. "Just I—Marianna," she answered, and it seemed to her that her voice shook a little. "I'll be right there." Hurriedly she smoothed back her hair. She had not had time to rise when she saw him standing in the darkness beside her.

"My father isn't here," she said. "He has gone to Papaoa."

"No matter," Jonas said. He dropped down on the matting beside her. "I'd like to talk to you, if I may."

She sat up straighter, pulling her skirts around her ankles. "Of course," she said.

"I've been in Hitiaa the past two days," Jonas said. "Just got back this afternoon."

If only she had known he had been out of the district all the while she waited for his visits. She said quickly, "How was it there? Are the rumors true?"

"Quite true," he said. "They're making a camp in the mountains, under the leadership of Paofai, and literally hundreds of men are flocking in to join forces."

She caught her breath. "There will be war, then?"

"Sometime, certainly; I don't know when. They're itching for open rebellion. In Papenoo it's the same way. The people are talking of building a fort in the upper valley. And here in Matavai—" He hesitated.

"Go on," Marianna said.

"I talked to Taua this afternoon," he said reluctantly. "He's already making plans to fortify the plain at Mahina. That would be the logical place for a battle if there should be fighting here in the district."

"A battle. At Mahina!" she said. "It's practically in the schoolyard."

"I know," he said somberly.

"But they'd be mad to fight against the French!" she cried.

"Perhaps," he said. "But that's what they will do." He twisted around so that he faced her, and she could feel his eyes searching out her expression in the darkness. "Nothing's going to stop them, you

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MR. AND MRS. GUY C. JONES IN THE LIVING ROOM OF THEIR ATTRACTIVE EL DORADO HOME

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"I'm in a business that owes its existence to the common sense of the American people, back in '33, when they got fed up with the hypocrisy of Prohibition. I'm Guy C. Jones, and I own two liquor package stores here in El Dorado, Arkansas.

"My wife and I talked it over a long time before we started, just like any couple does when they make an important move, and after 14 years in business, it's turned out just like we hoped it would.

"Thanks to strict and sensible liquor control laws, decent people in the legal liquor business and *more intelligent use of good alcoholic beverages*, package stores like mine are as much a part of El Dorado today as the corner drug store—or as Ward's Photo Studio. (My friend Bill Ward took these pictures.)

"And legal sale has meant a lot more than just respectability and acceptance all over the country. It has meant over a million income-tax-paying jobs in the liquor industry . . . over 33 billion dollars in Federal, state and local taxes since Repeal.

"Repeal turned a great national liability into a great national asset . . . and today this country needs *all the assets it can find!*"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Guy C. Jones' message is sponsored by Licensed Beverage Industries, Inc., 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y., in behalf of the legal producers and distributors of alcoholic beverages.

"AS PRESIDENT of the Arkansas State Package Stores Association, representing 400 state liquor retailers, I try to set the right example. What's more, I'm in a position to know that the people of Arkansas approve the way we operate."

"WE'RE PROUD of our home at 823 West Block in El Dorado. It took a lot of hard work, but one of the biggest satisfactions came in knowing that the business which made it possible had earned the respect of our friends and neighbors."

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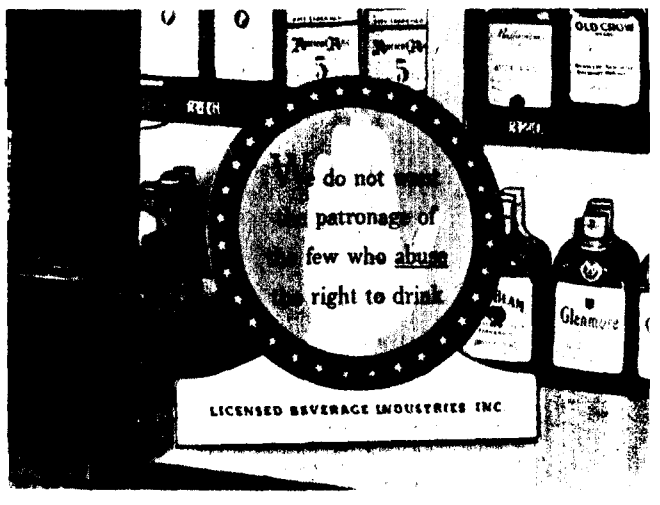

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know—no reasoning, no pleas, no description of the odds against them. There's only one thing to do, and that's to help them."

"If there's no way to stop them, of course we must. They're so defenseless, so pitifully unready."

"Yes," he said. "It's going to be pretty bad. I've been thinking about it a good deal, and I have to tell you now that I believe you and your father should move to town. It would be much safer there."

"We can't do that!" she said. "Father wouldn't think of leaving the mission—and neither would I."

BURKHAM smiled briefly. "I rather thought you'd say that," he said. "And since you refuse to be sensible, will you be even more foolish and give me your help?"

"In any way I can. Of course I will."

"Good. The most important thing, then, is the question of arms and ammunition. I've checked in the district, and it seems that most of the families own at least one musket of some sort. But many of them are in bad shape—rusted, or out of repair. My helper, Farenui, and I—he's good at that sort of work—want to gather them together and put them into proper condition."

"I see," she said. "But how can I—"

"Wait," he said. "Here's how you can help. We'll need a place to work and a place to store the guns. What we need," he said, "is a cloak of respectability and the protection of a woman's skirts."

"It doesn't sound like a very dashing role. But if it's what you need—"

"It is, and there's more to it than that. You keep the keys to the outbuildings here at the mission, don't you?"

"Yes."

"What's in the wooden shed in the grove behind the schoolhouse?"

"An old printing press. It hasn't been used in years."

"Good," he said. "Would you be willing to let us use that building?"

"Certainly."

He went on rapidly, scarcely waiting for her answer. "It would be the perfect place—secluded and forgotten. We can build a false floor under the present one, with enough space between for storage. When we weren't working in the shed we could leave it looking as it always has, so that no prowler would suspect anything out of the ordinary. I'd prefer that your father knew nothing of this. After all, the missionaries have had to promise submission to the French governor."

"I won't tell him," she said.

"It's settled, then," he said. "Our second problem is this: I have a small forge, good enough for melting up old bits of metal into musket balls. But I can't do it openly; I must find some spot sufficiently hidden from the noses of French spies. Do you know of such a place?"

She reflected for a moment, warm with the awareness of the sympathy between them. She had never seen Jonas so direct before, so open and approachable. If only he were always like this. "Up in the valley there's a waterfall with a pool below it," she said. "I've sometimes gone bathing there."

"Have you?" he said, with an odd inflection.

She went on, not noticing it. "There's a rocky ledge above the waterfall with some dry caves opening onto it. Not even many of the natives know how to get there. I think you'd find it a safe place to work."

"It sounds good," he said. "Someday soon will you show me how to reach it?"

"Yes." For a moment she was silent. "I remember my father telling me," she said slowly, "that many years ago, when Pomare's father was at war with the other chiefs, the natives melted up type from the mission printing press into musket balls, and tore out leaves from their books to make cartridge papers. That printing press in the shed would never be missed, and there are a lot of old schoolbooks—"

She was interrupted by Jonas' shout of laughter.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Nothing," he said, still chuckling, "except that Miss Moore, missionary's daughter and guiding light of the church, proposes to destroy mission property in the interests of illicit warfare."

"My father paid for the press with his own money," she said defensively, "and the books are worn beyond any other use."

"Don't explain," he said. "I think you're wonderful."

She sat quite still, staring out across the bay. The moon had risen above the mountains to the east, touching the water with gold. There had been no mockery in his voice this time, she thought.

Jonas turned toward her averted face, a little concerned at her silence. "Marianna," he said softly, "can't you and I be friends?"

His use of her name without its formal prefix, the intimacy of his tone, stirred her like a caress. Slowly, she turned her head toward him. "Why not?" she asked simply.

For a moment he stared at the pale oval of her face, and at the full curve of her lips. A few tendrils of her fair hair had escaped from her severe bun, and the moonlight, shining through them, transformed them into a nimbus about her head. He raised his hand to touch them. "Are you a saint, Marianna?" he asked quizzically.

She looked at him, wonderingly. Impulsively, he drew her to him, and kissed her on the lips.

For a few blind, explosive seconds she yielded to him completely, lost to everything except the warmth and sweetness of his lips against hers, the dizzying closeness of his embrace. Then, through the confusion of her senses, she became aware that there was brandy on his breath and the unmistakable scent of Lily Nicholls' perfume on his cheek. Abruptly, she pulled away from him. "I think you should go now," she said.

For a sharp and scarcely endurable moment she could feel his look searching her face; then he got to his feet. When he had gone, she dropped her face between her hands, still shaken with the sweet, insidious response he had surprised in her. After a long time she raised her head. The breeze that flowed down from the mountains touched her arms and face, and she shivered suddenly. She got to her feet, picked up the matting and the cushion, and started toward the secure and comforting glow of the lamplight shining from the house.

SHE would have to see him soon again; there was no way to avoid it. She could not let her emotions stand in the way of the plans they had made. She would have to meet with him and work with him on a cool and friendly basis, as if nothing had happened. There was no time to waste. Why had he not come today? Did he dread the encounter as much as she did?

Not Jonas, she thought. Jonas, whose kisses were as indiscriminate and meaningless as the touch of the wind, would attach no importance whatever to that incident of the night before.

"I'm afraid I've come at a bad time," Richard Johnson said. "You've been so quiet. Perhaps you're feeling tired."

"Not at all, Richard," she said, flushing. "Tell me your news! How are things in Tiarei?"

"All right, I suppose," he said. "If it weren't for the language. I'm afraid I make dreadful mistakes, Marianna. Sometimes when I preach, the people start to giggle and nudge one another."

It was easy to imagine how humorous the people of Tiarei would find him, solemnly blundering into the most shocking solecisms. Even his appearance would amuse them—his meek chin, his prominent Adam's apple, the awkwardness with which he moved his lanky frame. She looked at him, stirred by a feeling of pity.

"It's a wicked language, Richard. The whole meaning of a word can be changed by one small wrong emphasis on a vowel. There are lots of pitfalls for a beginner."

"And I probably drop into them all," he said ruefully. "But let's not think of that now. Will you take a stroll with me, Marianna? Along the bay? The sunset promises to be very fine."

Someone had just opened the gate that led in from the lane, and she leaned forward quickly. Only one of the natives, coming around to the cookhouse. Jonas wouldn't come! How stupid of her to start at every creak of the gate.

"You're not too tired, Marianna?"

"No, no, I'd love a stroll." In her effort to make up to him for her wandering attention, she had put too much enthusiasm into her voice, but he did not seem to notice. He followed her down the veranda steps and across the lawn to the water's edge, humming softly under his breath.

"You cannot imagine how much I look forward to these visits, Marianna."

She had forgotten, until his arrival an hour ago, that this was his day to come to Matavai. "Father and I look forward to them too, Richard."

"It's wonderful to be here," he said happily. "Wonderful to be with you!" They had come to the edge of the river, and he took her arm. "Shall we walk this way?"

Along there lay the spot where she and Jonas had sat together the evening before. "Let's go the other way," she said hurriedly, "out toward the end of the point. We can see the sunset better there."

As they turned along the edge of the river, she was suddenly overwhelmed by the memory she had been trying to avoid; it was so vivid that she could feel again the unthinking, dreamlike ecstasy that had possessed her with Jonas' lips against her own, and the sharp, jealous hurt of her realization of where he had been before. I was easy, she told herself contemptuously, easy as Lily Nicholls must have been.

"Perhaps you can guess, Marianna, why I wanted to come out here where we wouldn't be interrupted."

She looked at him blankly, then suddenly, with an almost physical sensation that her heart was dropping in her ribs, she knew what he would say. While she had been preoccupied with the thought of Jonas, to whom she meant nothing, Richard had had his own preoccupation, and one that should have been her own. "To—see the sunset," she murmured foolishly.

"No, my dear. Not that. Don't put me off again, Marianna. You know what I've been hoping for, longing for."

"I know," she said humbly.

"I dream of it all the time, Marianna. The things we could do together. Give me your answer this time, please do!"

"Oh, Richard, I did! I've told you, there's Father to think of. I can't leave him alone."

"Your father would be the first one to want you happily settled, Marianna. He's not as young as he once was, my dear. You must realize that. I know he worries about your future, doesn't he?"

She looked down at the ground. "I suppose he does."

"And if we were married, you could still see him every week! We could come here, as I do now, and he could visit us out there, in the house I'd build for you. Perhaps he'll retire someday, and then he could come and live with us."

IF SHE lived in Tiarei there could never be another time like today: a nightmarish day of watching and listening for Jonas' approach, of waiting, waiting—for nothing! With sudden honesty she saw that it was not dread of that encounter that had tormented her throughout the day, but hope, hope of seeing him. The admission shook her more than anything else had done.

She looked up and met Richard's eyes, desperately earnest and sincere behind his glasses. She had been unfair to him all along; she must make some amends. "You're wonderfully kind, Richard."

"I'm not kind, Marianna," he said seriously. "I want you for my wife. Oh, my dear, I need you so much!"

She felt strangely touched by his words. To be wanted, to be needed—that could be more important than anything else. Love wasn't everything, she told herself defiantly. Her father had married a woman who had been one of four sent out by the London Missionary Society to Port Jackson, shortly after the turn of the century, for the express purpose of mating with the lonely missionaries on Tahiti.

Surely it would have been wholly fortuitous under the circumstances if Nathaniel Moore had fallen romantically in love with his future wife; and although she knew that her father *had* loved her mother, that love must have come as a result of their shared life and hardships rather than as a wild and sentimental passion. It could be the same with her and Richard—Richard, whose flattering sympathy and interest in her filled a desperate need, Richard who was offering her the steady security of his whole future.

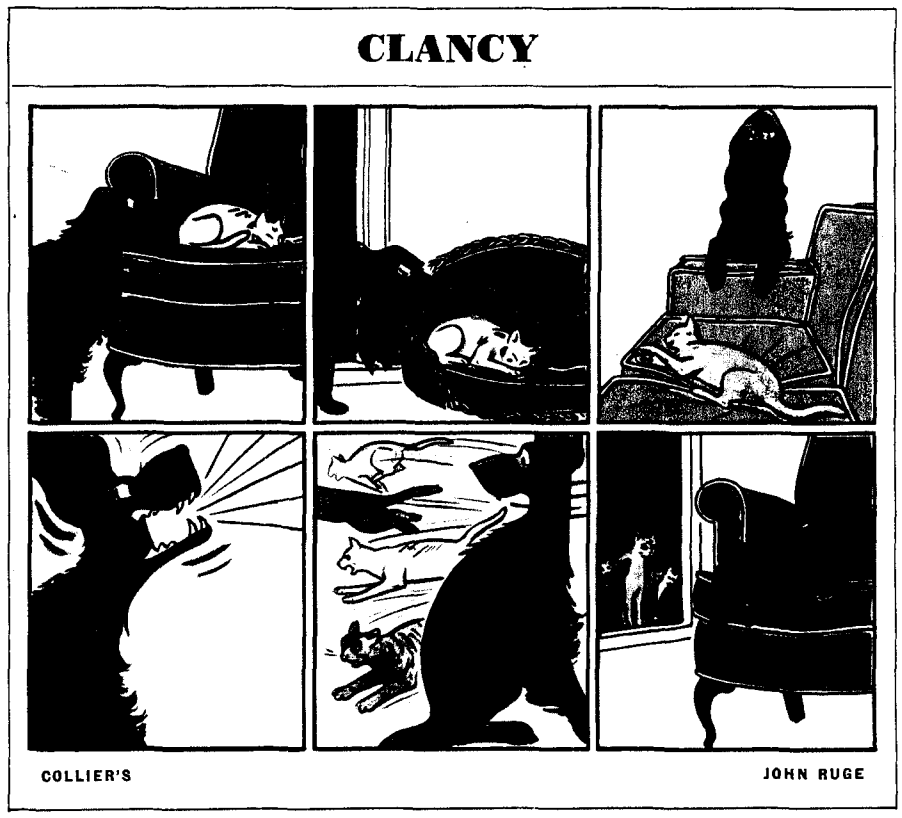
"I don't want to hurry you, Marianna. I've told you that before. But it's hard to wait, with nothing to look forward to."

Oh, yes, she could understand that! "You needn't wait any longer, Richard," she said slowly.

He dropped her arm and stopped short, facing her. "Do you mean that? Do you know what you're saying, Marianna?"

"I think I do."

The eager happiness of his expression



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CAVALCADE OF SPORTS ... Al Rosen

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struck at her heart. He was a good man, and he deserved to be happy. If she could make him feel like that, it would be cruel to deny him.

"Will you give me your answer now, Marianna? Will you be my wife?"

"Yes, Richard, I will."

Someone else seemed to have spoken the words, some disembodied voice, frighteningly like her own. With a sense of panic she seemed to hear them repeating themselves about her in the quiet air, clamorous and irrevocable: "I will, I will, I—"

Richard reached out and took both of her hands in his, holding them tightly. After a moment he pulled her toward him, and she felt his lips against her cheek, searching clumsily for her mouth. It shouldn't be like this! Instinctively, she drew away. "I'm sorry, Richard," she said in confusion, "it's just so soon, you know. I haven't—quite got used to the idea yet."

Behind his glasses his blue eyes were looking at her with gentle approval. "I understand, my dear," he said quietly. He dropped her hands and went on, his voice regaining its customary ringing confidence. "Believe me, I admire and respect you all the more for your attitude."

WHEN Jonas bent over to help Marianna up the last steep rock that led to the ledge above the waterfall, she did not appear to see his outstretched hand. She pulled herself up to the shelf of rock beside him, and sat still for a moment to catch her breath.

Jonas looked about. "It's just as you described it—perfectly hidden." He glanced down at the pool, thirty feet below. "I've been down there before, but I never suspected that this ledge existed. How did you find it?"

"Teaui showed it to me years ago, when I was just a child." She gestured toward the low caves in the cliff behind them. "It's an ancient burial place. The bones of some of her ancestors are hidden in those caves."

Jonas was wandering about, inspecting the ledge. "The only difficulty will be to get the forge up here. It's a stiff climb. I don't wonder that you wanted to send Teaui's boy to show me the way." He stopped for a moment, looking down at her. "I must apologize for insisting that you come yourself. I wanted to make sure that no one else would be in on our plans, but if I'd known how steep the climb was—"

"I didn't mind the climb," she said in a low voice.

"We can get the forge to the pool easily enough," he said, "and arrange some sort of block and tackle to hoist it up here. Fortunately, there's plenty of dead wood about for the fires."

"Yes."

When he saw what she intended to say no more, it suddenly became important to him to break through the wall of reserve that she seemed determined to maintain between them. He found himself wanting to hear her speak, in that warm, tropical voice of hers, a voice more suited to the native tongue than to English.

"Did you come here often when you were a child?" he asked.

"I used to play here a great deal with my brother."

"I've often wondered about your childhood in Tahiti," he said. "It's a curious place in which to raise a young English lady."

"Perhaps. But I had nothing to compare it with; it seemed perfectly natural to me."

Anything more noncommittal than her replies would have amounted to positive rudeness. Baffled, he said, "I envy you your native land. But sometimes I wonder if you can realize how much beauty you were born to, since it's all you've ever known."

"I think I know," she said. She turned away. "Have you seen all that you wish to, Mr. Burkham? I must be getting back now."

It was only too obvious, as they scrambled down the steep rocks, that she was deliberate in refusing his proffered help, and his chagrin at her coolness mounted unreasonably. This impersonality between them was becoming absurd. He had been conciliatory, he had done everything in his power to please her. What more did she want?

In the past weeks they'd worked and planned together like two men, linked by circumstances in a daily intimacy. He knew her qualities by now—her courage and her common sense, her profound love for Tahiti and its people. He also knew she was a woman first and a missionary's daughter second. In spite of her reserve, her eyes betrayed her, and her mobile mouth.

When they reached the path beside the pool he put out his hand and caught her for a moment by the arm. "Let's rest a minute," he said. "It's so cool and pleasant here."

"As you like," she said.

His look strayed to the smooth, transparent water. "The pool is as dark and clear as a glass of wine," he said. "One day when I was here, a little the worse for brandy, I thought I saw a mermaid in it."

She glanced at him quickly, and he saw a look of startled surprise in her expressive eyes. The memory of her as he had seen her that day came to him, and with it the pity he had felt for her defenselessness. "I was mistaken, of course," he said. "It was only an illusion."

"Brandy must foster illusions," she said. "Shall we go, Mr. Burkham?"

All the rest of the way down the valley they did not exchange another word. Jonas found himself noting the grace of her walk; if she were dressed in a *pareu* and shawl, instead of those abominably ugly clothes, with her fair hair hanging down her back, one might take her for a blonde Tahitian.

FROM the deep shadows of the woods they stepped abruptly onto the sandy dazzle of the road, and almost bumped into the black-clad figure of Richard Johnson. He stared at them in astonishment.

"Marianna! Where have you been? I've been looking for you everywhere."

Before she could answer, Jonas said amiably, "Just taking a little stroll in the woods, Johnson. Very refreshing on a day like this."

"I had promised to show Mr. Burkham an old burial cave up in the hills, Richard. He's writing a book on the ancient customs of the island, you know."

How well the lady lies, Jonas thought.

Johnson took Marianna's arm. "I am afraid you are fatigued, my dear. You should not walk so far in the heat of the afternoon."

"I'm not at all tired," she protested.

"Oh, but you are; I can see it," he said. The glint of his eyeglasses turned on Jonas. "You must take better care of my fiancée, Mr. Burkham."

"Your fiancée!" Jonas said incredulously. "You're going to be married?"

"I have the honor of telling you Miss Moore has promised me her hand."

Marianna and this stilted prig! It was impossible! With an effort, he erased the amazement from his voice. "I see. May I offer my congratulations?"

Marianna was gazing down at the ground, but Johnson smiled at him proudly. "Thank you, sir. I am a very fortunate man."

"You are indeed." He looked directly at Marianna, forcing up her gaze. "And when is the wedding?"

She raised her eyes, and he thought he saw a sort of appeal in them. "It's not—settled just yet," she said. "We have made no plans; I cannot leave my father at this time."

"I see," he said again. "I hope you will be very happy, Marianna."

"Thank you," she said, almost inaudibly.

"I've always thought marriage an enviable state," he said, "for other people." This time he was certain of it: the appeal that he thought he had seen in her eyes turned to unmistakable misery. "Well," he said brightly, "I've heard it said that in circumstances like this, three is one too many. My regards." He grinned, made a sweeping bow, and swung off down the road.

(To be continued next week)

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Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

been counted by the census people at 3,032. That's quite a lot more than the 1,700 you give us credit for.

IRWIN A. YARE, Editor and Publisher, O'Fallon Progress, O'Fallon, Ill.

The Universal Search

EDITOR: I have been very interested in the articles on A Reporter in Search of God. The evident sincerity of the reporter coupled with the implied admission of failure to arrive at an answer presents a striking paradox to many Christians who, like myself, have long ago accepted the Bible as the inspired word of God.

PAUL A. MELLOW, Cook Station, Mo.

. . . Howard Whitman's articles on religion are enlightening for they show that, at last, the world is bringing religion out of the Dark Ages and placing it in the light of true human reasoning. The more of that kind of writing the better, for man has groped too long in the darkness of paganism, superstition and fear of God.

ROSA D. WILLIS, Pagosa Springs, Colo.

. . . In his article What Soldiers Believe (June 2d), Howard Whitman suggests that God permitted destruction of the Alamo in order to bring about the independence of Texas. I have no wish to debate metaphysics, but if one reads the article seriously-mindedly, the question almost bites him: Couldn't God have arranged Texas' independence without killing off her stanchest defenders, who might have contributed much to her growth and development?

Mr. Whitman has recourse to the unassailable answer that God moves in mysterious ways, etc., which supports my point that neither Mr. Whitman nor anyone else knows anything at all about such matters.

ROY A. ELLIOTT, Westbury, N. Y.

Another Fox Fan

EDITOR: Who is the letter writer who can't see the humor in the H. B. Fox articles? Why, the one on Circleville being the most un-bomb-worthy spot in the U.S. was his funniest (Circleville—Un-Bomb-Worthy Spot, April 14). JOE BAKER, Austin, Texas

Heavyweight Champ

EDITOR: Congratulations on a bang-up feature on Bang Away (Top Dog, June 2d). Every boxer owner in the country should thank his lucky stars for Collier's.

W. SHERMAN PEDERSEN, Portland, Ore.

Ch. Bang Away and Miss Sandy Walcott of Newton Center, Mass.

. . . We would like to suggest to the owner of 110-pound boxer Bang Away that if he could get a few more pounds on his boy, he could probably arrange a match with Bratton or Kid Gavilan.

John Wagner, an outstanding boxer breeder and authority, says that adult males should stand 22 to 24 inches and a 23-inch boxer should weigh around 66 pounds.

Otherwise, a beautiful spread about a beautiful dog.

W. E. GREIG, Brantford, Ont.

. . . THE WEIGHT OF CHAMPION BANG AWAY OF SIRRAH CREST IS 65 POUNDS.

NATE LEVINE, Ambler, Pa.

Mr. Levine is manager and handler of the champion boxer.

"I'd like to take in some forbidden tribal rites that could be reported to a sixth-grade geography class"

COLLIER'S — MARY GIBSON

Summer driving, with its higher speeds and crowded highways, puts an *extra* strain on your brakes. So be sure they're in perfect condition—have them checked today by a brake specialist. And if new brake lining is needed, install Grizzly . . . famous for nearly 40 years for smooth, soft-pedal, *safe* stops.
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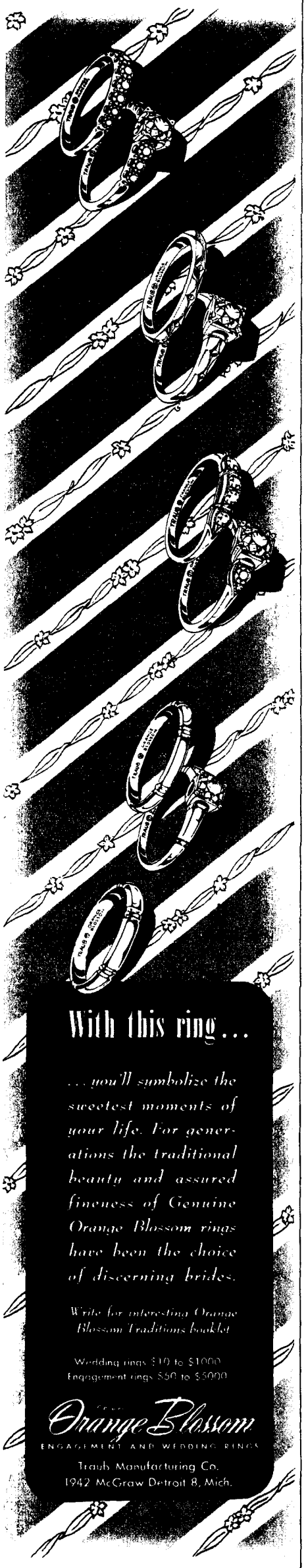
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The Sky Goddess

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

word I knew. The palms of my hands were sweaty with excitement and my heart was beating fast. The Sky Goddess didn't even look up; she only turned a page. Lying in bed that night I couldn't altogether enjoy the thrill of what I had done for feeling I had sinned. I wondered if God would punish me.

The Heinzelmanns were quarreling when we arrived next day, and we learned their fights were about his drinking. He finally shouted something at her, cranked up his De Haviland and took off. Half an hour later, we heard his motor and saw him returning, flying high.

"Did Lou a bottle in the ship have?" the Sky Goddess asked the fliers.

They insisted they didn't know, but they were watching his plane anxiously, too.

Directly over the field, Heinzelmann nosed the plane up. It fell into a tailspin.

"He did a bottle have," the Sky Goddess cried.

The revolving biplane dropped toward the earth while we stood open-mouthed. A few hundred feet from the ground Heinzelmann pulled out and raced north, turned, and came slanting toward the field. He flipped the plane over on its back and flew across the pasture upside down, not more than ten feet off the ground. Then he climbed, rolled, came around and landed. As his plane rocked up to us, we saw that his face was covered with oil that had spouted from the engine. He got down, solemnly bowed to his wife, and clicked his heels.

I LOOKED at the Sky Goddess. There was no emotion in her face. She strode past him, got into the plane, raced down the field, and took off.

She climbed several thousand feet, came over the field, then put the plane into a tailspin. Heinzelmann laughed.

As the ship spun crazily down, it gained speed. It fell below the altitude where Heinzelmann had leveled off.

"No, Greta," Heinzelmann groaned. In the next moment he screamed, "Pull out! Pull out!"

Still the twisting plane plunged toward the earth, until, at the last possible second, it shot out in a swoop directly toward us. The landing gear touched the ground and the plane bounced upward, its wheels turning as it shot over our heads. We all fell to the ground. The Sky Goddess circled as we got to our feet, and came in for a perfect landing. She jumped from the plane and walked up to her husband.

"I hope it sobered you I accomplished," she said.

"Greta," Heinzelmann begged, "not ever to do that again. Not ever." He had tears in his eyes.

She walked off as if she had not heard.

Andy Feathers, who had gone back to pumping up the tires of his Jenny, called to us, "Hey, you kids—Gilbert or Pete—one of you want to work this pump a while?"

Gilbert and Pete fell over each other trying to get to the tire pump first. Andy, wiping his brow with the scarf which he, like all the fliers, wore around his neck, laughed at their wrestling. The fliers always called to at least two of us to help with something in order to start a fight for the privilege. A little later, Dixie Caldwell, putting new plugs in his Liberty engine, hollered, "Hey, Oliver or Frank, how about handing me up that wrench?" He grinned while Oliver and Frank fought for it. We even argued over who would have the honor of lugging two buckets of water from a faucet at the Capitol—water to fill the radiator of Salty Hankins' De Haviland.

Our ambition was to work ourselves into the fliers' good graces to the extent that one of us would be invited to take a ride. We knew there was small chance that all of us would be asked, but we were sure that sooner or later one of us would be, and each of us was eager to be that one. On our way out Wednesday I found a collie pup and tied a string around its neck and led it to the field. I was sure the Sky Goddess would fall in love with the collie and offer to buy it; I planned to tell her I would sell it for a ride. She patted its head and said it was a fine dog but she didn't say anything about buying, so I took the string off and let the pup go home.

TAYLOR'S approach was to act old and casual, apparently on the theory that this would make the rest of us seem too young to be invited. He never took out his cigarettes to light up without offering a flier one. Finally, as Salty Hankins was about to go up after tuning his engine, Taylor asked him outright if he could go along.

"You got five bucks, bud?" Salty asked.

Taylor scowled and shook his head.

"I sure could use five bucks," Salty said. He climbed into his plane and took off alone.

Taylor was pretty sore and said he was going home, so we left with him. Walking down Geary Avenue, Taylor belittled the fliers. "Just a bunch of fake barnstormers. I bet they never even saw France."

We refused to believe him. We reminded him of how Salty had said Andy shot down three German balloons in one day, and of Dixie telling about Salty downing five German planes in two days.

Taylor kept saying, "Ha, ha, ha," derisively. Suddenly, he shinnied up a telephone pole we were passing and swung hand over hand under the heavy cable to the pole across the street. We had never seen that done before. After a little hesitation, all of us followed. Back on the ground, we were ready to do it again, but Taylor was bored with the idea.

Instead, when we got to his house he went in and came out with his .22 rifle (Taylor's father was a plumber, so he had more things than the rest of us). He announced that he was going to test our courage under fire.

He led us down an alley to the side of an old barn where each of us, in turn, was required to grip a piece of chalk in his teeth and stand sideways to Taylor, who, from a distance of ten feet, took aim and shot the chalk away. After it was over we felt refreshed and proud. Taylor deflated us, scoffing that he was the only one who had run a risk: if one of us had been killed, *he* would have been the one tried for murder. We admitted, reluctantly, that he was probably right.

Heinzelmann had accepted an invitation to tell of his wartime experiences before the Rotary Club at its Thursday Lunch. Late Friday afternoon most of the club members, together with many wives and children, came out to be taken up for air tours of the city at a special group price. We stood around enviously as mothers and fathers and their boys and girls climbed nervously into the cockpits and were flown away and afterward climbed out shrieking with excitement and breathlessly trying to describe the flight to those waiting their turn. Finally, Taylor growled, "Come on, let's get out of here. This ain't any fun."

Taylor said he didn't care if he never went back again, but all of us were resolved to be there Sunday, when a great aerial circus, with all kinds of races, stunts, and parachute jumping, would be performed. "Okay," Taylor said, "but they won't do anything I couldn't do better."

Saturday the barnstormers flew to Ponca City to put on a circus for a farmers' convention, so we went to the Majestic Theater and saw a Hoot Gibson movie. As we came out, Taylor cocked an eye up at the Colcord Building. The white stone office building was twelve stories high, the tallest in town.

"You know," Taylor said, "I bet if you were up on the Colcord roof, it would be like looking down from an airplane."

We climbed the stairs to the twelfth floor, avoiding the elevator operators, and hunted around until we found a door behind which was a stairway leading to the roof.

It was truly great up there. We looked out over the whole city and far into the prairie country all around: in the southwest the packing plants lay beyond the winding North Canadian River—we had never realized how crooked the river was; in the far north Belle Isle's Ferris wheel and roller coaster rose spidery beside the lake; at the east edge of the city the buildings of the State Fairgrounds sprawled; and in the northeast the Statehouse stood solitary and dignified on the prairie. I took a deep breath of the fine air. I had never been up so high and none of the others had either.

We looked over the East Side to try to pick out our houses. To our surprise, the shade trees hid most of the rooftops of the residential section like a forest. But we picked out Webster Junior High standing on its playground, and from that we could estimate about where each of us lived.

Taylor, meanwhile, was at the low parapet which ran around the edge of the roof. We walked over and gingerly leaned out and looked down into Robinson Avenue, where people and traffic crept like toys. Then Taylor straddled the wall and waggled his outside leg. Gilbert and Frank started to do the same, when suddenly, to my horror, Taylor was climbing over the wall. Holding to the inside edge of the parapet, he let himself hang down the outside of the building. I retreated, my heels scrabbling in the tarry gravel. Gilbert and Frank looked at each other and Pete swallowed.

Just then Taylor let go with his hands and held himself up only by the pressure of his elbows on the top of the wall. He wriggled his fingers before his face and laughed insanely. Oliver stepped back and bumped into me. After a moment, Taylor scrambled up and stood once more on the roof, his hands on his hips and shaking with laughter. I turned away and vomited.

That was my mistake.

Taylor jeered. And then Gilbert, Frank, Oliver, and Pete found not only relief from their fright but an escape from their sense of cowardice. They too jeered at me. Five against one, in a subtle and swift change of relationships—it was as if they all had hung outside the wall and I alone had not.

I turned and fled down the stairs and ran all the way home.

AFTER dinner Sunday I helped my mother dry dishes and when my father asked if I wanted to help him in the garden I said, "In a little while." I slipped out and went down the alley to the back of the Walkers' house and hid beside their kitchen porch, where I could watch the front of Temple's Drugstore. The gang gradually showed up and after they had waited a while for me they left for the airfield.

I started to go back home; then I cut around a block, running fast. I had to see the air circus, and it had occurred to me that if I could get there ahead of them I could melt into the crowd and stay out of their sight. It helped to hook a ride for six blocks on the rear end of a stake truck.

Several hundred people were already on hand at the field, and Andy Feathers was in the air doing loop-the-loops while the crowd counted in unison. He looped thirty-one times before he was too low to try another.

After that the fliers spread a big patch of torn newspapers in the middle of the field. Heinzelmann, sitting on the back rim of his cockpit, told the crowd in his bull voice that each flier in turn would go up to one thousand feet, kill his engine, and make a dead-stick landing. The flier who managed to roll to a stop on or nearest the patch of newspapers would win fifty dollars. A lot of spectators made bets among themselves on the different fliers. Dixie

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Caldwell won when he glided in and coasted and stopped with his wheels exactly in the center of the patch.

There was a race, with the Capitol and the fairgrounds at each end of the course, which Heinzelmann won; and the Sky Goddess went up and executed barrel rolls and then climbed high and wrote U S A in great smoke letters across the sky; Heinzelmann did his upside-down flying stunt, and Andy Feathers pretended to be a cub pilot making his first solo flight, a very funny stunt; and besides all the tricks, the fliers took people up for five-dollar rides.

Whenever I saw the gang I moved farther off in the crowd. I dreaded having them see me and laugh at me again.

I BOUGHT a bag of roasted peanuts from a vendor and found myself standing near Heinzelmann and his wife. He was lashing a canvas sack, like the bag a paper boy carries, to the leading strut at the end of the lower right wing of his plane. The ship's propeller was turning idly. The bag was packed with a parachute.

The crowd, watching Andy and Salty stage a mock dogfight aloft, was not aware that the Heinzelmanns were arguing. I gathered that because Salty, who usually made the parachute jump, had turned his angle in a jump at Ponca City, the Sky Goddess wanted to call off the feature. But Heinzelmann insisted a jump had been advertised and that a jump there would be.

"I jump myself," he said.

"Please, no," the Sky Goddess said. "You've been drinking."

"Ah!"

"Too much to walk the wing."

Heinzelmann angrily denied being drunk. He told her to leave him alone.

"Please, you are not to jump," she said.

"I jump."

The Sky Goddess said, "You jump and I fly from here and come back never."

Heinzelmann must have decided she meant it. He looked past me. "You fellows—you like to jump? One, no? Is easy."

I whirled. The gang was standing behind me.

Heinzelmann pointed his finger at Taylor. "You—the biggest," he said. "You jump? Be the hero?"

If Taylor had promptly said yes or no, I am sure I would have remained silent. He opened his mouth—and hesitated. On an impulse that had no element of thinking in it, I shouted, "I'll do it."

"Gut!"

Before I knew it, Heinzelmann had strapped a leather harness around me and seized my arm. "Is easy. You walk out on wing—here, hold to wires and struts, hook on these buckles to these buckles from bag showing. You hold down by this strut. I signal, so—" he raised and lowered his right arm—"you let go. Chute pulls out of bag after you. Is easy. Come."

"No," the Sky Goddess said.

Heinzelmann stopped in surprise. "No?"

"Please, you don't fly again today."

Heinzelmann's face became red with anger. "You're afraid for the boy?"

The Sky Goddess shrugged. "The jump—it is nothing."

"You're afraid for the boy?" he repeated.

"You drunk fool," she cried. "It's you I think of."

He said an ugly word.

The Sky Goddess turned from him to me. "Come," she said. "We go."

The gentle way she said it made me feel warm and protected. I climbed into the front cockpit. As she slid into the rear cockpit, I glanced at the gang. They were looking at me, stunned, except for Taylor, who was staring at the ground and kicking at a clump of grass. I felt wonderful.

The Sky Goddess pulled down her goggles and gunned the engine. We bumped out to the end of the pasture, swung, raced across the grass, and the earth fell away.

When I first looked down, Webster Junior High was beneath me. Then we were directly over my own house on East Eighth Street, and I saw my father in the back yard, hoeing the garden. He was in shirt sleeves. All at once I wished I had accepted his invitation to help him that afternoon. The Sky Goddess banked the plane to the left, the right wing rose and the earth on that side dropped from sight.

I looked to the left and saw the sun flashing on the windshields of the parked cars at the field. I made two resolutions: not to look at the ground again and not to think at all from that moment. I rapidly rehearsed how I would walk out.

The next instant, it seemed, the Sky Goddess shouted, and I looked back at her. She tilted her head toward the right wing. I stood up at once. The prop wash blasted me, and I seized a strut and stepped out on the wing. Halfway out, beyond the prop wash, the wind was no worse than it was when I stood up in a roadster doing fifty miles an hour. I do not remember kneeling and snapping on the buckles. The next I recall I was hanging down from the forward strut and looking toward the Sky Goddess. She was looking at me, her blue eyes shining behind the goggles, and she smiled.

"To be truthful, it *did* surprise me. I didn't expect a hole-in-one"

COLLIER'S — HARRY MACE

If she had given the signal to turn loose at that moment, perhaps I would have let go. But she looked forward and banked slightly, and I looked back over my shoulder. I had only a glimpse of the field sliding toward me at a tilted angle, the parked planes, the foreshortened people rushing toward me. I froze.

Frantically, I looked toward the Sky Goddess. She lifted her right arm and brought it down. I could not turn loose. She frowned and repeated the motion. I wrapped my arms tighter around the strut.

She shook her head and banked left, lifting me sickeningly. She circled for another run.

As the plane rocked and leveled off I tried to climb up on the wing. My legs dangled leadenly in the wind and I could not lift myself. I looked imploringly at the Sky Goddess. She savagely brought down her arm. Her sullen lips were moving.

We went around again. My arms ached as if they were being jabbed by ten thousand pins. On the third approach she shouted something at me. I shook my head madly. Suddenly, the wings wiggle-waggled violently. I was lifted high, dropped, lifted high again, and then I was falling.

A soundless scream of hate in my throat cried, "Murderer—Hun murderer," and in a flash of revelation I saw that this was her revenge for my saying a nasty word before her; she had waited, so that she and God could kill me.

I was jerked as from a nightmarish sleep; I floated in a silence, except for the retreating motor of the biplane in the world I had left, and the voices coming up from below signaling my return to the world I knew.

I landed at the far side of the pasture. I had got up and dusted my knees and was fumbling the buckles loose when I saw the gang running across the field. All at once I felt good again. I had done it. I'd never have to worry about any stunt Taylor performed. I'd never have a worry again.

As they trotted up I pretended to be absorbed in gathering up the parachute. But I was all ears for their praise.

"Why didn't you let go?" Taylor demanded.

I looked at him in surprise. "What?"

"She had to throw you off."

"What are you talking about. I jumped, didn't I?"

Gilbert took his cue from Taylor. "You call that a jump?"

"We saw it," Pete said. "You was throwed off."

"Yeah," Frank chimed in. "How come you went over three times?"

In my dismay I dropped the parachute and started across the field. They trailed me relentlessly.

"Look," Taylor said. "You get thrown off a bronc—would you say you come off on purpose? You was throwed off. You couldn't help yourself."

Oliver's betrayal was the worst. "That's right—yellow," he shrilled. "You was yellow."

I wanted to hit him. Instead, I ran—almost into the path of the Sky Goddess' De Haviland coming in for a landing. I fell down scrambling out of the way.

They all laughed. "Boy," Taylor said, "you'd better hit for home. You'll get killed out here."

Before we reached the crowd the De Haviland taxied past us and stopped. The Sky Goddess jumped down and stepped in front of me.

"I am so sorry," she said. "But what to do?"

"He was afraid to jump," Oliver piped up; Taylor pushed him to be quiet, but he snickered, and the Sky Goddess frowned.

I tried to go around her.

"Please," she said, and put both her hands on my shoulders. She glanced at the gang, then said to me, "You are a very brave young man. Very brave. I salute you."

Before I could stop her she kissed me on the mouth. Way off somewhere I could hear the crowd clapping; I peeked out of the corners of my eyes at the gang. They were dumfounded. She ended the kiss and smiled. She turned to Taylor. "Next time maybe you will not be scared yourself to do the jump, no?"

I hurried past the edge of the crowd and crawled through the barbed wire. I saw that Oliver and Gilbert and Pete and Frank were with me. We walked along the dusty road.

Pretty soon I became aware that Taylor was walking beside me. We walked a long way in silence before he offered me a cigarette and said, offhandedly, "I don't suppose you hurt a leg or anything—when you made your landing?"

"No," I said absently. "I didn't hurt anything." I didn't want a cigarette. I was thinking of how soft and alive the lips of the Sky Goddess were.

BUT they were not for long. That September Heinzelmann crashed and burned during a circus at Mineral Wells, Texas. Two days after his funeral the Sky Goddess flew high over the same field. Her plane fell into a tailspin and never came out of it. The papers quoted the other fliers as saying she did it purposely, not wanting to live without Lou Heinzelmann. Maybe they were right. Maybe I'm the only person now who still carries her in his heart.

THE END

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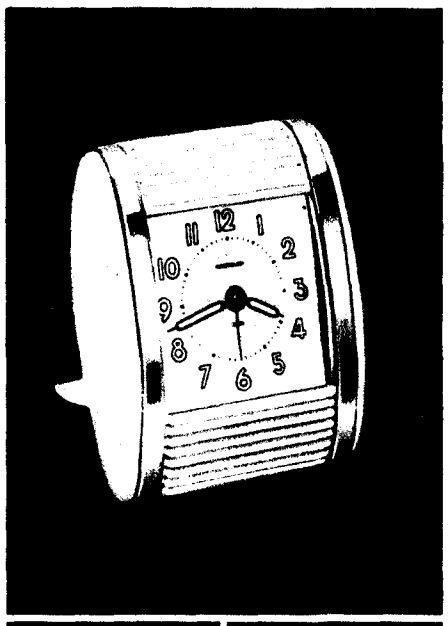

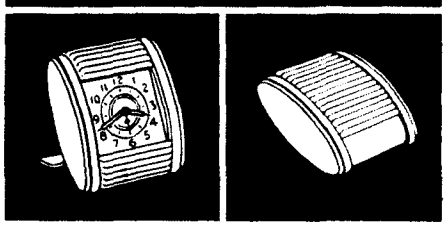

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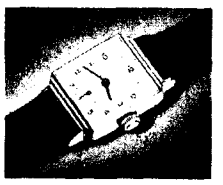

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Guerrillas—Our Hope in Red China

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

South China is the most active guerrilla zone. More former government soldiers stayed behind there than elsewhere, and better contact has been maintained between the southern coastal provinces and the outside world. The people in the area have suffered heavily from indiscriminate grain seizures and heavy taxes. Land reform was poorly and inefficiently instituted by badly trained, often ruthless cadres, and this, too, has caused much resentment. The guerrillas remain active along the coast all the way through Chekiang, Kiangsu and Shantung provinces in central China, and there is considerable activity inland in Hunan, Honan, Kiangsi, Ahnwei, Kweichow and Szechwan.

Manchuria, tactically a splendid guerrilla target because of its dual importance to the Chinese Reds and to Russia, has been under such tight Sino-Soviet control that some 15,000 scattered guerrillas there have not been able to do much more than stay alive.

Lieutenant General Cheng Kai-min, the swarthy, fifty-two-year-old officer who heads the Nationalist Office of Mainland Operations *(Ta Lu Kung Tso Chu)* on Taipeh, summed up guerrilla operations in most of these areas as follows for me:

"Where there are hills, the guerrillas naturally use them as a base. Formerly, they swept down and held a village or a region for a certain time. Now, especially north of Yangtze but also in the south, the situation has become much more fluid and the men have to lie low for long periods of time and can only make occasional forays and attacks. Despite a shortage of demolition equipment, bridges are being destroyed and planes blown up on airfields. The railroads are well guarded and it is difficult to attack them, but there has been some destruction of rails. Highways are often hit, and junks and inland barges are being blown up frequently."

Communist Targets Blasted

In a typical action this spring, a guerrilla force attacked Kiangwan airport in Shanghai and destroyed 16 out of 28 parked fighter planes. Two ammunition dumps and various small industrial plants were also blown up in Shanghai. On the Canton-Hankow railroad, a large coal mine was exploded, and at Whampoa, near Canton, 26 drums of valuable gasoline, smuggled out of Hong Kong by the Reds, were blown up.

An account of perhaps the biggest single successful sabotage effort was related to me by an underground agent who had just returned from Shanghai. The guerrillas rented a house near a Communist armory and magazine in the city. After carefully concealing a large amount of TNT and 20 pounds of other high explosives for a month, they dug a tunnel toward their objective. One afternoon a single man, selected by lot, ignited the explosive charges and instantly blew himself up along with 100 Chinese Red workers, four Soviet technicians, 2,000 tons of explosives in the armory and about 1,000 small shacks nearby.

A chief guerrilla target everywhere has been the Communist granary. Partly to curb the guerrillas, the Reds this year began to seize all available food supplies and to store them in central granaries; families are often left with but a week's supply of rice. Whenever the guerrillas have determined that they outnumber the Communist guards, they have attacked, killed off the sentries, and distributed grain to the local people on a 60-40 basis, keeping the smaller amount for themselves. A daring public outburst took place during the First Full Moon Festival this year in a village in Hunan, when 5,000 angry peasants mobbed a granary stacked high with their wheat and burned it rather than let it be shipped north.

Such anti-Communist demonstrations on the part of the common people are rare, but they do happen, and they demonstrate the rising wrath of China's 450,000,000 population. Another story was told me by General Chen Mu-I, commander of the Independent 35th Column of guerrillas in Chekiang and Kiangsu provinces. One cold day late last winter, in the small village of Pingyang north of Shanghai in Kiangsu, he said, 2,000 peasants armed themselves with scythes and knives and ancient farm implements. They prepared to march on a nearby concentration camp where, they had heard, 800 of their relatives imprisoned by the Communists as "unhealthy elements" were about to be slaughtered. But first the farmers of Pingyang went to the guerrillas in the surrounding hills and asked for help.

The guerrilla chief, Chu Tieh-min, planned the attack with fine precision. At three o'clock in the morning, two peasant columns approached the prison from opposite directions along the bank of a river. At the same time the guerrillas swept down from their mountain lair. The moon co-operated, neatly obscuring itself just as the camp was struck. After an hour's hand-to-hand fighting, all of the prisoners were set free.

Of the 120 Communist guards, 34 were carried off to the mountains by Chu's men and the rest were killed, many of them in their sleep, by the half-crazed, revengeful farmers with their crude iron weapons.

One of the foremost guerrilla chiefs on the mainland today is Li Mi, who has 40,000 men in Yunnan province, on the Burmese border. Li, a former Kuomintang general, reorganized his forces after the catastrophic defeat of Nationalist armies at Hsuchow before the fall of Shanghai. On the secret orders of Chiang Kai-shek he then went to Kunming, in Yunnan, where he was promptly jailed by the traitorous governor, Lu Han. Li managed to escape and has been a thorn in the Communists' side ever since.

His continued control of the old Burma Road area is a vital factor in the guerrillas' future and in the present defense of southeast Asia.

I learned in Taipeh, which has been in contact with Li's field headquarters in the southwest jungle hills, that he has been able to get some supplies smuggled up to him from Bangkok, along the remains of the old wartime road. Li himself has made trips to Bangkok and has been in touch with Formosa through the Chinese Embassy there.

While steering clear of the large Communist forces on the Indochina border, Li Mi's guerrillas have concentrated on killing Red cadres and disrupting Communist communications. This spring, on orders from Taipeh, Li captured two airfields close to the Burma Road and held them for a few weeks. Taipeh had hoped to send a C-47 plane over with supplies, but a hitch developed and Li was finally told to surrender the fields when the Communists moved up in strength to counterattack.

The Underground Governors

Li Mi is one of three guerrilla leaders recognized by Formosa today as "underground governors," by virtue of the fact they control a sizable area—in Li's case about a third of Yunnan. The second is Hu Lien, another ex-Kuomintang general on the mainland, who from the island of Quemoy, just off Amoy, south China's best port, directs guerrilla activities in the key province of Fukien. The Kuomintang has managed to hold Quemoy despite two strong Communist attempts to take it. The continued presence of Nationalist troops there serves the dual purpose of helping defend Formosa and the surrounding waters and of providing an advance base for guerrilla support.

The third "governor" is Yolobass (or Yelbars) Khan, a tribal leader of Sinkiang province. Yolobass leads an unknown number of Uighur and Kazakh tribesmen in the area between Tihua and Hami in this remote western area, which has been subject to strong Soviet penetration as a result of its economic wealth, including oil and uranium. Last year Yolobass reported his guerrillas fought Russian, *not* Chinese Communist, troops in 50 engagements, inflicting 8,000 casualties before two Soviet armored divisions supported by 50 planes drove the guerrillas into the Tienshan range.

Recently, the Chinese Reds claimed the capture and execution of Yolobass' two chief lieutenants, Osman Bator and Janim Khan. The Communists in Peiping claimed their activities were sponsored by the late Douglas MacKiernan, former American consul in Tihua, who lost his life on an epic cross-country trek to India last year. Yolobass himself, using the same route, recently turned up in Kashmir, India, and continued on to Formosa to seek more aid for his forces. Although his units have been scattered by the Soviet counterthrusts, Yolobass told Taipeh headquarters they are still capable of fighting back and pinning the opposition down if given help. Strategically located on the inner Asian frontier, Sinkiang remains a vital guerrilla zone. Its many nomadic tribes have no love for the Chinese Reds and even less for the grabbing Russians.

Around this whole western frontier fringe, the Communists still have their hands full with a variety of tribal groups and independent peoples, some of whom are in irregular contact with Formosa or Hong Kong. They include former Mohammedan troops of one-time warlord Ma Pu-fang, who took off for Mecca after the collapse of the Kuomintang and is now living in Cairo.

But a nephew of Ma's, Ma Chuan-yi, stayed behind and has created a large guerrilla force which, he recently told Chinese and American officers during a visit to Taipeh, could grow to 200,000 if he had enough arms and ammunition to distribute. In Suiyuan, well-trained units who refused to follow their former leader, General Fu Tso-yi, when he defected to the Communists at the time of the fall of Peiping, are still battling the Reds; and on the Suiyuan-Ningsia border, the Mongol Prince Teh (Teh Wang), who a year ago had 60,000 horsemen mounted in six columns and in one bitter battle at Paotow smashed back the Reds, is still fighting, although recently his troops, too, have been forced further back into the hills by the Communists.

Mother Chao's Fighting Men

Szechwan Province, always independent-minded, has a hard core of guerrillas under the influence of the secret societies that have traditionally flourished there, especially the Elder Brothers. There is also an odd but effective force of some 20,000 being led by a fantastic seventy-two-year-old woman known only as "Mother Chao."

Mother Chao is a veteran guerrilla from Manchuria; her husband and two sons were killed there fighting the Japs. After the fall of Hankow, she took 100 followers, a queer mixture of ex-soldiers, fighting monks and farmers, and made the trek to Szechwan.

Kwangsi is the province where the Communist program has met the most resistance from the people. Recently, the Reds admitted that 3,000 of their cadres, mostly "progressive elements among the farmers," had been killed by the guerrillas during 1950, and several thousand others hurt. The wild Yao tribesmen of the province are a constant headache to the Communists. After several pitched battles early this year, the Yaos and other guerrillas regained control of the strategic Yao Shan areas, tall, rugged mountain country. In Taipeh, I met a guerrilla who had just arrived from Kwangsi, via the northern Indochina port of Haiphong. He had established contact with the dominant Yao force of 56,000, half of whom, he told me, were armed with rifles but were desperately short of ammunition and warm clothing.

This agent was reporting in to his superior, Koh Sao-huang. Koh, a swarthy

Next Week

The EISENHOWERS At Home Abroad

Ike and Mamie are setting up house at Marnes-la-Coquette, just outside Paris. Here's a first peek inside

Thar's Gold in Them Thar HILLBILLY TUNES

Country music's booming everywhere and the Hollywood-New York slickers are making way for Nashville's best

Should the G.O.P. Merge With the DIXIECRATS?

Two prominent Republican congressmen debate a proposal that carries great significance this pre-election year

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200-pounder with several prominent gold teeth and a consequent dazzling smile, is the commander of the Anti-Communist National Salvation Army in the Kwantung-Kwangsi border area. He is also the Kwantung head of one of the biggest secret societies in China, the Hungmen, or Floodgate. Since the fall of Canton, Koh's guerrillas have been active in South China and his agents are still functioning in Canton itself, right under the noses of the Reds.

A Defeat for Koh's Forces

Koh has made his headquarters on various islands off the southern Kwantung coast, from where he has directed his guerrillas, of whom he claims 200,000—mostly concentrated in the mountainous areas bordering on Kwangsi. Until February, he held vital, tungsten-rich Nam-peng Island, with a force of 300. Then 3,000 Communists attacked him from four sides in junks and he lost two thirds of his men and a valuable radio.

But a month later Koh got partial revenge; when 2,000 Reds attacked 800 of his men in their mainland mountain stronghold, he beat them off and captured and killed their commander.

"The *lao pai-hsing* (common people) hate the Communists like hell," Koh told me. "They give us 'cover.' When the time comes, every civilian will become a soldier."

Soon after I saw him, Koh was heading back for the mainland. He was going to slip into Hong Kong, make a deal for ammunition and guns, and, disguised as a fisherman, continue on to the nearby Portuguese colony of Macao for the same purpose. More than Hong Kong, because it is less well policed, Macao has become a guerrilla gun-running center. Then Koh was going "fishing" for a few more days, further down the coast, waiting for his men to come down from the hills to a designated rendezvous point, after which they planned to return to the hills.

The guerrilla unit belonging to Colonel Chang Hsi-ming, the woman guerrilla leader mentioned earlier, is partly based on islands no one regularly occupies, but where guerrillas put in by junk and which can be used as hide-outs and stepping stones. Colonel Chang, whose underground activity dates back to the Sino-Japanese war, has 4,000 men, split up into land and sea forces in and around Pootung, across the river from Shanghai, and up the Kiangsu coast. Her land elements, as is the case with most guerrilla units, are divided into "productive forces"—farmers, workers, small merchants and students who all afford "cover"—and armed squads of some 20 men each.

The latter mostly carry Chinese rifles but have some German 8.3-mm. guns, a few tommy guns and American revolvers, and six heavy machine guns plus a valuable pair of Czech light machine guns captured from the Communists.

"On land, we concentrate on attacking granaries, distributing grain to the people, and on killing Communist cadres," Colonel Chang told me. "But sometimes we purposely do not kill the political workers. Instead we warn them that they *will* be killed if they don't allow the people to keep more rice. In this way we benefit, for if a farmer is permitted to keep a month's supply instead of ten days', we get half the extra amount."

The development of Colonel Chang's sea force was the result of her outsmarting the Communists. One day last December an ordinary fishing junk she had was approached in the Yangtze estuary by a Communist gunboat. The gunboat closed in and ordered the junk to lay to for inspection. The crew waited until the Communist vessel was alongside, then quickly jumped it and with revolvers held up the unsuspecting Reds, who were manning machine guns but had no small weapons handy. The guerrillas stripped the Communist crew members and climbed into their clothes. Then, with their prisoners tied up, they sailed back up the river. In the next few weeks, posing as Red sailors, Colonel Chang's guerrillas captured three more gunboats.

"Now many of my men are wearing Communist uniforms," Colonel Chang said, grinning.

For centuries, China's southern waters have been a happy hunting ground for pirates. During the Pacific War, the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) took advantage of the pirates' keen knowledge of the area and enlisted their aid in spying on Japanese shipping, smuggling agents in and out, and in performing acts of sabotage.

Many of these pirate fleets, with no love for the Communists, who are trying to organize all junks into definite units, have recently reunited as guerrillas. Some of them are being directed by former OSS Chinese. I talked to one of these men in Hong Kong, a sallow, crafty-looking fellow, who proudly told me he used to be "agent 106" for the Americans. Now he is a leader of 17,000 guerrillas, one third of them junk-borne pirates supplying the remaining two thirds on the coast north of Hong Kong with food and other supplies, including dynamite.

The guerrillas are using the dynamite to blow up flat-bottom inland barges and coastal junks. This serves the dual purpose of depriving the Communists of them and affording the guerrillas some additional supplies—mostly grain.

The pirate contingents also conduct raids on motor junks at sea, and being opportunists, as well as anti-Communists, they get funds by acting as couriers, for stiff commissions, for rich Chinese living in southeast Asia who want to smuggle money in to their relatives in China.

Just "Fishing"—and Waiting

The man I talked to told me: "I have another 700 men of my own who all worked with the Americans before. They're experts at laying magnetic mines. Now they're just hanging around and 'fishing,' waiting for something to happen."

Hong Kong today is full of people who are "hanging around," waiting for the millennium. It's the new Casablanca, with its own traditional Oriental overtones. There may well be more spies per square foot here than anywhere in the world. Chiefly the colony plays host to Kuomintang and Communist agents, who spy on each other, on the British and on the Americans. The British pretend to close their eyes to much of what goes on but keep a careful check on political activities and let it quietly be known that while Hong Kong is still a "haven," it's not to become a free-for-all breeding ground for revolution.

Hong Kong is under the surveillance of the Communists' "Island Division." This organization, I learned, has trained some 60,000 agents to infiltrate the colony by junk—every Red junk with 10 persons aboard must include three "rookie" agents and three trained operatives. The Nationalist government, too, in recent months, particularly, has dispatched a large number of agents to Hong Kong. These include representatives of the three Nationalist leaders who are competing for control of the guerrilla movement. First, there is Lieutenant General Cheng Kai-min, the already mentioned head of the Office of Mainland Operations. Then there is Mao Jen-fang, who runs the Security Bureau (Pao Mi Chu). Mao Jen-fang's agents, I was told, have infiltrated guerrilla units to the point where they dominate two thirds of the pro-Kuomintang underground and are increasingly seeking to extend their influence over other guerrilla groups.

Their method is to hand out subtle warnings to the effect that anyone not actively pro-Kuomintang as well as anti-Communist faces a dim future "when Chiang Kai-shek returns to the mainland." In the opinion of many persons concerned over the guerrillas' future, Mao Jen-fang's men have become a divisive force which can only be countered by a Sino-American agency with no partisan political ax to grind.

The third man may turn out eventually to be the real boss of the guerrillas. He is Major General Chiang Ching-kuo, the elder son, by a first marriage, of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Only forty-five, Chiang Ching-kuo is head of the political department of the Ministry of National Defense. His chief current job is to indoctrinate the 500,000 Kuomintang troops on Formosa. But he has set his cap on control of the guerrillas as one means to establish himself as his father's eventual heir.

Representatives of these three men—Cheng Kai-min, Mao Jen-fang and Chiang Ching-kuo—have one thing in common: they are all seeking, in Hong Kong, to wean away the guerrillas who have so far refused to throw in their lot with the Nationalists and who have preferred to sit it out and hope for independent aid from America. Most of these guerrillas and would-be guerrillas are desperate and broke, although some of them have been able to obtain funds from rich Chinese businessmen here who, for purely selfish reasons, have helped out the underground because they figure it may hurry their own return to the mainland and possible recovery of their properties.

Even the non-Kuomintang elements, eager as they are for direct United States aid, admit that it can't be extended independently of Formosa, given today's political realities. All they want is some assurance that they will have a proper place in any organized movement and a chance to speak their minds without fear of Kuomintang recrimination in the future. Whether Chiang Kai-shek would stick to such an agreement, if it were made the condition of further American help, is problematical, but the new large U.S. military and economic program for bolstering Formosa is certainly a lever already in our hands.

One high-ranking American official, who has had long experience in China and is thoroughly aware of the touchy problem of the Kuomintang's future, told me, after his recent return from an important policy meeting in Washington: "If we decide really to help the guerrillas, we would have to make certain that the strings are a lot tighter than they ever were before. Obviously, we couldn't follow through on each item of aid but we could pick the kind of people we wanted to train and give things to—a gun or a radio set. We could also see to it that the thousands of guerrillas who look smack over the Formosan horizon to us for help are at least not excluded. Political programs for the time being should be reduced to their simplest level, even to a few vital slogans."

Why Help from U.S. Lags

Actually, it can be reported that some secret aid to the Chinese guerrillas, mostly money, is already being extended via *sub rosa* American agencies in southeast Asia, principally in Indochina and Siam. But this has only been a drop in the bucket, and there has been no attempt to set up a central organization. Although American officials out here concerned with the guerrilla movement have unanimously recommended such a headquarters be established, no action has been taken in Washington—not, I was told, because of any apparent political fears, but simply because of old-fashioned red tape.

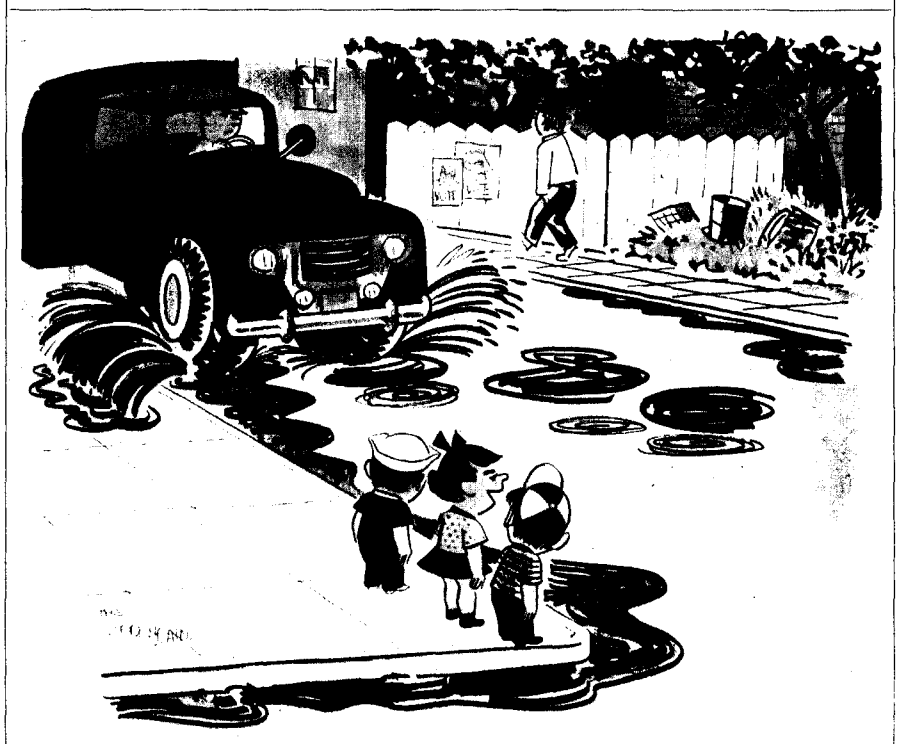
Again and again, these officials on the scene here have emphasized that there is not much time left. Guerrilla accounts of the increasing troubles the underground is having on the mainland bear out these warnings. For while no regime based on terror can live forever, least of all in a country so disparate and individualistic as China, it has been proved elsewhere, above all in Soviet Russia, that terror can sustain itself for generations behind a closed barrier.

Already, the Bamboo Curtain is slowly turning to iron—it's harder all the time to find out what's really happening in China. An American intelligence officer here believes that "in another three months, it may be too late to help the guerrillas."

He added: "If we had done something about it sooner, we might have pinned down many of the troops the Communists sent to Korea. If we help even now, we could still cause Mao Tse-tung a peck of trouble and create a no man's land to our advantage between South China and southeast Asia."

Echoing these remarks, one guerrilla I met in Hong Kong, who had just arrived from the mainland with fresh stories corroborating the stepped-up terror, said: "The guerrillas have not yet lost hope, but they are becoming discouraged. They all look to America to save them. As for myself, if I only knew help was coming, even a cent's worth, I'd be willing to die for the next generation in China." THE END

SISTER



COLLIER'S **"First one that backs up is chicken"** STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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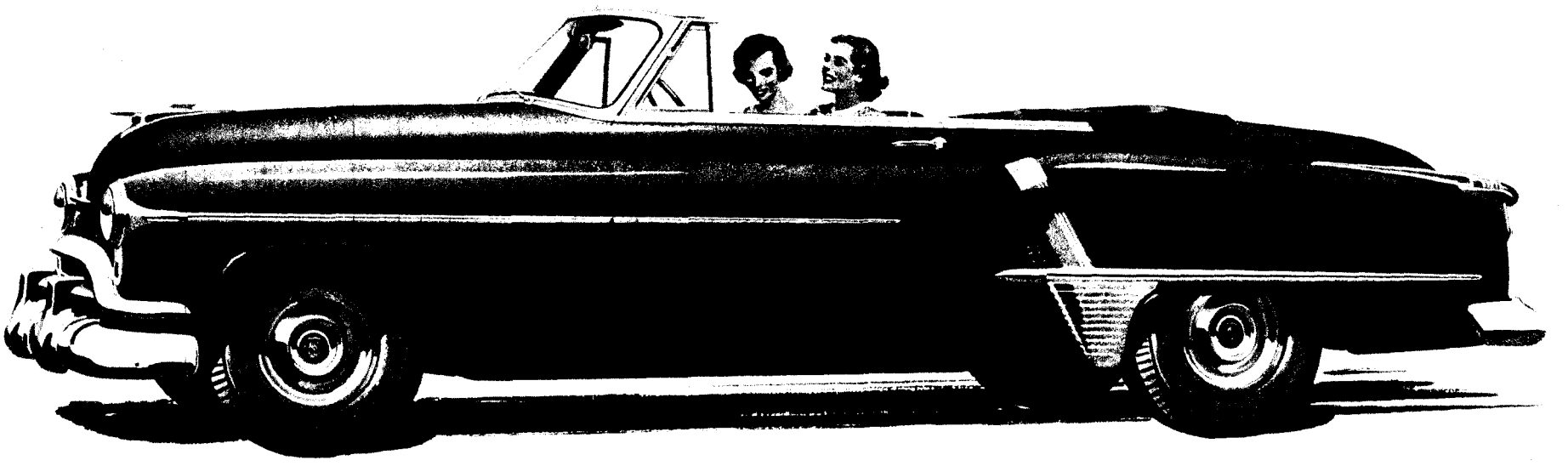

*Above: Oldsmobile Super "88" De Luxe Convertible. *Oldsmobile Hydra-Matic Drive—optional at extra cost. Equipment, accessories, and trim subject to change without notice.*

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The Master's Touch

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

guess that she comes of good old New England stock."

Ray whipped out a notebook and pretended to take notes.

"I don't see what's so amusing," Shepard said to him. "I happen to be able to judge women as accurately as I can judge ballplayers. I can sense these things, just the way I knew that Eamons belonged in center field, not at shortstop."

AT ALMOST the exact moment his name was mentioned, Walter Eamons was making his way through the tables at the far end of the terrace. The four baseball men, spotting the rangy towhead immediately, watched him pick a zigzag path to the table where the levelheaded girl from the solid New England family was sitting. She and the outfielder greeted each other with the sort of kiss that can be seen nowadays only in foreign movies.

"I can see it all now," Shepard said, beaming benevolently. "It's as simple as two and two. The boy's in love. No wonder he's not hitting."

"With a dish like that around, he's lucky to be able to find his way to the ball park," Ray said.

"Don't be cynical," Shepard said. "I wish all my players picked girls like that! Say, Emil," he said, turning to Hochstetter, "the next time you people refer to 'woman trouble' in a report, you've got to be more specific—much more specific."

"Would you like to meet her, Shep?" Hochstetter asked.

When Shepard said he would, Hochstetter padded slowly across the dance floor and returned shortly with the model young coupie, smiling, in tow.

"I recognized you, all right, Mr. Shepard," Walter Eamons said as Shepard and his aides stood up to welcome him. "I didn't think you'd remember me. That's why I didn't come over."

"Of course I do," Shepard assured him. He grasped the outfielder's hand. "It's nice seeing you, Walter. Who's the lovely young lady?"

"Mr. Shepard, I'd like you to meet my fiancée, Priscilla Summers," Eamons said awkwardly, as if he had memorized the line. "We're engaged," he explained.

Miss Summers, who had been restricting herself to a smile of general cordiality, turned on the full wattage as she received the congratulations of the three baseball men. "My, you have a strong grip!" she purred to Jim McCrillis.

"Used to catch," McCrillis replied shyly.

"I've heard a lot about *you*, Mr. Shepard," Priscilla Summers continued. "You look much younger than your pictures."

Shepard took the compliment gracefully. "You're an extremely fortunate young man, Walter," he said, dropping his voice to a judicial pitch. "When's the big day?"

Eamons looked at his fiancée for guidance. "Sometime after the end of the season," she answered for them.

Shepard thought that was fine, just fine. "You kids run along now," he said. "No sense spending your time with a bunch of old fogies when you've got better things to do. I'll see you at the ball park, Walter."

"Peach of a girl," Shepard said approvingly to Hochstetter, when the young couple had gone off to dance. "Real New England type. It's a pity, though, they couldn't have fallen in love during the off season. That's a small matter, really. Next spring the boy will be himself again."

"I don't think so," Hochstetter said shortly.

Shepard stiffened. "You don't think what?"

Hochstetter looked at his boss as if Shepard were a pitcher to whom he was going to have to break the bad news that he was yanking him. "I don't think Eamons will be any good next year, or the year after, or any year, if he marries that girl."

"Emil"—Shepard's smile was patronizing—"I don't think you know women."

"I don't claim to, Shep. But I know a hell of a lot more about this customer than you do. I wanted to tell you about her, but you didn't give me a chance. Get the picture now. She comes down to this hotel from Hollywood for the week end. This is five, six weeks ago. She's with another actress friend. They decide they'll kill the afternoon by watching a ball game. They get themselves a couple of box seats, in the section where the players' wives sit. I got this from Lefty Blake's wife. She was sitting in the row behind them. To make a long story short, this Summers babe spots Eamons and she goes for him—"

"But he wasn't hitting," Shepard objected.

"From a woman's point of view, Eamons ain't a good outfielder or a lousy outfielder or any other kind of an outfielder," Hochstetter said. "He's a big, good-looking kid with a build. Well, round about the fourth, when he's leaning against the bat rack, she stands up and looks him over like he was a bull at a country fair. Then she announces to her friend, just as cool as you like, 'I think I want that boy.' Blake's wife told me all about it."

Shepard stared for a long minute at his pipe. "What do you know about this girl's background?" he finally asked.

"Nothing much," Hochstetter replied. "All I know, Shep, is the kid's been no good to the team since she got hold of him. She's down here every week end, so he can't keep his mind on his work Friday, Saturday or Sunday. Tuesday and Wednesday he's still in a fog, dreaming about the week end. Thursday he's off on a new fog, counting the hours till she shows up on Friday."

SHEPARD sat silent for several minutes. Then he turned, as he did whenever his intuitive powers had let him down, to the extreme opposite pole of operation: the meticulous collecting of facts and figures with which his problem could be worked out as unemotionally as an algebraic equation. "Ray," Shepard snapped in a weak imitation of his best bark, "I want you to get up to Hollywood immediately and dig up a full dossier on Priscilla Summers. I want you back by nine tomorrow night."

"You mean you want me to leave right now?"

"That's exactly what I mean. Now get moving."

On Saturday, Shepard pushed himself through, what was, for him, an unsatisfyingly slow morning. He leafed through the special reports his office had air-mailed: the team was just barely holding on to third place—something he didn't need to be told. He conferred with McCrillis on minor problems that had arisen at Topeka and Portland, and, after a short call at Lefty Blake's house on the way to the ball park, lunched with the club secretary and was interviewed by the local reporters. After lunch he tried to rouse himself from his lethargy by okaying plans for a new scoreboard and taking batting practice with the team, but his mind was not on his work. Just before game time he motioned Walter Eamons over to his box.

"You weren't getting much of that ball during batting practice," Shepard said, in a more severe tone than he had meant to use.

"Yeah, I was kinda poppin' 'em up," Eamons said. His face took on a look of concern. "You feeling all right, Mr. Shepard?"

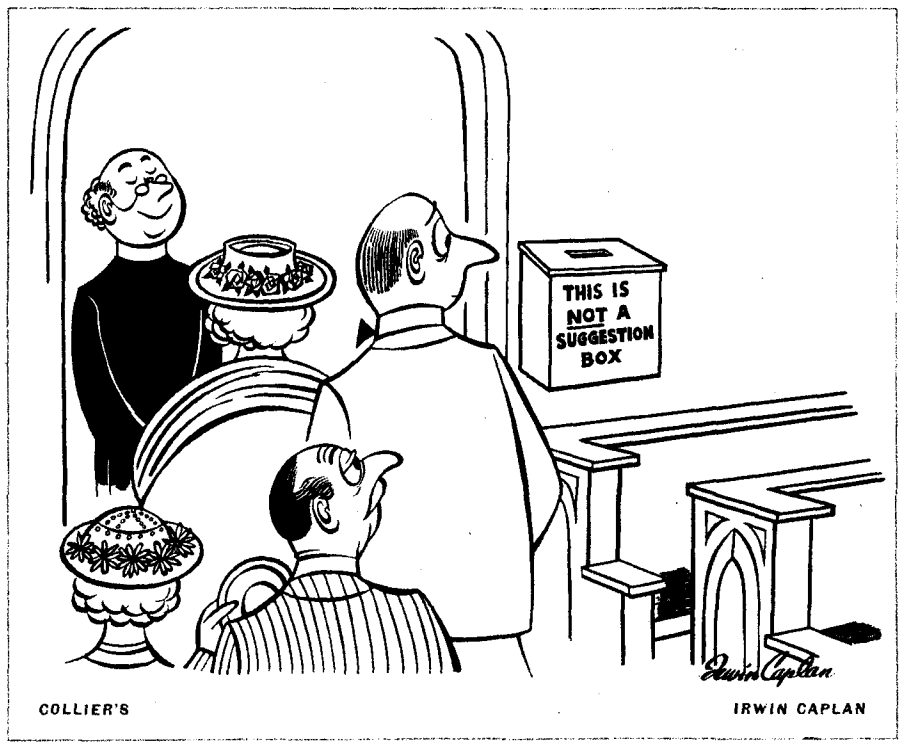
Shepard stared at him.

"You don't look so good as last night," Eamons went on. "You eat something that didn't agree with you?"

"I'll worry about my own digestion," Shepard sputtered. He tried to calm himself. "I'm certain I'd feel a hundred per cent better, Walter, if you started to play the ball we know you're capable of. Do you know you're batting .221?"

"I just can't seem to get a good piece of the ball," Eamons answered. He broke out in a grin, as if a very funny thought had just struck him. "That ball keeps getting smaller and smaller, Mr. Shepard. Right now it looks about as tiny as . . ."

Eamons' voice trailed off as his eyes focused on something over Shepard's left shoulder. He blew a kiss in that direction. Shepard turned. Priscilla Summers, her fingers pressed against her lips, was undulating down the aisle. Shepard scrutinized the faraway look in Eamons' eyes as Priscilla walked toward them. The boy was a goner, Shepard realized, scarcely recognizable as the same lean athlete who had shown such spirit at the training camp that Shepard had soberly appraised him to a newspaperman as "one of those aggressive, old-time ballplayers who can hit, field, throw and run those bases; a true competitor, possibly another Cobb." In the shape he was in, Eamons wasn't fit to carry Cobb's Coca-Cola stock, let alone his glove.



COLLIER'S — IRWIN CAPLAN

Shepard held his guard high. He just grunted when Priscilla greeted him with a warm smile and repeated her observation that photographs failed to do justice to his youthful appearance. "Walter," Shepard said curtly, as Eamons rested his elbows on the railing before the box, "I think you'd better get out in center field. The game's ready to begin."

"Now, darling," Priscilla cautioned the outfielder, patting him on the hand, "it's a terribly hot day, so don't play too hard. I've got a wonderful evening planned for us, and I don't want you to be all worn out. We're—"

"Walter, you're holding up the game," Shepard interrupted. "Miss Summers," he continued firmly, as Eamons trotted out to center field, "I don't know if you realize this or not, but all this high living and late hours—well, it's hurting the boy. I don't think you have Walter's best interests at heart."

"I think I'm a better judge of what's good for Walter than you are," Priscilla answered. "Anyhow, I don't see how what happens between Walter and me is any business of yours."

"It most certainly *is* my business," Shepard said. "Women like you don't care who you fool around with. It doesn't mean a thing to you that you're ruining the career of one of the best young ballplayers in the country. No, I can see it doesn't."

Priscilla measured Shepard coolly. "Get this through that great brain of yours, Grandpa," she said. "I don't give a damn about you and your precious baseball. If I want to marry that outfielder of yours or whatever he is, I'm going to, and there's nothing you or anybody else can do about it. Do I make myself clear?"

"You won't talk so bold tomorrow," Shepard fumed. "I've got a man in Hollywood getting the dope on you right now. You won't marry Walter Eamons. I'll see to it you won't."

"Like to bet on that?"

Shepard, barely in control of himself, pushed by Priscilla and marched out of the box.

RAY BELL knocked on the door of Shepard's suite and walked in.

"You're back earlier than I expected," Shepard said. "Let's have it."

"She was easier to check on than I thought she'd be. Everyone in Hollywood seems to know Priscilla Summers," Ray explained as he riffled through his notebook. "You were right on some things and wrong on others. Her real name *is* Priscilla Summers. She *does* come from New England. Worcester, Mass. After that, your diagnosis isn't so hot."

"I'm not paying you to tell me how stupid I am," Shepard growled. "Cut the baloney and get on with it."

"Okay. I'll give it to you quick. She's been in Hollywood not quite two years. Been in two movies. They haven't been released yet, but everybody who's seen the previews says she's going to get somewhere. Clean-cut sex appeal. Okay, going back to the beginning. Born Worcester, 1927. Father managed a movie house. Nothing but the usual studio fiction on her till 1946, year she hit New York. Made a big splash as a model. She was a blonde then. That's not important, but I thought you'd like to know. The tan is real, though. She's been on location the last six weeks, making a Western."

"*Private* life," Shepard said.

"Just coming to that. She's been married twice. First time to a light-heavyweight fighter I never heard of. Lasted less than a year. Second time to a pro football player. She's known about town as a pretty predatory gal. Specializes in athletes, the way other women do in artists or millionaires. Just now getting around to baseball, I

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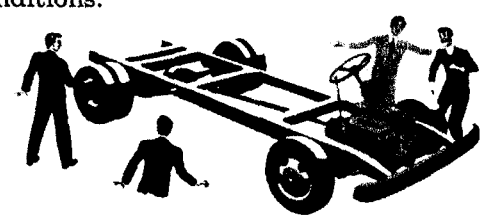

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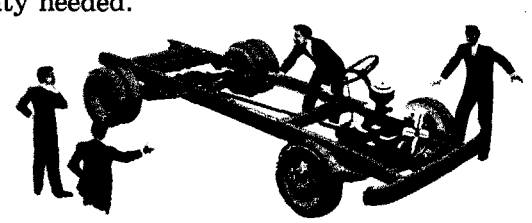

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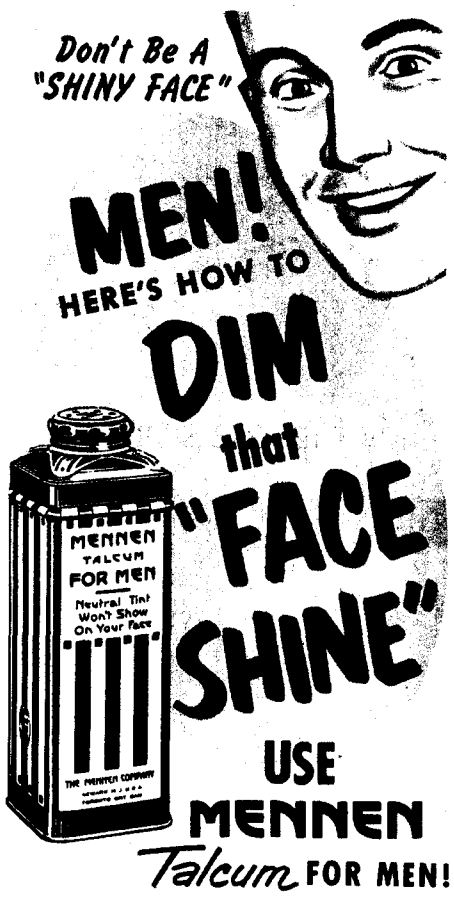
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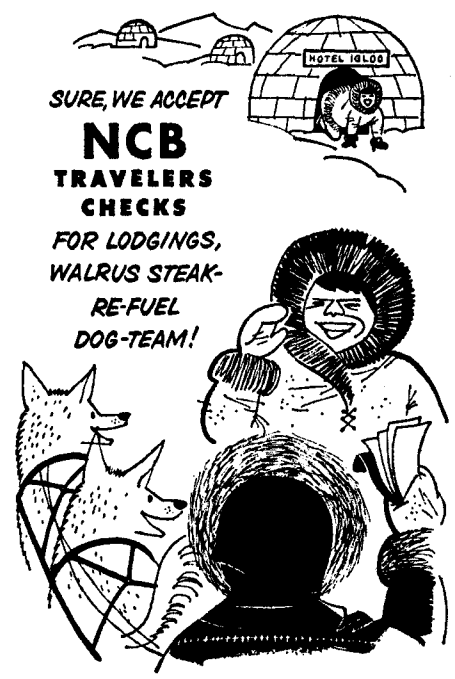

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guess. Let's see, what else? Well, she's five-six and weighs one-nineteen and—"

"Bats right-handed and throws with both hands," Shepard broke in. "That's enough, Ray." He made an effort to smile that didn't quite come off. "I don't want any cracks out of you about how I ought to stick to judging ballplayers," he muttered. "I can handle this baby. Watch me."

Shepard paced the floor for a minute or two, and then directed Ray to summon Jim McCrillis to the room.

"All right. I've got it all figured out," Shepard announced when McCrillis arrived. "We're going to call up Kravchek and Sandler. We'll send Marineau down to Topeka. They need a pitcher. I was going to give Portland Blitz Baker in exchange for Sandler, but I'm going to bring Blitz to Redlands instead. In a hot, dry climate, Blitz has a better chance of getting his arm back. Get the paper work started on this, Ray. One other thing: We're going to bring up Eamons."

Ray jerked his head up from his note-taking.

"I don't see what else we can do," Shepard said defensively. "I suppose we could transfer Eamons to one of the other farms, but I'd feel safer having him where I can keep an eye on him myself. We're dealing with a pretty unscrupulous woman." A new thread of anxiety crept into his voice: "Jim, you go out and round up Eamons right this minute. Get a double room in the hotel for tonight and stay with him. We're starting home first thing tomorrow, and I want that boy on the plane."

ON LABOR DAY, C. C. Shepard's team propelled itself into a tie for first place by taking both ends of a double-header. Sandler and Kravchek were the winning pitchers. They had led the team's drive to the top, and the pro-Shepard press cited their arrival in the nick of time as one further evidence of C.C.'s peerless masterminding. As was to be expected, the reporters who didn't like Shepard glossed over the remarkable showings of Sandler and Kravchek—they had won eight games between them—and lambasted Shepard for bringing up Walter "Cantaloupe" Eamons, who had succeeded in losing two games all by himself and could easily have lost more if he'd been given the opportunity.

In an important game against Boston, for example, Eamons had been inserted in the line-up in the seventh inning for defensive purposes. In the ninth, although the sun had been down for twenty minutes, for some reason he was still wearing his sunglasses. This may have accounted in part for the improbable demonstration he had put on in attempting to field a hard-hit drive that the average big-league outfielder could have handled with little or no trouble. Eamons had misjudged the sinking liner, and the ball had skidded between his legs on its first low bounce, hit the fence behind him, and rebounded right through his legs a second time.

Eamons had previously been relieved from his pinch-hitting duties after popping up three times and fanning twice. He reminded very few people of Cobb.

Off the field, Eamons dwelt in a similar fog. During his first weeks in the East, it was simply the usual haziness that enshrouds the lovesick. Then it thickened into a depression. During the last two weeks in August, Eamons, who had been hearing from Priscilla at least once a day, received no word whatever from her. His increasingly desperate phone calls to the West Coast had also gone unanswered. Jim McCrillis did everything he could to cheer up the forlorn outfielder. Assigned by Shepard to stay on as Eamons' twenty-four-hour companion, McCrillis took him to a Western movie each night and dined him at the best rathskellers. In their hotel room, he listened patiently to the boy's lamentations.

On Labor Day evening, McCrillis reported to Shepard that the situation had become impossible. "And damn' unpleasant, too," he added. "I can't tell the boy why he hasn't heard from that girl. I think he knows she's dropped him. He just can't bring himself to face it."

"He'll have to eventually. Then he'll start to mend," Shepard told him. "Stick with it, Jim."

THE Saturday after Labor Day, Eamons pulled another "Eamons," as his boners were now being called. In the fourth inning, he was sent in as a pinch runner, a seemingly foolproof assignment. Eamons found a way, though. No one told him to steal second, but on the third pitch he was off like a hare.

He flashed down the base line with a terrific burst of speed, and had the base stolen before the catcher went through the motions of making his throw. The only trouble was that second base was already occupied by a teammate. This teammate, of course, was not prepared to jump for third, and Eamons was tagged for the rally-killing out. If there was a bright side to the incident, it was that Eamons didn't have to be used again in the game.

Shepard witnessed this "Eamons" from the center-field bleachers. He made it a practice to mingle with the fans in the bleachers from time to time in order to get, as he phrased it, "a true and undistorted picture of the real fan's attitude toward the team and the administration." On these expeditions, Shepard disguised himself in a baggy suit and dark glasses, and pulled the brim of an old hat down low over his forehead. Now and then a fan penetrated Shepard's disguise, but for the most part his identity went unsuspected. It was a bittersweet triumph. It pleased him to be a successful masquerader, but at the same time he was always hoping that, in spite of his efforts to conceal his face and figure, he would be so well known to an adoring public that they could spot him in a suit of armor with the visor shut.

"Mr. Shepard," he heard a voice saying in hushed tones as he sat in the bleachers, wondering when the fans would quiet down about Eamons' latest blunder and stop accusing C. C. Shepard of throwing away a pennant. He turned his head cautiously. It was Ray.

"Priscilla Summers wants to see you," Ray whispered excitedly in his ear. "She's up at the top of the bleachers."

Shepard's jaw sagged.

"She showed up at your box," Ray went on. "I would have brushed her off but I was afraid she'd get to Eamons."

Shepard tugged the brim of his hat down and followed Ray up the aisle of concrete steps. His mind worked furiously to bring this unsettling turn of events into some sort of focus.

Priscilla Summers sat, with her legs casually crossed, in the last row of the bleachers. She was wearing dark glasses, too. They hid the expression in her eyes, but the line of her mouth showed she was in an aggressive mood.

Shepard removed his hat in an elaborate gesture of mock courtesy. "I hope you didn't come all this distance," he said, "just to tell me I'm looking much more handsome than my recent photographs."

"Is that a nice way to speak to one of your greatest admirers?" she cooed. They faced each other like ancient foes. "I just happened to be in town," she went on coolly. "Publicity. One of my pictures opens here next week. We're greasing the wheels."

"And you came all the way out to the ball park to give me a pair of free tickets."

"Ah, you're a cute boy," she laughed. "No, I've got news for you. Personal news. I wanted to tell you I'm going to marry one of your players next Wednesday."

Shepard tried to steady himself by clutching wildly for Ray's arm.

"I knew you'd be delighted to hear that," Priscilla smiled.

"How'd you ever work that, young lady?" Shepard sputtered feebly. "You haven't seen Eamons for a month. You haven't written him in over two weeks. You—"

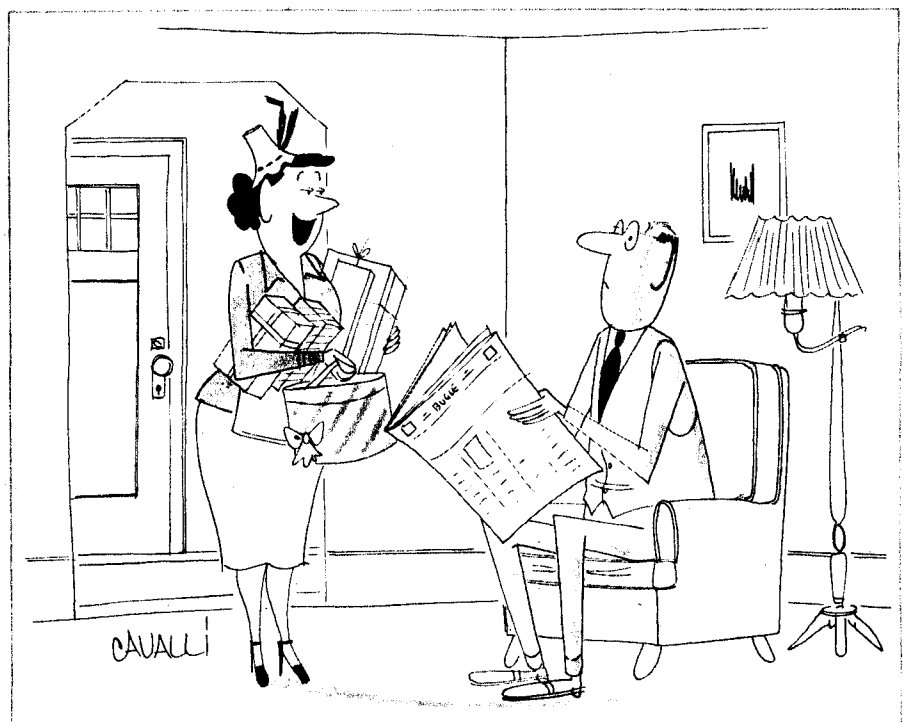
"Oh, I'm not marrying Walter," she interrupted. "I'm going to marry Blitz Baker."

SHEPARD'S instinct told him to cover up, fast. The important thing was for Priscilla to believe she had triumphed gloriously and completely. He made a titanic effort not to register the feeling of relief that surged through every fiber of his body. It was only Blitz Baker. A washed-up pitcher. Won four, lost nine. Whew! A cheap price to pay when it could have been Eamons.

"I've got to hand it to you," he said, as if he were standing gallant in defeat. "You're a faster worker than I bargained for."

"Just call me Shep," Priscilla said with frosty sarcasm. She stood up to leave. "How do you like finishing second, Grandpa?"

Shepard watched her as she disappeared down the runway exit. He shocked Ray by leading him back to the office for a good stiff drink. When his nerves had slowed down to a bumpy trot after he'd had three fingers of Scotch, Shepard peeled off his disguise and climbed back into his regular clothes. The telephone rang just as he was leaving



"I couldn't think of a thing to get you for your birthday, so I just spent ten dollars less on myself"

COLLIER'S DICK CAVALLI

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for home. It was McCrillis, calling from the players' dressing room. He wanted to know if Shepard had seen the story in the afternoon papers about Blitz Baker and Priscilla Summers.

Shepard described the meeting in the bleachers. "I was going to call you, Jim," he said, his voice still husky with tension. "Do you think we should tell Eamons or try to keep it from him?"

"He knows about it," McCrillis said. "Somebody showed him the paper."

"How'd he take it?"

"Hard, Shep, awful hard. He's been in the shower for over a half hour. I think he's waiting till everybody goes."

"Watch him close," Shepard said to McCrillis. "Don't let him out of your sight."

REFRESHED by a good night's sleep and some glowing write-ups in the morning papers, Shepard arrived at the ball park shortly after nine on Sunday morning. His footsteps, the only sound in the vast hush of the stadium, echoed strangely as he strode through the rotunda where, three hours later, thousands would be clamoring around the ticket booths. He unlocked a gate next to the turnstiles, and was striding down the passageway under the stands when he was startled by what seemed to be the sound of bat meeting ball. He heard it again as he hurried up the nearest ramp. Probably some kids who'd stowed away over Saturday night.

He stopped short when he came to the head of the ramp, behind first base, and tried to make some sense out of the baffling scene on the diamond below him. Jim McCrillis stood on the pitcher's mound, with thirty or so practice balls scattered around him. He was pitching to Eamons. *Whack!* Shepard watched a long belt sail all the way to the wall in right center. That's the way he used to cut, thought Shepard. McCrillis picked up another ball. Into the motion. *Whack!* Shepard lowered himself into a chair and gazed at the ghostly batting practice.

Eamons slammed the last pitch against the scoreboard in dead-center field and hustled down the first-base line and on into the outfield. He picked up a ball near the wall, wheeled, and fired it in to home plate, where McCrillis stood. Eamons picked up another ball, wheeled and fired again.

McCrillis had just handled the fourth throw from the outfield when, out of the corner of his eye, he caught sight of Shepard making his way through the boxes. McCrillis cupped his glove and bare hand to his mouth and hollered to Eamons to hold it up.

Shepard clambered awkwardly over the railing and onto the field. "What goes on here, anyway?" he shouted as he walked toward the plate.

"He wanted some practice," McCrillis said, panting a little. He looked as if he had just caught both games of a double header. "Got me out of bed at—"

"Watch your head!" Eamons' voice carried pugnaciously from the far reaches of the outfield. A rifle-shot throw kicked off the turf near the pitcher's mound. McCrillis and Shepard hit the dirt just in time, and the ball banged against the backstop. The two men dusted themselves off and moved a safe distance down the first-base line.

"He's been like that all morning. You can't do anything with him," McCrillis grumbled as the bombardment of baseballs continued. "One extreme to the other. Last night, he was like a wounded deer. Pitiful. Fell asleep right after supper. He couldn't eat any. Fell asleep with all his clothes on, in a chair. This morning—whango! I'm living with a madman. He pulls me out of bed at six o'clock. Yanks the blankets off and tells me to shut up when I ask him what's the matter. He needs some practice, he tells me; we're going to the ball park. We've been out here three hours. He wouldn't even let me get some breakfast."

A bounding ball zipped by McCrillis' knee. He started to yell something to Eamons and then decided it was a waste of time. "When he comes in now," McCrillis complained, "I'll have to pitch that whole batch to him again or hit him fungoes. I don't mind that. But he's got no right to be sore at me. I'm not Priscilla Summers."

"I think you hit it there," Shepard said absently. He had been listening with one ear, trying to put the parts together. "He's going to take it out on everyone for a while, Jim. He's going to show the world."

Shepard and McCrillis were collecting the balls in front of the backstop and rolling them toward the pitcher's mound when Eamons came jogging in from the outfield. Shepard greeted him warmly: "Good morning, Walter."

Eamons glowered at Shepard for a moment. He spat a slug of tobacco juice an inch over Shepard's shoe and walked on to pick up a bat.

Shepard dug an elbow into McCrillis' ribs. "We've got a ballplayer again," he said.

During the week that followed, Eamons treated opposing pitchers with no more respect than he had Shepard. He delivered twice as a pinch hitter, and was given a crack at the starting line-up. In the final six games of the team's home stand, he collected twelve hits in twenty-six times at bat, stole three bases, and was impeccable in the field. His one-man rampage was the spearhead of the drive that sent the team four full games in front as it headed west to play the last twelve games on the schedule.

"And that, gentlemen," C. C. Shepard announced with a crackle of self-congratulation, "is how it worked out—precisely as we planned it." He watched the faces of the reporters whom he had summoned when the news had come through from Chicago that his team had clinched the pennant. Even his severest critics, Shepard could see, had been impressed by his account of how he had coped with his difficult midsummer problems.

Shepard basked for a moment in the admiration of his audience. "I just happen to have the ability to size up women," he went on. "Five minutes after I met this actress, I had her number. I knew Blitz Baker was exactly the type she'd go for. That's why I sent Blitz to Redlands. In two weeks she had forgotten all about Eamons. You know the rest, gentlemen. Last week she and Blitz were married. I'm afraid this will mean the finish of Blitz's baseball career. My guess, gentlemen, is that he'll be lucky to be pitching Class-D ball next year."

RAY, standing beside his boss, studied Shepard's face as he warmed up to the subject of Walter Eamons' great future. It struck Ray that he had never seen Shepard's craggy features composed in an expression of such radiant bliss.

The telephone rang, and Shepard motioned for Ray to take it.

"Who was it?" Shepard asked as Ray hung up.

"Nothing important, Mr. Shepard," Ray answered casually.

"Well, who was it?" Shepard asked again.

"Just Hochstetter," Ray said. "Nothing urgent."

"He wouldn't call me up just to congratulate me on the pennant," Shepard persisted. "What was on his mind, Ray?"

"Just some news about Blitz Baker."

"What did he do? Quit the team?" Shepard asked with a wise twinkle.

"Well, if you must know," Ray said, as if he were being pushed into something against his better judgment, "Hochstetter wanted to tell you that Blitz just pitched a no-hitter and struck out eleven men."

"As I was saying, gentlemen," Shepard resumed quickly, "this Eamons will be even better next year. With proper handling, I predict he'll develop into another Cobb. You can quote me on that." THE END

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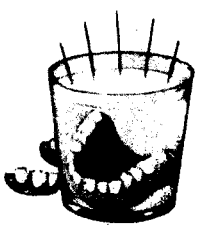

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The Vanishing Gondolier

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

to 1,000, and now there are less than 500. All gondolas have been painted black since 1562, when an edict handed down by the city's Great Council prohibited brighter colors.

Modern gondoliers claim that the color is a sign of mourning for the day, in 1866, when Venice lost her independence and became part of Italy. The gondoliers are fiercely pro-Venetian and anti-Italian. After a few glasses of white wine they are apt to demand the expulsion of all non-Venetians from Venice, and to suggest that Venice secede from Italy and become a protectorate of the United States of America—where the good dollars and good tourists come from.

Arturo Cucchiero's gondola is number 174. A silver shield proclaims that it is a "gondola *premiata*." This honor for a first-class boat was awarded to him by a jury of gondoliers for the gondola's beautiful appearance. Its black varnish has an elegant shine. The composition of the special gondola varnish is said to be a secret, somewhat like the varnish of the violin-makers in Cremona. The boat's brass lions—the symbol of Venice—have a brilliant polish, and so has the carved iron peak at the bow with its curved S-form simulating the route of the Grand Canal. There are also six "prongs" (standing for Venice's six districts of Castello, San Marco, Dorsoduro, Santa Croce, Canareggio, San Paolo), a "helmet" (the doge's hat) and an "eye" (the vigilant eye of the Republic).

Fine Woodwork in a Gondola

Arturo's gondola weighs over 1,000 pounds. No less than seven different kinds of wood were used for its construction. The body is of oak, the bottom of larch and fir, the transversal boards of walnut and cherry, the *forcole*—the fork on which the oar is placed—of walnut, the sculptured ornaments of linden and the oar of beech.

"Those tourists ask me a lot of foolish questions about the gondola," Arturo said, glaring at me, as if he wanted to forestall any possible foolish questions. "Why do we always follow the path of the moon across the water? Because we are used to it. Why do all gondolas have a permanent list to starboard and a slight bend to their backbone? Because the gondolier uses only one narrow-bladed 10-foot oar. He stands on the left side of the gondola, facing the bow. The deviation of the keel and shape are to counterbalance his rowing, or the gondola would go around in circles all the time." Arturo took up the peculiar position of the rowing gondolier, left foot slightly forward, head bent to one side, standing erect, leaning on an imaginary oar.

These days Arturo doesn't wait for the outside chance of renting to a persistent gentleman pursuing a resistant lady on a gondola ride through the moonlight. He works permanently at a *traghetto*, one of the 13 ferrying stations along the Grand Canal. Only three bridges span the Canal, and people who want to cross from one side to the other usually have to take the ferry-gondolas which operate day and night as part of the city's transport system. The ferries carry about a half-dozen passengers and charge 10 lire (less than two cents) on weekdays, 15 lire on Sundays, double at night.

Arturo is in charge of *traghetto* 12, Santa Maria del Giglio, next to the Gritti Palace. Thirty gondoliers work under him. They have been assigned by the City Council to this particular ferry station. No gondolier is permitted to change his station. One of the gondoliers has worked at *traghetto* 12 for the past nine years; before him his father was there 14 years.

Since there is never enough work for all gondoliers, they take turns, working in shifts of 12 hours, half an hour on, half an hour off, three days out of four. Gone are the days of survival of the fittest gondolier who would be busy all the time while his less strong-armed colleagues were biting their nails. It seems that Mussolini, after making the trains run on time, decided to straighten out the carefree-enterprise methods of the gondolier racket which had given Venice a bad name. Before Il Duce you couldn't call a gondola without being pestered by a dozen noisy gondoliers, shouting and fighting for your patronage.

Now every man has a number. In addition to ferrying people, *traghetto* 12 serves three of the big hotels. If a tourist wants to take a private ride, the gondolier whose number is up quietly rows over to fetch the customer.

All this may be better organized than in the old days, but it's less fun and you have the feeling that something is missing.

There are not many private customers. The gondoliers claim that the hotel doormen prefer to call a motorized water-taxi, because the driver, who charges three times as much as a gondolier, gives the doorman a fat tip, which the gondolier can never afford.

There is never a dull moment at Arturo Cucchiero's *traghetto*. Venetian gondoliers are not particularly quiet. They curse a lot because there is so much to be cursed: the weather ("getting worse every year," Arturo thinks); the police; the motorboats and steamboats; the high cost of living; and the City Council—especially the City Council. Some of the city officials are from the south of Italy, and the gondoliers maintain that a gigantic conspiracy is under way to ruin the gondolas.

"Those damn' southerners are out to get us," a gondolier said to me. "Hah! What can you expect from people who kill their enemies by knifing them in the back?" He added, with pride, "Here we push them into the lagoon."

Actually, the gondoliers belong to the best-behaved citizens of Venice. In the past few years, no gondolier has been tried for a major offense. There is a lot of vice in the back streets of Venice, but the gondoliers want no part of it.

Scene Is Spoiled for Artists

Traghetto 12 looks like a painter's dream. Everything is just right: the lamp, tilted to one side, covered by a sixteenth century wrought-iron bracket; the small pavilion, covered by vines and flowers. Before the motorboats began to ruffle the quiet waters, one of the best sources of revenue was the painters, who would hire a gondola for hours to sketch the not-so-still life on the *traghetto*. Today no artist could paint in a gondola.

I went with Arturo into the pavilion. There was a stove, empty Chianti bottles, a telephone, wooden benches where the gondoliers on night duty can take a nap. The walls were covered with photographs of dead gondoliers. Some had young faces. "The wars," Arturo said, with a sad shrug. Pinned to the wall was a letter from the gondoliers' union announcing the burial of a member. The people of Venice bury their dead on the cemetery island of San Michele. Two special gondolas with silver ornaments are used as hearses; for even death goes by the water route in this city.

The gondoliers' work is regulated by the strict, semimilitary *regolamento* which the

HANK KETCHAM

GARBLED GREEK

A contribution to the current mode of lacerating languages

Gamma Gamma Gamma:	Chorus line
Omega Nu Pi:	For Pete's sake, let's have lemon meringue for a change!
Nu Nu Nu:	Positively not
Alpha Alpha:	Hayfield
Nu Theta Rho:	They've added some seats at the Bijou
Epsilon Pi:	Apple slices on the tart
Zeta Kappa?	Don't tell me that's a *hat!*
Nu Mu:	Kitten
Eta Rho:	The shad are running again
Iota Eta Lambda:	Wish I'd ordered mutton
Phi:	Shame on you
Chi Rho Gamma:	Egyptian grandmother
Iota Nu Beta	I shouldn't have done it

—GURNEY WILLIAMS

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City Council set up, and no fooling. These days the gondoliers must be properly dressed. On the ferry-gondolas, rowed by two men, both must wear the same headgear or none at all. Smoking, making telephone calls, drinking on the job are forbidden. On special rides the gondolier must take his passenger to the destination "by the shortest route."

If one is to believe the regulations, even the standards of romance have changed. The gondolier is responsible for the "dignified behavior" of the passengers in his gondola. Presumably the interpretation of "dignified" is up to him.

"We have to discipline ourselves to make people forget the bad reputation which the gondoliers once had," Arturo said, sitting in the pavilion. "Infringements are punished by fines, temporary suspension, change of station or revocation of license."

A tall, dark and very handsome gondolier came into the pavilion. His name was Vittorio dalla Pietá. Said to have the finest baritone voice at the *traghetto*, he had rowed Britain's Princess Margaret when she was at the Gritti Palace Hotel last year. Now he looked glum.

Vittorio had to put a new coat of black varnish on his gondola, but he didn't have the necessary 6,000 lire ($9). The mere upkeep of a gondola costs 3,000 lire a month and once in a while there are major repairs that may well run into 20,000 or 30,000 lire ($45), which is a lot of money for almost anybody in Italy. The gondola season lasts only a few months. During the winter, when no tourists come to Venice and life is almost at a standstill, the gondoliers work only from five to 10 days a month. Some make wooden models of gondolas, which they sell in the summer; others just hang around and brood. What with taxes, license fees and cost of material, the gondolier rarely makes more than 30,000 lire ($45) a month. (A man's suit costs 45,000 lire.)

I asked Vittorio, the baritone, why the gondoliers sing so seldom now. "I used to sing much and play the guitar," he said. "We would have three-voice choruses across the Canal. But how can you sing on an empty stomach? Rowing gives you a lot of appetite, but all we now eat is spaghetti, *polenta*, vegetables and cheap wine. I can afford meat only once a week. We live in a terrible house, but the rent is high."

"Besides," Arturo put in, "you need more strength for rowing today than before the invasion."

"The invasion of the Germans?" I asked.

"The invasion of the motorboats," he said, half reprovingly. "Rowing against their waves takes a lot out of you. And it is hardly worth it these days."

The Passing of a Golden Era

Until 1939, over 250 of Venice's old, rich families owned gondolas and had "private" gondoliers wearing fancy scarlet livery, in their services. Many gondoliers were brought up and sent to school by those families. Every few years the people bought a new gondola and sold the old one to the gondolier for little money. Now there are only half a dozen private gondolas in Venice. Many of the old families are no longer rich; others have switched to motor launches which are parked on the mossy doorsteps of their palaces.

The price of a new gondola, which was 3,000 lire before the first World War, has gone up to 150,000 lire for just the hull. By the time you put in oars, cushions, curtains, rugs, chairs, ornaments, covers, you're out 350,000 lire—which is $570 and more than a gondolier ever owns. A gondola used to last for 30 years, but the extra wear and tear during the war, when there was little coal for the steamboats and no gasoline for the motorboats, have sharply reduced the lifetime of many. As a result there are now gondoliers who don't own their boats and perhaps never will.

It's not easy to become a gondolier. The candidate must be a native of Venice and the son or close relative of a licensed gondolier (gondoliers without sons have the right to nominate a successor). He must be above eighteen and below forty years of age, able to read and write, have no police record, go through the gondoliers' school at San Samuele and pass the examinations.

School starts early in November and lasts until the end of February. The 30-odd pupils learn a smattering of French; Venetian history and art history so they will be able to point out all historical sights to the tourists; and there is special singing instruction.

Contrary to Hollywood, no real gondolier sings O Sole Mio! or arias from Puccini operas. His official repertory, to be sung presumably when the *motoscafi* are silent, is limited to the poems of Torquato Tasso and to some Venetian songs, Viva Venezia!

"Taxpayer, eh? That's a coincidence. You're the fourteenth person I've run into this morning who pays taxes . . ."

COLLIER'S — LARRY HARRIS

and Redentore (The Redeemer). For the more uninhibited trade, he may render The Power of the Lion and The Blonde and the Gondolier.

The pupils learn about upkeep of the gondola, but get no rowing instruction. There is no need for that. Every boy in Venice handles an oar as matter-of-factly as a boy in America handles a baseball bat.

After the examinations, the candidate becomes an apprentice and later an assistant, rowing with his father or with a relative. He remains an assistant gondolier until he gets a license from the City Council, which means that he must wait for another gondolier to die. There are assistant gondoliers who have been rowing for six or seven years. The union is tough and the City Council is trying to cut down on the number of licenses.

Arturo Cucchiero suggested he row me to see the president of the gondoliers' union. He stepped into his gondola and helped me to get in, extending his left forearm and holding my arm with his right hand. We left the Grand Canal and turned into the small back-alleys where the water smelled of refuse rather than romance. The houses had a neglected, defeated look; their walls were dirty and the windows were covered with soot. But Arturo was a fine sight to behold as he stood negligently leaning against his oar, ducking his head when we passed under a bridge, turning past corners, almost (but never quite) touching them with his gondola. Before rounding a corner, he would emit a hoarse cry, shouting *"premi"* when the boat would turn to the left, *"stae"* when it was about to go to the right.

Twice we met squat, ugly barges loaded with sacks and vegetables. They gave Arturo a chance to start a noisy argument with the boatmen. The gondoliers are a class-conscious folk and look down upon the men who handle freight. During the occupation, the Germans committed the mistake of forcing the gondoliers to row freight, food and coal. The gondoliers have never forgiven them for the "desecration" of their gondolas.

After the Liberation, when everybody made merry, a few shady characters began to take around unattached ladies in rowboats. When they saw Allied soldiers, they would shout "Gondola!" and offer the boat and its passenger. The gondoliers had no qualms about the lady passengers, but they resented an ordinary rowboat being called "gondola." They beat up the boatmen, the "gondola" cries stopped and the dignity of the gondola was saved.

A Melodramatic Union Chief

The president of the gondoliers' union, Commendatore Giuseppe dell' Oro, whom we had come to see, had his office on the second floor of the Palazzo Bembo, near the Rialto Bridge. He was a pint-sized man with short legs, but he rose to melodramatic heights as he talked about the gondola.

"Venezia no piu Venezia!" (Venice is no longer Venice) he shouted. "Every city has automobiles, but only Venice has that unique combination of motion and perfect rest, the gondola. Even neurotics have found enchantment in this last refuge. Now the refuge is quickly vanishing. Do you know that there have been attempts inside the City Council to abolish the gondola? Fortunately, we have friends there who will help us to preserve the gondola. I have suggested to them that the Grand Canal be closed to all traffic but gondolas. Let the others circumnavigate the suburbs. I have also suggested that the *motoscafi* mute the noise of their exhaust pipes. It is worse than—than—Chicago. I know. I have a cousin there. Compare the ugly noise with the oar of the gondola! It makes no crackling sound. Yes, the gondola must be helped, because it belongs to Venice and Venice belongs to the world."

He stared at us, making a pause for dramatic effect and said, "Let the Marshall Plan help the gondola."

"The Marshall Plan?" I asked, surprised.

"Billions of lire have been allotted to help Italy's tourism. Why not give part of the money to the gondoliers' union, which will preserve the gondola? Arturo, we must invite a committee from America for free gondola rides. That's it. Then we'll get help from the Marshall Plan."

In the old prewar days, the Germans were the best customers and most generous tippers. They had insatiable appetites for museums, *palazzi*, galleries and churches. They would hire a gondolier for a whole week, setting up elaborate programs to follow. Today the Americans, French, Swiss and English give the best tips, but there are few people who want to hire a gondolier at 5,000 lire ($8) per day.

Arturo rowed me back to *traghetto* 12 and went into the pavilion. While I stood watching the Grand Canal, the doorman from the Gritti Hotel called for a gondola. The number of Vittorio, the baritone, was up. He rowed over and a tourist couple got in. The man was getting flabby and bald. The woman wore a silly hat which didn't help to make her look younger.

"I don't trust this thing," said the woman, looking around uneasily. "We should have taken one of those motorboats."

"I don't care any more," her husband groaned. "I'm tired. I wish I were back home."

They left. Arturo Cucchiero joined me. His eyes lighted up as he saw the couple in the gondola. "What a divine sight," he said. "Do you understand now why people become romantic at the very thought of a gondola?"

THE END

some sweltering summer day

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Allie's Birthday

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

it felt good on her feet. When she finished she put on her shoes, picked up her brief case, and went along down the road. Working on this Fish Cape land made her feel like she belonged to it.

Quite a few people were about in the town and they all answered her "good morning." They didn't mind what color your skin was in this country. High up in the elms the robins were singing; and cats were stretching and dogs were sniffing posts —all glad for the morning to be here. Beyond the town she stood shielding her eyes from the sun and looked off at the water shining like it was the light of heaven on it. The sand hills they called "dooms" were pink against the water. She'd go that way and maybe get a nap beside a doom. A dog ran after her and smelled the chicken leg in her pocket so she gave it to him.

ALL the time it was getting prettier and prettier. There was a little pond with ducks, and a branch running into it. The water gurgled where it ran under the road and she kneeled down and got a drink. There was a willow tree, all long golden hair blowing, and a barn that used to be red, and a horse and a colt. The colt came to the wall and smelled her fingers and then he kicked up his heels and ran. She laughed and laughed and kept calling to him and talking like he was a real feller. When she turned around there was a car in the road, a high old-fashioned car with a man in it.

They both said "good morning" and he asked her if she was going that way. She said she didn't know. That way, this way, any way.

"Maybe you ride," he said, so she got in. He had white hair, not very curly, and a white beard. "You a colored fellow?" she asked him.

"Sure, but I part Portugee," he said. They drove on and finally he said, "Nice day."

She said it was and it was her birthday and she was out to have a time of it.

He said he was out to have a time of it too but it wasn't his birthday. He was out seeing all the places he liked best because it was the last time he would see them.

"You goin' to die?" she asked him.

He said no, he was a very healthy man, strong as he ever was, but she may have noticed he had only one eye and the sight of that one was going fast. They told him he couldn't drive his car any more so he was looking around at things he'd want to remember after he was blind. It would be good to have someone come along, he said; showing things to someone else would make him remember them better.

She asked him how he was going to work if he was blind and he said he thought he'd be able to work about his place—he'd lived there so long he'd know his way—but he wasn't sure if he could go out in his boat and he didn't know about his chickens. He'd put by enough money to live on.

She hadn't half finished thinking about all that before he went on. He'd thought some of going to Provincetown today but he decided it wasn't safe with all the cars; it was better to stick to back roads. He'd been a fisherman out of Provincetown for thirty-five years and he'd had his own smack for ten. Lucky Lady. He'd had some good times and some bad times and he had plenty to talk about if he had someone to listen. His name was Captain Florian Gonzales. It was the fanciest name she'd ever heard. Miss Lilly's husband was Captain but just Captain Hill.

He drove to the beach and they got out. He showed her beach plum growing right out of the sand, the blossoms sticking up like they were stretching their necks to get clear of it. He told her the ghosty bushes were shadbush. The two walked along the beach where the sand was hard and scalloped like a petticoat. He'd squint out into the water and he'd point out which way a town lay, or an island or a point, naming places as though he were telling himself to make him remember.

Little skinny-legged birds ran ahead of them, looking this way and that, all worried as though they'd lost something. He said he was sure he couldn't forget the look of sandpipers, or gulls, or the coots or the quonks that go over at dusk, although you don't see those so plain with two good eyes. Just a "quonk," and a streak of light in the evening sky. He was thankful he wasn't going to be deaf; he didn't think he could stand it not to hear the noises of the Cape, or to smell its smells.

They sat on a big old piece of hull and he told her some of the places he'd been—to South America, even, but he'd never been to New York. She told him not to fret himself over that, he hadn't missed so much, she hoped she never had to go back. He said there were so many places he had to see today they'd better move on.

He turned off the main road into just sandy tracks through the woods, the car bumping up over roots and slipping this way and that. He said you'd think with so much water all around, Cape folks wouldn't care so much about lakes, but they do. Maybe they seem more friendly, the seas sometimes doing cruel things. And when you can look across the water and see the other side you don't get restless to be off. The road ended on a beach and there was the lake, quiet as sleep. A loon flew low over the water; he saw it as quick as she did. On the way out he stopped to show her arbutus growing in the woods, little pink flowers smelling so good you could stay there all day sniffing it in. The sun was hot on the pines and the mucky leaves. You wouldn't think woods could be so sweet, like good cooking in a kitchen.

There was a pond by the road, and a waterfall. "You come see this," he said. "In May," he said, "the herring come back in from the sea, swimming back up the brooks." She stood watching, not believing; the crazy fish were swimming against that rushing water, leaping back up the stones and trying to jump back up the waterfall, back into the pond. They leaped up as though they were green grasshoppers, throwing themselves into the air and landing on the grass and stones, flopping down, gaping and bugging their eyes. She went down onto her knees and started throwing the herring up into the pond, faster and faster. Then she tried scooping them out of the water and up into the pond, calling to him to help. But it was no use—they kept coming and coming.

"What ails them?" she asked him. "Why they try to do what no one could?"

"They go up to the pond to spawn."

"Spawn? What's spawn?"

"Lay eggs."

What did he take her for to believe that? "Yes, ma'am," he kept saying. "Yes, ma'am. That's what they're after."

It was lucky hens didn't act so silly, she said. You'd be lucky to get a single egg whole if hens took it into their head to go leaping and kicking and thrashing around every time they wanted to lay an egg.

BACK and forth they went across the Cape to this place and to that. He'd drive along for miles to see a lighthouse, take a good look at it and turn around, content to go on his way. They went to little coves where the shores were piled deep with oyster shells and looked at men mending nets and then went on to some other place. They watched the tide rushing in one place, and then he pulled out his watch and said, "Now she's changing." Sure enough, while they watched, it began to go out, right back where it came from, the water all green as grass. Tides, he said, were as strange as fish swimming uphill.

As they drove along he was wondering how he'd like living alone after he couldn't see. He said he had a nephew in Provincetown and this nephew, Jo, asked why he didn't come up there and live with him, but Jo's wife was a sharp-tongued woman and she had a daughter that wasn't as good as she ought to be.

"Where's *your* wife?" she asked him.

"I vote regularly, pay my taxes, take an interest in public affairs, and what good does it do me? They draft my boyfriends, anyway!"

COLLIER'S — KATE OSANN

He said he never had one. He'd liked living alone until now but maybe it would have been a good thing if he had married, seeing what was ahead for him. A wife might be good company, provided she kept things clean and didn't take up scolding and lived easy, laughing when she felt like it and sometimes singing at her work.

She giggled at that and said she never had trouble finding things to laugh at.

"So I seen. She ought not to use too much grease in her cooking and she ought not to skimp on food. But I could do the cooking," he added.

"I wouldn't let no man cook if I was about and had my health."

"You make good chowder?" he asked her. "You make a clam pie and Injun pudding?"

She said she guessed she did. She could make sweet potato pie and pecan pie and corn pudding, and about anything anyone wanted.

"You want to come see my place now? See how you like it?"

Why not? She'd seen everything else on this Cape. It seemed as though they'd been voyaging around for a week of Sundays.

At the store, when he went in to do some shopping, the men on the porch said, "Hiyar, Captain. See you're still making out."

"Haven't run aground yet," he said. She hadn't thought until she saw him walking into the store what a little man he was, so neat and spry like a boy. "You like some tonic?" he called out to her from the door.

"Who, me? No, I feel fine."

"Like a candy bar?"

"Sure enough." She could always eat a candy bar.

"What you laughing at?" he asked when he came out.

"At me in a car eating candy like a kid." He had bought ham and eggs and a can of sweet potatoes, seeing she was from the South, and a cake. Boughten cake! He should save his money, she told him.

They turned down a twisting road. It went into a grove and out again and it wound all around the marshes. Then he said, "Here we be," and turned into a drive. They stopped in a yard in front of a house. "Like it?" he asked her right away.

IT WAS a small yellow house with a porch on two sides. There were chairs on the porch with red cushions; there were five fruit trees with the trunks painted white; there was a shed and a henhouse and a chicken yard and little baby chicks in a coop. A dog came down the steps to meet them and a cat rose from a chair and stretched. There was a hammock out by the outhouse and a clothes line around four poles with a clean dish towel hanging up to dry. The paths were all ground-up clamshells, white as snow, and everything was painted up clean and shining like the Lord Jesus was coming to call.

She followed him up the path to the porch and he walked her around the side and there was a little dock with a boat tied to it and water lapping against the shore. "Catch fish sittin' right there," he said. "Porgies, herring, snapper, blues . . ."

The kitchen was like it was waiting, the teakettle back on the stove but humming softly, the table with a red cloth, the clock ticking. The cat had come and rubbed against Allie as though she knew her.

"You come see my parlor," he said, proud like a woman. The parlor had wallpaper and a carpet with flowers and a vase with dried grass, and four rocking chairs facing four ways.

"Like it?" he asked.

Did she like it? She'd be crazy in the head if she didn't.

He made her sit while he cooked the dinner, doing everything nice like a woman. She watched him, rocking, easing her feet.

"Don't often have comp'ny," he said, his

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The law of the LITTLE HAND

Every little guy knows this law by heart.
You learn it when you get to be about 4.
There's a smiling clerk at a candy counter.
There's a little guy. His nose is pressed against glass. His eyes are eager, shining... slowly choosing. Suddenly, his chubby little hand points...
To see it work does something warm and good to you deep down inside.
It is the *law of the little hand.*

• • •

Now this is a law, so simple they don't talk much about it.
They never wrote it in the Constitution. Too unimportant—*perhaps.*
You see, it's only the right *to buy whatever brand name you want. To choose the best for the money.*
At first you choose among candy bars... comic books... or bubble gums. When you get older, it's brands of soup and soap... hair tonics and hand lotions... washing machines and motor cars.
Eventually you learn that *brand names* bring you the better and better products. You can trust them. They are guaranteed good.
By the *law of the little hand.*

• • •

The *brand name* means that the maker believes in *the law of the little hand*... the customer's freedom of choice... and free competition among manufacturers to give you better and better goods at lower prices.
Backed by the law of the little hand, brand names build strong companies and factories to make the U. S. A. prosperous in peace ... and stronger in war.
Every time you buy the brand names... such as the many products advertised in this magazine... you assure yourself of the best value for the money. You help build the strength of the U. S. A.
That is *the law of the little hand.*

Whenever you buy—
demand the brand you want

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nose wrinkling up when he smiled and his eyes all puckers. He was a nice-looking old man. He found a candle and pushed a nail into it and then stuck the nail into the cake. He'd figured it out for a birthday cake, the first she'd ever had. "You have to make a wish," he said. She'd never had a wish but for a room of her own and that had come true. She told him so.

"What about a house of your own?" he said.

"Me? Where'd I get a house?"

"This one. You come here to live it would be your house."

How could she live here when she lived with Miss Letty? She'd told him she lived with Miss Letty.

"No reason why your missus couldn't get someone else. No reason why you can't leave. You'd like it here—your own home."

One idea at a time was all she could handle—him telling her to leave Miss Letty! "What'd I do without Miss Letty?"

"You come here," he repeated patiently.

"All summer?"

"All the time. Long as you live. That's the way it is when you get married."

She tried to fix her mind on what he was saying, but she could only think how her bones rested in that old chair, how nice it was watching the hens scratching in the dirt. She picked up the dishes and washed them at the soapstone sink; she rinsed out the towel and hung it over the stove and she wiped the dishpan round and round. Then she crumpled up a newspaper and wiped the spatters off the top of the stove and threw the paper on the coals. Then she sat down. When you wash dishes in a place you live there a little.

THROUGH the open door you could smell the bay water; you could hear it lapping, and the boards on the dock creaking. The hens were worrying—*clk, clk, clk*—just like hens in the South. The cat jumped up into her lap and she rocked it. All the babies and cats she had rocked but never her own baby.

"You always keep it so nice?" she asked.

"I had to get it done while I could see what I was doing. It wasn't for a woman I fixed it."

Then she had an idea. "Why don't you get some other woman?"

He nodded. "There's plenty of women," he said. "Provincetown—Mashpee. I've got no time to be looking and if I look I don't think I find anyone so good."

She heard that as neither flattery nor praise, just a cause for perplexity. They sat there quiet and it was like time you'd stolen from heaven. Nobody after you, nothing you had to do, sun through the window, cat warm in your lap. Then he stood up. "We better get along; it gets dark early when you only have one eye."

"Don't suppose you can drive a car," he said as they went down the road.

"Who, me?" She giggled at such an idea. "I drove a horse once, taking the young ones out." She didn't know whether it was Miss Letty she had driven or Miss Letty's children. "I slapped the reins and made that old horse skedaddle."

The light was pretty on the water; the grasses were bending with the wind. Beside the road a flock of red-winged blackbirds rose singing. He turned his head and he squinted his good eye. "I thought I heard blackbirds," he said, looking right at them.

She looked at them and then at him. "I don't see none," she said. But he couldn't be fooled long. He'd hear something right in front of him and not see it; he'd hold his hands up to his face and not see them, and then he'd be all alone in the dark.

MISS LETTY was hopping mad, madder than Allie had thought she'd be. She happened to sleep late and when she got down, the men had left eggs boiling while they shaved and they'd boiled dry and exploded and the garbage was full of toast they'd burned—and where in the world had Allie hidden the butter? The day had been a nightmare. And the kitchen looked it.

"Go change your clothes," Miss Letty said. "I never knew you to be so inconsiderate. You know I said *after* breakfast. How could you do such a thing?"

"M'birthday," Allie said, head hanging.

"It isn't your birthday at all. They were just fooling you. A pretty silly joke with all the trouble it caused. Miss Joan has come and she wants you to go back to New York with her: the children have the measles. Miss Nancibelle and I will be here alone; we can manage for a week or two. Now go change your clothes."

She climbed the stairs, muttering. They didn't like her to talk to herself, but when you're bothered how do you know if it's thinking or talking? "I ain't goin' back to New York. Not to Miss Joan's place, no bigger than a doghouse, and parties so late and the children sick and cross."

She sat on the bed, looking down at her dress covered with spots from the fish and the water. She wished she'd never had a birthday. Miss Letty had said once that birthdays make you feel old, and she guessed they must. Then she remembered she hadn't had one, it had all been a joke, they'd been fooling her. *Ha ha ha, Allie thought she had a birthday like we do. Allie went traipsing off all dressed up. Having a birthday, old Allie having a birthday* . . . She could hear them laughing and laughing.

She had never minded laughs; they'd been like the pats you give a cat or the lip-smacking noises you make at a baby. There had been loving-kindness in them, but Mr. Martin had told her mean lies to make sport of her. Suddenly all their laughs seemed to come at her like a shower of

COLLIER'S

"The union fought for vacations with pay, but because of a stenographic error what we're getting is vaccinations"

AL KAUFMAN

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COLLIER'S

"Now I want to send out a few I-told-you-so telegrams"

HERB WILLIAMS

sticks and stones so that she ducked her head and crouched down.

Suppose she told them a man had asked her today to get married with him. For the first time she saw with their eyes and heard with their ears. Allie getting married! An old black woman, an old cook thinking to get married like Miss Joan and Miss Angie! Mr. Martin would tell it and tell it. They'd laugh and they'd shriek; they'd never stop. It was as though she and that poor blind fellow were running down the road, the laughs coming after them, nipping at their heels, snapping at them with teeth.

She got up. She'd never, never say a word about him. He'd given her a paper with his name on it. She'd burn it right up.

He couldn't come here because he couldn't drive any more and it was too far to walk. He'd be blind soon and then he couldn't go anywhere. She'd never see him any more—lucky thing.

"Allie," they called. "Hurry up."

Mr. Martin would ask what she did on her birthday. They'd tease to know where she went, expecting her to giggle and say something funny. She'd just keep her mouth shut and say nothing; she didn't know when she'd feel like laughing again. You have to feel all warm with that loving-kindness, like the percolator when the fire's under it and it bubbles and bubbles.

THEY came in to the table and sat down. Mr. Martin didn't ask her a thing. No one mentioned her birthday. Mr. Martin had been to Sandwich and he'd met an old sea captain down there. What a character! He was going to take him back to New York with him. He told every word the old man had said and how he'd said it, and they screeched with laughter. Allie came and went and no one noticed her; no one spoke her name or looked up. It was as though she were only a pair of hands putting on and taking off. . . .

After dinner Sunday she was sweeping the floor; the dishes were all washed, and she was tired enough to drop. They'd be after her any minute to pack up to go. She had muttered about not wanting to go back to that New York, and they'd said, "You don't know what you want. You like New York." They didn't know when she'd be back, they'd said; when she finished with Miss Joan, Miss Angie might want her. Why was she asking so many questions?

She sat on the edge of a chair, rocking back and forth and holding onto her back. "Oh, Lordy, Lordy . . ."

"Allie? Is that you, Allie?" She jumped up quick. There was the Portuguese man at the door.

"How'd you get here?" she asked. "You go quick. They're right out on that porch. Don't you come in. They'll hear us."

He pushed open the door and walked right in. He was all dressed up—blue coat, gold chain, white cap with a black visor.

"Look," he said. "Look out the window, Allie. See how I come." There in the drive was a yellow-wheeled buggy and an old white, flea-bitten horse. "I'm trying her out. She's kind of slow but we could get about. You said you could drive a horse."

She rolled her arms in her apron, looking out at the horse. He did that for her! A horse that went along slow, knowing his way so you could sit back seeing things—little birds hopping, little critters crawling; you dozing off even, nobody hurrying you.

"There's no use asking them," she said dully. "They wouldn't let me. You go home; you find someone else."

"It's a free country, Allie," he said. "You don't have to ask them if you can go. You decide what you want to do yourself."

She decide what to do! He might as well ask her to be a bird and fly. First Miss Letty's mother had told her what to do, and then Miss Letty, and then the girls grew up and they told her. They were her babies once, but they grew up. She just kept on being Allie, doing what they said, muttering sometimes, saying she wasn't going to, but of course she always did.

Suddenly a burst of laughter came from the porch. Mr. Martin was telling stories again. Had Mr. Martin come around the house and seen this old man drive in? Was that what he was joking about? She picked up the broom and her hands tightened on it. Making a joke of him because he was dressed like a white man? Maybe Mr. Martin had seen that one squinting eye and was doing it to his own face. Ha ha ha ha. Bursts of laughter came in the window—high, shrill, loud, deep. Everybody laugh, laugh, laugh. Maybe they'd guessed what the old man was here for. They'd be running out, full of questions and jokes and teasing.

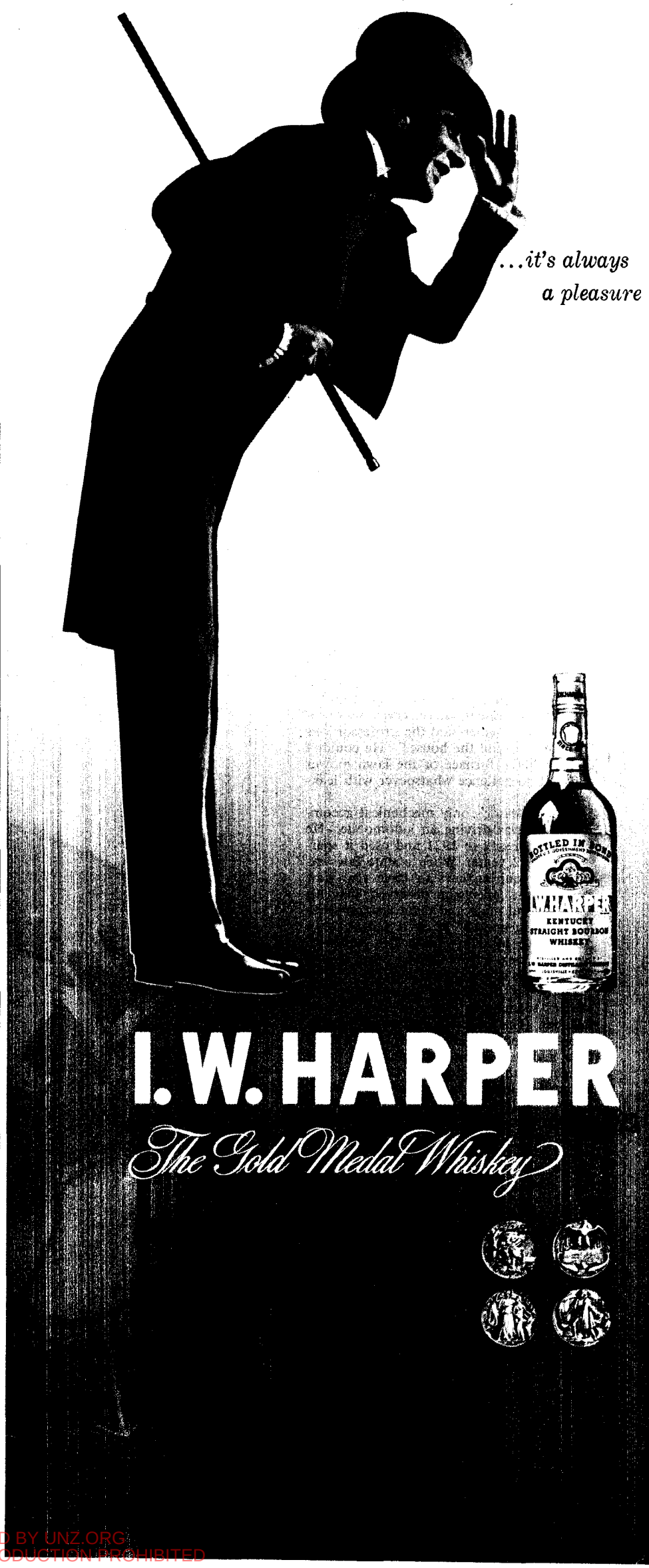
She stood between him and the laughs as though she would fight them off with her broom, smash at red jaws and bared teeth. Laugh at *her* if they wanted to, not him. "You go," she said. "I'll be right along."

HE WAS a slow old horse, all right. She slapped the reins and giddapped at him but he just kept putting one foot and then the other foot, his head hanging, his hoofs loud on the pavement. She had left a note saying that this time she wouldn't be back, but tomorrow, or some day after the company was gone, she'd come and tell Miss Letty all about it.

"Giddap there—you slower than cold molasses."

Their laughs rose on the clear Cape air, rose like a flight of birds, free to soar up and up and up.

THE END



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Miller's Million

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

were sound and would survive temporary financial setbacks.

During a classroom lecture in 1931, Professor Miller declared: "A country like this has to go ahead. We have recessions now and then, but we always come out of them bigger and better than ever."

Eventually, industry repaid Professor Miller's confidence with $40 for each $1 he invested. The story of Miller's million is really the story of one man's faith in the future of America.

When the startling news of Miller's $1,000,000 estate was first revealed, reporters surmised that the professor might have developed a successful mathematical "formula" for playing the stock market. However, this theory was quickly discounted by Miller's friends. They pointed out that Miller's chronic inability to put his immense mathematical knowledge to any practical use was always considered something of a joke in faculty circles.

"If there was a worse bridge player on the campus than Miller," Professor Townsend commented, "I never met him. Miller seemed to like the game well enough, but he simply couldn't bid. Before he was married, he stopped by our house quite often in the evenings. Occasionally he'd play five hundred with my ten-year-old daughter and she'd beat him every time."

Not Much as a Handy Man

Professor Miller and Miss Cassandra Boggs, of Champaign, were married in 1909. They went to Niagara Falls on their honeymoon, then moved into a six-family apartment building half a block from the campus, remaining there until shortly before the professor retired. At Mrs. Miller's insistence, they then moved into a small bungalow six blocks from the campus; but after two years, they had to go back to their old apartment where service was provided. Mrs. Miller said the professor was "hopeless around the house." He couldn't cope with the furnace or the lawn mower and had no patience whatsoever with leaking faucets.

The professor's only mechanical accomplishment was driving an automobile. He bought an Essex in 1921 and used it sparingly for 12 years. When a state law was enacted requiring cars to have rear-view mirrors, the professor observed that his machine had none and there was no sense in investing another $2 in a gadget for a conveyance he didn't need. He forthwith sold the Essex—which had less than 10,000 miles on the speedometer—for $75.

Until her death, two years ago, Mrs. Miller seemingly managed the family finances. The professor apparently had no interest in money. He seldom carried more than a dollar in small change and never bought anything except an occasional loaf of bread on his way home from the office.

Mrs. Miller shopped for the professor's clothes. He wore whatever she brought home without comment. Once in a great while, perhaps every four or five years, she would lure him downtown to buy a new suit. Clerks who waited on the professor recall he never paid more than $37.50 and always asked for "something dark."

The Millers never entertained. Occasionally, they would attend a faculty bridge, but always left promptly at nine thirty. The professor insisted on being in bed by ten, so that he could be up at six o'clock and to his office by seven fifteen. Visitors wondered how he ever got any work done in his cluttered cubbyhole on the third floor of the Mathematics Building.

Professor Henry Brahana, who occupied a nearby office, will never forget Miller's desk. "It was always piled so high with papers and books," Brahana told a friend recently, "that Miller couldn't work behind it. He always worked beside it—sitting on a wooden folding chair and scribbling on a tablet. When he'd become cramped, he'd get up and feed the squirrels who were always climbing around his window sill—the professor always kept a sack of buckeyes in the corner for the squirrels. And when he got tired, he'd put three folding chairs together and go to sleep on them, using a thick math book for a pillow."

Professor Miller disliked traveling. With the exception of two summer-school teaching assignments at the Universities of Chicago and California, he spent his entire 44 years at Illinois almost literally within sight of his office. From his bedroom window, he could look down Illinois Street and glimpse a corner of the Mathematics Building visible in the openings between Chemistry Hall and the Natural History Building.

Occasionally, the Millers would visit Danville overnight to call on Mrs. Miller's relatives, but they made only one extended vacation trip—a boat ride on the Ohio River. They were gone three days when Miller wrote to a friend on the campus complaining that the scenery was all right, but he wasn't getting any work done.

The professor believed a man should make every minute count. He was never known to attend a sports event or a movie. He had no interest in music and shunned radio except for one 15-minute news report in the evening after dinner. His reading was limited to scanning newspaper front pages. The complete works of Shakespeare were tucked away in the bookcase in his study—buried among some 500 mathematics texts—but the Bard's volumes were coated with dust and apparently had not been opened for years.

Walking was the professor's only recreation, although it is probable he would have described his daily strolls as exercise. He was a small man with a thatch of thinning white hair and he walked with a bowlegged limp, which was the result of an accident in his youth when a tree fell across his legs. Arms clasped behind his back, immersed in thoughts of his equations, he would hobble past his fellow professors and students without speaking. "I saw Papa Miller, but he didn't see me," was a common expression in the math department.

COLLIER'S "I know her to talk about, but that's all" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

He Rarely Flunked a Student

Despite his frugal and secluded way of life, the professor was well liked by the students. He seldom flunked anybody. When a new student entered his course in group theory, Professor Miller would give him 38 cents and order him to buy a textbook on group theory written by George A. Miller. In this way, the professor (who received a royalty of 38 cents on each text) avoided making money off his students.

Although the professor was frugal, his million-dollar estate could not be attributed to miserly habits. When his wife pledged $1,000 to Trinity Methodist Church, he paid off the sum in consistent small amounts. Despite his belief that all sports were time-wasters, he contributed $40 to a fund for buying overcoats in which the university band paraded at the football games. During the depression, he contributed at least $50 a year to the Community Fund. His estate listed $1,500 in bad debts, and it is believed he was a soft touch for students who were in financial difficulties. Once, learning that relatives in Kansas had incurred heavy medical bills, the professor sent them $400 as an outright gift.

Beyond the satisfying of simple wants for food, clothes and shelter, Professor Miller had no real use for money. "All he was interested in," Professor Brahana remarked recently, "was mathematics—and money can't buy equations."

However, the ingrained thriftiness of his Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry conditioned Miller against letting his money lie idle in a bank. From approximately 1915 until his death, he invested his savings in bonds and stocks.

Contrary to popular opinion, Professor Miller was not, on his own independent judgment, always a shrewd investor. Indeed, there is evidence that as a young man he was something of an easy mark for a salesman with a good story and a speculative venture. At his death, his portfolio still contained 14,000 shares of worthless common stock in gold-mining properties purchased in the 1920s, plus another $10,000 worth of defaulted European and Central American bonds. These represented his earlier experiments in the art of investment; he made very few mistakes after he began concentrating on the subject following his retirement from his educational activities in 1932.

It is doubtful whether Miller ever discussed his investments with his campus friends or even his wife. However, the late Professor W. E. Burge learned of Miller's speculations indirectly and was amazed by his mathematically exact colleague's fondness for experimenting in risky stocks and bonds during the early 1920s.

One afternoon in the spring of 1926, Burge was talking to a young Champaign security salesman named A. Burkey Gwinn when Miller hobbled past them toward the back door of the Mathematics Building.

Burge nudged Gwinn. "See that fellow? You ought to talk to him."

That chance encounter set off a chain of financial circumstances which ultimately made Miller a millionaire. Gwinn, who had been graduated from Illinois the year before, followed up Burge's tip and sold Miller a $500 bond.

"I can't even remember what it was," Gwinn confessed recently, "but the professor asked me to call again."

Early Ventures in Finance

That was Miller's introduction to Gwinn, who became his closest friend and chief financial agent. During the late 1920s the professor made only small purchases, never spending more than $500 at any one time. It was Gwinn's impression that Miller was then investing his savings from salary and reinvesting occasional dividends.

When Miller retired in 1932, Gwinn (who had become the Champaign manager of the First Securities Company of Chicago) estimated his net worth at approximately $25,000. This estimate was confirmed recently by Byron E. Boswell, vice-president of W. C. Gibson & Company of Chicago. Boswell, like Gwinn a security salesman, was working the eastern Illinois territory in the late 1920s. He met Miller during the summer of 1930 and became the second member of the financial triumvirate which was to help the sixty-seven-year-old professor run $25,000 into $1,000,000 in less than 20 years. From 1935 on, Gwinn collaborated with Mr. H. D. MacFarlane, vice-president of First Securities Company of Chicago.

A study of the financial records kept by First Securities Company refutes the understandable but mistaken assumption that Papa Miller made his million during a lifetime of consistently successful speculation in common stocks. Amazingly enough, the fact is that Papa Miller made his million *after* he retired at sixty-five.

How did the professor do it?

That question has haunted Gwinn, a short, plump and balding man now in his late forties, ever since Miller's will was

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probated. "People ask me about it 40 times a day," Gwinn commented during a recent interview in his office over a Champaign furniture store. "I can't give them a quick answer because it's a complicated story and you've got to know a little bit about stocks and bonds to understand it. You know anything about stocks and bonds?"

"Not very much," the reporter admitted.

ABCs of Stocks and Bonds

"Well," Gwinn sighed and paused to polish his rimless glasses, "let's start off talking about bonds—say a bond issue to assist in financing the construction of a $4,000,000 building. Instead of borrowing the $4,000,000 from a bank, the builders offer 4,000 bonds for sale at $1,000 each—the $1,000 being the face value of the bonds. By selling the 4,000 bonds to individual investors, the builders accumulate the $4,000,000 they need. In return, they contract to pay 4 per cent interest annually and retire the bonds after 20 years. That is, if you were to buy such a $1,000 bond today, you'd receive $40 a year interest for the next 20 years and finally in 1971 you'd be repaid your original $1,000."

"What would happen," the reporter asked, "if I needed my $1,000 for some reason and tried to sell the bond after holding it for only four or five years?"

"You could sell it," Gwinn said, "but you'd have to accept the market price—whatever a buyer was willing to pay at the time, according to its attractiveness as an investment.

"For example," Gwinn went on, "Miller was able to buy the $1,000 bonds of the American Furniture Mart of Chicago for $500 during the depression. He bought 25 of the Mart bonds for $12,500."

While Gwinn was locating his file on Miller's Furniture Mart earnings, the reporter asked another question. "Why were some people so anxious to sell their $1,000 Furniture Mart bonds for $500 during the depression?"

"In some cases," Gwinn said, "they needed the money to pay bills—to live on. In other cases, it was simply a matter of judgment. The Mart's rentals were way off because of the bad times. For two or three years, the Mart couldn't even pay the interest on its bonds. Some people figured it was a 'white elephant' and tried to salvage as much of their original $1,000 investment as possible."

"Then what made Miller buy when so many people seemed anxious to sell?" the reporter asked.

"Again," Gwinn said, "it was a matter of judgment. To the professor, the Mart seemed like an excellent long-range investment opportunity. For one thing, the Wrigleys had become interested in the property—and that ensured skillful future management. Also, the idea of a central one-building furniture mart—which would eliminate the necessity of buyers taxiing all over Chicago to place their orders—was basically sound. When times improved, it appeared certain the Mart would become fully tenanted. Another thing, the Mart was located close to the downtown area and within a block of a proposed lake-front highway. Strictly from a real-estate viewpoint, the Mart was certain to increase in value when the highway went in."

Gwinn had Miller's file open now. "After Miller bought those 25 Mart bonds for $500 each in 1935, the Mart's situation gradually improved—and the market price of the bonds also improved. In 1938, when the bonds were up to $800 each, Miller sold out for a net profit of $7,500. He then reinvested that $7,500, plus another $22,000 in the purchase of 1,200 shares of American Furniture Mart preferred stock."

"Why," the reporter broke in, "did Miller shift from Furniture Mart bonds to Furniture Mart preferred stock?"

"Well," Gwinn said, "look at it this way. Each bond represented an obligation on the part of the Furniture Mart to pay Miller $1,000 at some future date for the bonds he bought at $500. By selling at $800, Miller took a profit of $300 per bond, and apparently sacrificed a future profit of another $200 per bond—assuming the Mart would continue to prosper and eventually would be in a position to redeem its bonds at their $1,000 face value. In any event, Miller's total profit was limited by that $1,000 face value. Under the best conditions, he couldn't make more than $500 per bond—or $12,500 on the 25 bonds.

"But"—Gwinn's forefinger jabbed a column of stock quotations—"Miller removed this limitation on his possible profits by shifting his money into stocks. When you buy shares of stock, you become a part of a business. You may own a very small part—perhaps one-thousandth or one-ten-thousandth—but your tiny part increases in value as the business grows. If, for instance, the value of the Mart as a business property should triple or quadruple—as he had reason to expect—then the value of Miller's stock could quadruple. His $12,500 worth of stock could become $60,000, whereas the $12,500 he invested in bonds could never have exceeded their total face value of $25,000.

"Getting down to specific figures," Gwinn continued, "Miller bought 1,200 shares of Furniture Mart preferred for approximately $30,000 between 1938 and 1940. As you probably know, all stocks fluctuate from day to day, depending on various business conditions. In the case of Furniture Mart, the same conditions which had undermined public confidence in the Mart's bonds had also driven the price of the Mart's stocks down to a point where we felt they were definitely undervalued and an excellent buy."

"At what price," the reporter asked, "did Professor Miller buy into Furniture Mart preferred?"

"The price varied," Gwinn said. "He bought most of it under $25 a share, and continued to pick up shares until the price hit $35. His average price was $25. At the same time, he was buying the Furniture Mart's common stock at prices ranging from 40 cents to $2 a share."

"I suppose," the reporter said, "preferred stock costs more than common stock because whenever a company makes a profit and declares a dividend, the preferred stockholders are paid first. Then the common stockholders take what's left—if anything."

"That's the rough idea," Gwinn said.

"Well, what happened to Miller's Mart stocks?"

"They went up," Gwinn said. "As business improved in the early 1940s, the Mart's financial position also improved. In 1948, Miller finally was able to sell his 1,200 shares of preferred—which he'd bought at approximately $25 a share—for $103.50 a share. That netted him about $90,000. Meanwhile, he continued to buy Furniture Mart common—which he'd started on at 40 cents a share—until it passed $7.50 a share. His average buying price for the common was about $3 a share. At his death, he owned 12,657 shares of Furniture Mart common valued at $160,000.

"Summing up"—Gwinn consulted some figures on a scratch pad—"Professor Miller's $12,500 investment in Mart bonds yielded a $7,500 profit. His $30,000 invested in preferred stock yielded a $90,000 profit—and his investment of approximately $36,000 in common stock yielded approximately $120,000. Rather, it will yield approximately that much when his estate is settled. So, Miller invested about $78,000 over a period of 16 years and realized a profit of approximately $212,000."

"I can understand it about your kitchen, Edith—but to say you can't stand having anyone in your backyard while you're preparing dinner . . ."

COLLIER'S — JEFF KEATE

Wise Money Goes into Lumber

Miller followed the Furniture Mart investment pattern with equally spectacular results in his dealings with the Pickering Lumber Corporation of Kansas City. During the depression, Pickering $1,000 bonds fell as low as $90. But the professor's study revealed that Pickering had two promising assets: sound management, plus ownership of one of the few large stands of premium sugar pine (some 17,000 acres) in the United States.

Miller purchased 25 Pickering bonds in 1935-'36 at prices of $90 to $150 per $1,000 bond. Miller sold these Pickerings in 1937 at $380 to $400 per bond, just before the market suffered a slight recession, during which the bonds dropped back to $200.

Miller reinvested his approximately $7,000 profit from the bond sales in 400 shares of Pickering preferred stock at $15 to $20 a share. He held the preferred until the summer of 1946, finally selling out at $135-140 a share for a profit of approximately $48,000, which was applied against the purchase of 5,600 shares of Pickering common stock. In 1949, Miller sold his 5,600 shares of common at $20 a share. Thus, Miller's transactions increased his original $3,000 investment in Pickering bonds in 1935-'36 to common stockholdings worth approximately $110,000 in 1949.

Boswell, the No. 2 man on Miller's investment team, discussed with the professor another special situation to which the investor was attracted in 1933. Southern Union Gas, a Texas utility then in financial straits, was paying part of its interest in scrip. Its $1,000 bonds were selling for about $200, but Miller was convinced that the company was a victim of the times and fundamentally sound.

To finance Southern Union purchases, Miller sold some foreign bonds he had bought five years before.

During 1933-'35, Professor Miller invested $10,035 in Southern Union, receiving bonds with a face value of $36,000. In 1936, Southern bonds started to climb. Between July, 1937, and October, 1941, Miller sold his Southern Union bonds at par ($1,000 each) and reinvested the $25,965 profit in Southern Union preferred stock. Over this four-year period, he accumulated 1,200 shares of preferred, ranging in price from a low of 14 to a high of 26½.

No Dividends on "Preferred"

During this same period, however, Southern Union was unable to pay dividends on its preferred stock. Finally, in 1943, Southern Union went through a reorganization and redeemed its preferred stock at par ($25 per share) with 6 per cent bonds and distributed common stock as payment for arrearages (unpaid dividends) on its preferred stock.

Miller came out of Southern's reorganization with $30,000 worth of bonds and 13,000 shares of common stock valued at $1 per share. Thus, his original $10,035 investment had grown to $43,000—and that was only the beginning.

During 1943-'46, Southern invested heavily in oil and gas properties. In 1946, Southern announced formation of its subsidiary Delhi Oil Corporation and granted Southern stockholders the option of buying Delhi common stock at $2.36 per share.

Miller borrowed against his Southern common and purchased 16,250 shares of Delhi common, which he finally sold in 1948-'49 at an average price of $16 per share for a net gain of approximately $220,000. The 13,000 shares of Southern common—currently valued at $250,000—were still in his portfolio when he died; and he sold his $30,000 in bonds at face value in 1944.

Consequently, by converting approximately $10,000 worth of dubious foreign bonds into Southern Union Gas bonds in 1933, Miller ultimately reaped a staggering $490,000 profit: $30,000 in bonds; $220,000 Delhi common; and $250,000 Southern common.

While this was going on, Miller also realized substantial long-term gains on investments in Chicago and North Western Railway bonds and Consolidated Dearborn Company of Chicago. However, he was also willing to turn a quick dollar when a choice speculative opportunity presented itself. For example, he bought 1,000 shares of United Printers and Publishers of Joliet, Illinois, at $2-4 per share and sold out within a year at $22-24 for a $20,000 profit. Between 1938 and 1949, United Printers ranged from a low of ½ to a high of 28½. Miller hit this stock right on the nose.

Similarly, during a reorganization, he purchased 4,500 shares of Franklin County Coal common at 22-37 cents per share and

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1. Probably the most famous story written in modern times for children is *Alice in Wonderland*. Can you name the little man shown above who was host at a mad tea party?
2. The knights of the Round Table represented the finest flower of chivalry in olden times. Can you name *three* of the most famous knights?
3. What is the answer to this riddle: "As I was going to St. Ives, I met a man with seven wives; Every wife had seven sacks, Every sack had seven kits: Kits, cats, sacks, and wives, How many were there going to St. Ives?"
4. Tom Sawyer had other plans for the day when he was told to whitewash the fence. How did he get the job done satisfactorily without exerting himself?
5. What was the name of the Spanish gentleman who read so many tales of chivalry that he decided to become a knight and seek bold adventure?
6. What great event happened at exactly 5:30 a.m. Mountain War Time, July 16, 1945, about 50 miles from Alcomogordo, New Mexico?
7. Who was Daniel Webster's opponent in the famous mortgage case?
8. What great sea battle was won under the general command of Don John that ended the Turkish naval threat in the Mediterranean?
9. Who was the first woman to fly the Atlantic?
10. What was the Gold Bug and whose buried treasure did it help William Legrand to locate?

ANSWERS: (1) Of course, he's the mad Hatter. (2) Sir Launcelot du Lac, Sir Gareth and Sir Galahad. (3) Only one (the person propounding the riddle was going to St. Ives). (4) As Tom began to whitewash the fence his friends came by and teased him about his having to work. He pretended it was fun. So artfully did he talk that they actually paid him for the privilege of whitewashing the fence. (5) Don Quixote. (6) The first atomic explosion occurred. (7) The Devil. (8) The Battle of Lepanto, fought October 7, 1571. (9) Amelia Earhart. (10) The Gold Bug was a beautiful beetle which helped him find Captain Kidd's treasure on a lonely island near Charleston, South Carolina.

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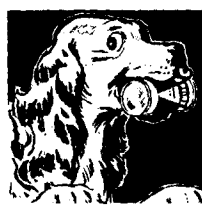

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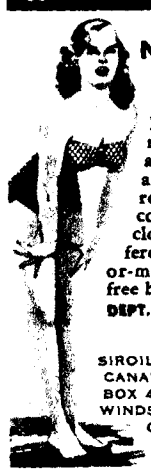

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sold at $4-5 for another rapid gain of $18,000.

Despite Miller's consistent success, Gwinn insists the professor had no magic investment formula. "He merely looked for good opportunities," Gwinn explains, "and he felt the best opportunities were in unlisted common stocks which appeared to be undervalued. He wanted stocks with 'growth' possibilities—something that might quadruple in value, like his Furniture Mart holdings. If the professor had been interested in 'dividend' stocks, he probably would have built up an estate of $150,000 instead of $1,000,000.

"Of course," Gwinn admits, "the professor was an unusual stock buyer in some ways. He wasn't a ticker-tape reader and he didn't bother with the daily stock averages in the newspapers. What's more, he didn't need dividends from the money he invested to live on. In fact, most of the companies he invested in during the middle 1930s—such as Southern Union Gas and Pickering—didn't pay any dividends for almost a decade. A situation like that would have bothered some investors, but not Miller. He had the patience of Job. When he thought he had something good, he held on for the long-term appreciation."

Miller made mistakes, too. "But," Gwinn recalls, "the professor didn't worry when a stock dipped. If he thought the stock would come back, he sat tight. However, when he was convinced that he'd made a mistake, he preferred to sell out at a loss and put the money into something else."

For example, Miller once bought 300 shares of a preferred oil stock at 48. The stock dropped to 20. Instead of holding on in hopes the oil stock would recover, Miller sold out, taking an $8,400 loss. Then he reinvested his salvaged $6,000 in 375 shares of a lumber company stock at 16. The lumber stock went to 30 and Miller sold at a profit of $5,250.

Admitting a Bad Guess

"That oil stock," Gwinn points out, "was simply a bad guess. It never did come back. If Miller had held on stubbornly hoping for a rebound to his 48 buying price—a practice followed by many investors—he would have kept $6,000 tied up indefinitely and his loss would have remained at $8,400. However, by recognizing the bad guess and accepting the loss, Miller was able to shift his remaining $6,000 into a more promising lumber opportunity. Eventually, the 'profit' from the switch to lumber reduced his over-all $8,400 oil loss to $3,150."

The bulk of Miller's million—approximately 80 per cent—was realized through investments in five companies: Southern Union Gas, Pickering Lumber, Furniture Mart of Chicago, Chicago and North Western Railway and Consolidated Dearborn of Chicago. However, his probated will revealed a diversified list of 60 stocks (mostly unlisted) and bonds, running the gamut from his largest holdings, 13,000 common shares of Southern Gas Union and 12,567 shares of American Furniture Mart common, to one share common of the American Planograph Company of West Virginia.

Miller believed that his wife would survive him. In discussing his will with Attorney Thomas in 1944, he remarked, "After I'm gone, of course, the entire income of the estate will go to my wife. She must never want for anything. Upon her death, I want everything to go to the university."

Professor Miller rejected as "immodest" Thomas' proposal that his gift to the university be used to set up a "George and Cassandra Miller Endowment Fund." He likewise declined to dictate any of the administrative provisions. He simply provided that the money should "be used by said University of Illinois for educational purposes in such manner as the Board of Trustees shall determine . . ."

After Mrs. Miller's death, the professor became a virtual recluse, seldom venturing more than two blocks from his apartment. Within this radius, he could satisfy all his simple needs. The back door of his apartment adjoined a small business center on South Goodwin Street which contained a pharmacy, barber shop, shoe repair shop, grocery and dry cleaner. The Mathematics Building and Student Union cafeteria were two blocks west of the apartment and Trinity Church was only a block to the south. Once every two weeks the professor would take a short bus ride to Gwinn's Champaign office to discuss business affairs.

Shortly after Mrs. Miller's death two years ago, the professor began to fail noticeably. He appeared lost in the apartment. Moreover, he disliked cooking and often went without dinner rather than walk to the cafeteria. In the fall of 1950, he rented half of the six-room apartment to a Chinese graduate student and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Tien-Un Lee for $40 a month. At that time, it was mistakenly assumed that the professor needed the money. Actually, he was lonely and needed companionship.

The Lees never suspected the professor was a millionaire. "Mr. Miller was up at six every morning," Mrs. Lee recalls. "He always fixed the same breakfast—a piece of toast and a bowl of hot cereal—and he was out of the kitchen by six forty-five. It almost seemed as though he was afraid that he would intrude on us, whereas he was really doing us a favor by letting us stay with him."

Late last January, Miller became too weak to get out of bed. He had been bothered by a severe cold which threatened to develop into pneumonia. Gwinn argued that Miller should go to a hospital—and the professor finally capitulated on February third. As he was being carried downstairs on a stretcher, one of the bearers slipped and Gwinn warned: "Careful! Don't drop him."

"That's all right, boys," Miller said. "If you do, you won't drop much."

This remark, and the professor's "I don't know how I'll ever pay for all this" comment at the hospital gave rise after his death to the theory that his memory had failed and he did not fully realize that he was a millionaire.

But Gwinn has a simple explanation for Miller's pretense of poverty. "The professor disliked hospitals intensely. He wanted to get out as soon as possible, and felt that people wouldn't be so insistent on his staying for a prolonged convalescence if they thought he couldn't afford it."

Gwinn also offers a logical solution to the riddle which has puzzled many persons who thought they knew Miller well. Why did the professor, who seldom spent any money and had no apparent need for money, devote the last 20 years of his life to the acquisition of a huge sum of money?

"To understand that," Gwinn says, "you've got to know something of the professor's early life. He came from a family of seven children. His father, who operated a small farm near Lynnville, Pennsylvania, seldom made more than $100 a year in cash. But the Millers were good managers. When they killed a steer, they ate the meat, then took the hide to the tanner and the cobbler, and the whole family had shoes. Thus, Miller learned the value of a dollar—early—and never forgot it. It was his philosophy that everything should be stretched to the limit, whether it was a steer's hide or a dollar bill."

Many Letters from Investors

Miller's entire holdings will be sold and the proceeds given to the University of Illinois within the next few months. Since the will was probated, Gwinn has received more than 100 letters from eager investors who have anywhere from $200 to $1,500 and would like to become millionaires as quickly as possible. Unfortunately, Gwinn does not feel that he can guarantee to produce the desired results.

"To duplicate what Professor Miller did," Gwinn points out, "you would have to be another Professor Miller. And you would have to get into the market at the depth of our most severe depression and hold on through the boom and inflation of a global war. Moreover, you would have to ignore dividends—live on a small portion of your income from salary—and wait patiently for the profit that would come from the gradual growth of your stocks over perhaps 20 years.

"But the basic opportunity is always there, of course. The impact of Professor Miller's story rests, I suppose, in the way it completely surprised people."

Surprised them?

In December, 1950, one of Professor Miller's former students, who is now a prosperous Chicago broker, was visiting the campus. He was walking with a friend near the Mathematics Building when Miller came slip-slapping along in his torn and tattered overshoes.

"Poor old fellow," the broker commented when Miller had passed, "he was always very nice to me. I'm going to send him a check for $100 when I get back to the office."

The broker did, too. Up until a few months ago, he couldn't understand why Miller never cashed it. THE END

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Hollywood's "Heavy" Heartthrob

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

/o careers, they have noted that, like elly, Douglas started on the wrong side f the tracks; that, like Kelly, he had a con-uming ambition; and that, like Kelly, he truggled to the top past numerous obstacles ınd reverses. Actually, all the facts add ıp to a different kind of story.

The son of Russian immigrants, Douglas has been driven all his life by an inexorable urge for self-improvement. Today, this is reflected less in his activities, which conform to familiar Hollywood patterns, than in his outlook. While he manages to temper egocentricity with geniality, he invariably looks at the world through Douglas-colored glasses. Little comes through that doesn't apply in some way to the Douglas career.

Cast in the Hollywood Mold

"He is the complete Hollywood actor," an acquaintance remarked, "in that if you're not talking about him, he isn't listening. He's incapable of participating in a conversation without shifting it around in the first five minutes to Kirk Douglas."

Douglas himself puts it this way: "Midge Kelly had a line: 'I'm not going to be a "hey-you" all my life—I want people to call me mister.' I've always felt the same way. I've always wanted to amount to something."

This absorption in his career gives Douglas an intensity that has been likened to that of a dormant volcano. Intervals between spells of acting turn him into the picture of thwarted energy. Between scenes of A Letter to Three Wives, he paced up and down so restlessly that the director, Joe Mankiewicz, finally told the property man to fetch a ball and chain to localize the actor momentarily.

Douglas' suppressed drive sometimes erupts in rocket-like flights of fancy which have urgent reality to him at the moment, but which vanish like a spent meteor. One day, on the way to meet a business associate for lunch, Douglas noticed a long line of children outside a movie theater. He was struck with the idea of making a film purely for juvenile audiences. By the time he got to his friend's office, the notion had captivated him so completely that lunch was deferred while he thought out loud, developing every detail of the project. His final flourish was the idea of ringing President Truman into the affair, and having the Chief Executive introduce the picture with a message to the youth of America. By the time he got to this, it was 5:00 P.M., and Douglas and his friend, still lunchless, had to adjourn to other appointments.

"And," the friend reported long afterward, "I've never heard another word about the project to this day."

Douglas' constant groping for a higher rung on the ladder is not surprising; it took him quite a while to get to his present relatively lofty position.

He was born Issur Danielovitch 34 years ago in Amsterdam, New York, son of an intermittent factory worker, junk dealer and fruit peddler. The elder Danielovitch had an itching foot that kept him away from home for long periods. Life was a constant economic hassel, and Kirk—the middle one of seven children (all the others were girls)—worked at odd jobs from the time he was old enough to run errands in the nearby carpet factories.

He still recalls with a glow his first encounter with the drama. His second-grade class put on a sketch in which Kirk played a shoemaker, to rousing applause from an audience of contemporaries.

"It was a nice feeling," he recalls even today.

His first taste of the legitimate theater, a high-school English class expedition to Albany, 30 miles away, to see Katharine Cornell in The Barretts of Wimpole Street, left such an indelible impression that a decade later, when he landed a job in a Cornell production on Broadway, he immediately identified a sofa as the one used in The Barretts at Albany.

By the time he was graduated from high school, he had Americanized his name to Isadore Demsky. Urged by his English teacher, Miss Louise Livingston, to continue his education, he clerked for a year in an Amsterdam department store to earn college tuition, and in the fall of 1935 hitchhiked to Canton, New York, 200 miles away, riding up to the St. Lawrence University campus on a truckload of fertilizer.

The job of the editors of the college paper, The Hill News, in that epoch was somewhat simplified by the fact that so many of their stories concerned the activities of Isadore Demsky. He was a campus Romeo, a star wrestler, vice-president of the German Club, the first nonfraternity man in campus memory to become president of the student body, and president of the Middle Atlantic Region of the National Student Federation. More significantly, he was president of the Mummers, the dramatic group, continuing from high school a career of locally sensational performances in everything from The Goose Hangs High to Death Takes a Holiday.

On graduation, in debt for some of his college expenses and wearing a friend's hand-me-down overcoat that flapped around his ankles—"I pretended I wore it just because I was a character"—Douglas entered the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York City. The first year he earned his room and board coaching dramatics at the Greenwich House settlement. The second year he worked nights at Schrafft's at Eighty-second Street and Broadway. Among his Academy contemporaries, and faithful Schrafft's customers, were two girls named Diana Dill and Lauren Bacall.

During vacations, he worked in summer theaters at Speculator, New York, and Nuangola, Pennsylvania, and in 1941 made his debut as a singing Western Union messenger in Grace George's Spring Again. He had worked up to assistant stage manager, supernumerary and understudy in Miss Cornell's Three Sisters when he went into the Navy.

One night at the Navy midshipmen's school at Notre Dame University he picked up a magazine and noticed on the cover a picture of his old school friend, Diana Dill. The daughter of the late Colonel Thomas Dill, one-time attorney general of Bermuda, she was modeling and doing wartime medical work in New York. Kirk wrote her and on an early trip east looked her up.

They were married in New Orleans in 1943, just as he was assigned as communications officer on sub chaser 1139. Subsequently, the craft nearly blew itself up with a depth charge off the Galapagos. Douglas was hurled against a stanchion so hard he spent five months in the hospital at San Diego, California, recovering from internal injuries.

Discharged in 1944, and back on Broadway, he played in Kiss and Tell, Alice in Arms, Trio and The Wind Is Ninety. He was doing well enough so that he could afford to turn down a Hollywood offer from Hal Wallis, the producer, to whom he had been touted by his old classmate, Miss Bacall. Then one day he found himself with no work, a second child en route and an overdraft at the bank. He telephoned Wallis, who happened to be casting The Strange Love of Martha Ivers. The next day he was on his way to Hollywood.

After making Martha Ivers, Douglas appeared in six pictures. His personal stock rose fast, and for his eighth role, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer offered him a leading part opposite Ava Gardner in The Great Sinner. Douglas, although extremely careful about money, has always been even more interested in advancement; he turned down this offer to gamble on a highly speculative picture being made by an obscure independent unit—making the move without even looking at the final script, simply because he was intrigued by the story outline and by a chance to star.

The picture was, of course, Champion. Made in 23 days for a very modest $567,000, it has now grossed five times that. Between his salary and a 5 per cent share in the profits, the flier has earned Douglas over $100,000, in addition to making him famous.

In many respects, Kirk's decision to risk his future on Champion was an uncharacteristic one. He doesn't get much pleasure out of gambling, belonging to the school of people who dwell on all the things they might have done with the money they've lost. On one trip to Las Vegas, although he put a $2 ceiling on his bets, he managed to lose $100 in an evening. Conscience-stricken at squandering so much, he kept the friend he was with awake all night, pacing the floor. Finally, at dawn, he salved his conscience by sitting down and writing out a check for $100 which he mailed to one of his sisters.

Champion projected Douglas from relative obscurity to first-rank stardom. His remuneration, which had started at $10,000 a picture on The Strange Love of Martha Ivers, jumped to $75,000 a picture. Now it is $150,000. His income runs around $300,000 a year.

"But I feel like I'm being libeled every time somebody says I make that much," he observes ruefully. "What actually happened is that I've turned from just a guy making a salary into a sort of Big Business."

More than half his income goes to taxes. From the remainder, slices go to his agent, his business manager, his press agent and a secretary. With the $30,000 or so he has left, he supports a number of relatives—and two households.

Just after he clicked in the Champion, Douglas and his wife separated. Their divorce became final last February, and she lives in New York with their two children, Michael, six, and Joel, four. When the marriage broke up, some Hollywood side-liners, in the usual effort to associate Douglas with the role he played in Champion, suggested he was emulating Midge Kelly's theories of the expendability of womanhood. This Kirk brands as "malarkey."

"Our marriage was coming apart at the seams long before Champion," he says.

Wife Wanted a Career, Too

Diana, six years younger than Kirk, was pursuing a career of her own. She has appeared in a number of films and also on television.

"Basically," Douglas says, "I'm opposed to career women as wives. I have to be the benevolent despot around the house. But I think Diana really has talent, and I can understand her need to express it."

Diana has indicated general concurrence with this, observing: "It's too hard on a man who wants to be the breadwinner to find himself with a career woman. My wanting to act was an assertion of my own independence—maybe in defiance of Doug's success, maybe in defense of it."

Their divorce was so amicable that, while under its terms their Hollywood house became hers, since she has been in New York, Douglas has occupied it, rent free. It's a rustic hillside home in Laurel Canyon, far from the purlieus of the movie elite. It doesn't have a swimming pool; Douglas helped his stand-in, Larry Randall, build a pool at his home in the San Fernando Valley, and swims there.

Between the demands on his income and his natural inclinations, Douglas lives on a modest scale. In all respects, he is refreshingly free of the pretensions affected by many lesser lights in Hollywood.

One night at a party, someone—alluding

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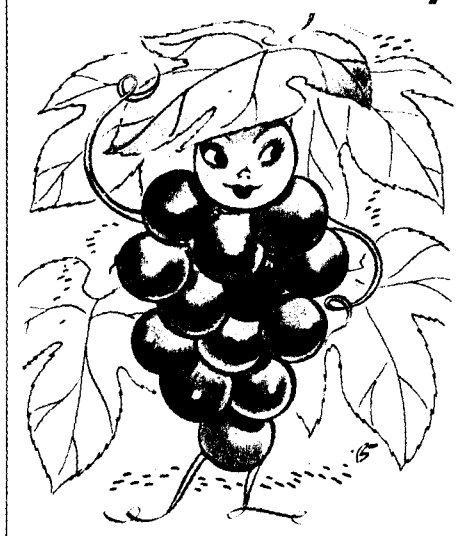

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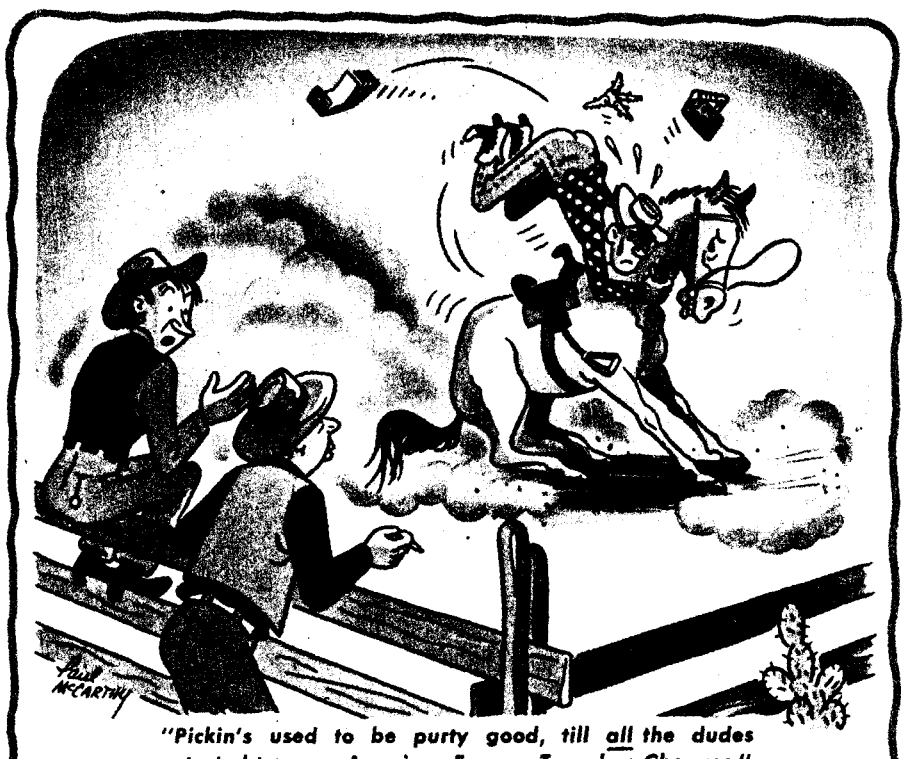

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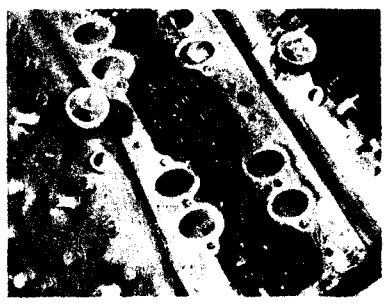

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to his display of torso in Champion—remarked: "My, you're quite dressed up tonight."

"Not especially," Kirk replied blandly. "I'm used to a tux. I had to wear one every night at Schrafft's—after I was promoted from the soda fountain to waiter."

Having been hungry often—including a broke Thanksgiving in New York when he tramped miles to a Bowery mission only to arrive after the victuals had run out—Douglas' number one domestic rule is that the refrigerator be constantly filled with food and beer. His first present to his mother, after he became solvent, was a new refrigerator, well stocked. His mother lives in Albany, New York, and his father in Amsterdam. His six sisters all are married and scattered around the country.

Douglas embarks on undertakings with studied self-confidence after painstaking preparations. He may labor for several days over a three-minute talk before a public gathering, first writing it out, then reducing it to an outline, then memorizing the outline. He once declined to play in a Hollywood stars' baseball game because there was no opportunity to practice in advance and he wanted to be sure of just what he was going to do.

When, as happens with enterprising individuals, he comes a cropper, he does it with grace and resilience. The morning two years ago after he was nosed out for the Academy Award in Champion, he answered his telephone: "Kirk Douglas, Academy Award loser, speaking."

As a consolation prize and a token of esteem, he went out and bought Champion's producer a small gilded statuette of a boxer. But on the way home, he dropped it and one of the hands broke off. Unfazed, Douglas left it as it was and had it inscribed:

"To Stanley Kramer, who can lick the movie business with one hand."

Kirk brings to his film career the same careful, hard-working approach he demonstrates in his private life. Film directors classify actors in two main categories: the passive, who report for work and wait for the director to tell them how to interpret a part; and the active, who study their vehicles with enough care and imagination to come up with original ideas. Douglas is an outstanding example of the latter kind.

For Champion, he spent six weeks in all-day workouts with Mushy Callahan, the retired fighter. For Young Man with a Horn he hung around high-level swing combinations in New York and Hollywood, and spent several weeks learning the rudiments of trumpet-playing from Harry James—not so he could play the music, which was dubbed in by James, but just so he could handle the instrument realistically and get the viewpoint of a jazzman.

During lulls in the filming of Along the Great Divide, his first Western, Douglas spent hours off in a corner practicing a quick draw with a six-shooter. For Detective Story, he trained at the West Forty-seventh Street police station in New York; and a few weeks before the filming, on his own initiative arranged to appear in the play for a week in Phoenix, Arizona—at a stipend of $50—to familiarize himself with the complex action.

During the filming of a picture, Douglas often can be observed on the side lines muttering intensely to himself, like a track star warming up. He is not running through his lines, but is putting himself into an appropriate frame of mind for the coming scene.

While studying a script, he mentally underscores his relationships with the other characters by imagining loathsome things about the bad people and thinking beautiful thoughts about the nice ones—punctu his lines to them with verbal embe ments of his own. When he plays a s he automatically drops his verbal inter tions, while maintaining the outlook generated.

A characteristic Douglas touch in Ch pion was one few spectators noticed, ex subconsciously.

To emphasize the mood of aggressi ness, he worked it out so that in the r he never took a step backward when other fighter was moving in.

Douglas has reached the theatrical p nacle where acting is less of a problem th finding suitable things to act in. When he not before the camera, the details of Ki Douglas, Big Business, keep him on steady round of conferences with his var ous agents and studio executives. Excep for a little tennis and swimming, he spend most of his time plowing through scripts which come in from all quarters at the rate of more than one a day.

Douglas does not like to be regarded as a one-part actor, figuring he has played a wide enough variety of roles to demonstrate his versatility. At the same time, he has no objection to his succession of man-you-love-to-hate parts.

To the considerable number of fan letters he gets asking "Why do you always die in the end?" his reaction is:

"It's not a question of dying at the end. It's what's right for the character. When people come out of a theater saying, 'I didn't want him to die,' that's good—that's the emotion you want to evoke."

Douglas still considers himself only "a so-called star."

"You're not a star just because your name's above the title," he explains. "You have to have proved yourself in enough pictures so that the audiences want to come to see you even if the picture isn't so good."

The difficulty of meeting this criterion by topping or at least equaling Champion has plunged Douglas into occasional spells of depression, during which he has moaned to intimates that he can't figure out why he isn't entirely happy with all he has.

It was when he was deep in one of these glooms recently that a perceptive friend observed:

"Kirk's trouble is very clear. He just wants to be the greatest actor in the world."

Informed of this judgment, Douglas said: "I never thought of it just that way. I guess it's that simple." THE END

I. SELZ

Single Blessing

For small things I'm most grateful;
I cherish each ray of sun.
I seldom lose a pair of gloves—
I just lose one.

—ETHEL JACOBSON

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48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

incident can sometimes become memorable. He reports that, after 27 years of faithful service, a car being driven by a Siloam Springs, Arkansas, farmer quit cold 20 miles from the nearest service station. Apparently all through. Couldn't coax a breath out of it. But along came a dandy new 1951 car, the driver of which offered to tow the farmer and his deceased crate to the nearest town. The owner of the new car, being in a hurry, was presently doing about 70. And at the time he passed a cross-roads cop, he was doing better than that. The cross-roads cop immediately radioed the next town: "Pick up gray sedan, license number so-and-so, making about 80 miles an hour. And this you don't have to believe, brother —there's a Model T trying to pass him."

★ ★ ★

We've been called a great many hard names in our time, but now comes Mrs. Julie Shadbank of Salem, Oregon, to address us as "Child Guidance Editor." Says Mrs. Shadbank in part: "My daughter is twelve years old and very obedient . . . She seems normal in every other way." We are advising Mrs. Shadbank to pay no attention to her offspring's incredible conduct. She will doubtless outgrow it.

★ ★ ★

We're pretty sure this is significant of something, otherwise Mr. Robert A. Diedrich of Maywood, California, would not have gone to the trouble of writing us. A fellow in Los Angeles, arrested for forgery, was examined by a psychiatrist who learned that his patient frequently drank gasoline-and-milk highballs, liked mothballs in his coffee and usually had a nightcap of shaving lotion. And physically he was tiptop.

★ ★ ★

There is a growing and disconcerting tendency in this country to make light of advices uttered by those who rule us. In Wyoming, for example, a scientific but none too electrifying speaker from the Interior Department in Washington was addressing a group of young people on the necessity for forest conservation. Said at one point that he wouldn't be surprised if not one in his audience had done a single thing to protect America's timber resources. Several seconds of silence. Then a young man in the rear drawled sleepily: "Sir, once I shot a woodpecker."

★ ★ ★

In case you've heard the rumor, too, the Agriculture Department denies the persistent report that it has developed a watermelon with a semitransparent rind, so that a purchaser can see what he is buying.

★ ★ ★

For what Mr. Japeth Hargedine of Wilmington, Delaware, calls "lo these many years," America has "basked in the lap of luxury." There is much more to Mr. Hargedine's letter, but reading it carefully we gather he's of the opinion that with too much luxury the lap vanishes.

★ ★ ★

Scene—Rent Control office in Carrollton, Kentucky. Clerk at desk. Irate citizen enters. Irate Citizen: "Whut's a landlord?" Clerk: "Landlord's a man who owns the house, the man you pay rent to." Irate Citizen: "Don't pay no rent. 'Bout 10 years ago I found a vacant house back yonder and moved in. Living there ever since. No rent to nobody." Clerk: "Well, what's your beef?" Irate Citizen: "Who's gonna fix the roof? Gets fixed or I move out." Curtain falls to strains of My Old Kentucky Home, played by massed bands.

★ ★ ★

As a general rule, we don't hold with those who say that most women don't appreciate the efforts of their hard-working husbands to keep them happy. But here we've got to concede a point. In Havre, Montana, a man gave his wife 10 cents a day with absolutely no strings attached. Could squander it all on herself and no accounting demanded. Know what she did? Saved those dimes for three years and then used them to buy herself a divorce.

"What a vacation I had! I couldn't believe my eyes! The place turned out to be everything I'd said it was!"

COLLIER'S — LEONARD DOVE

Collier's for July 21, 1951

All Right...Let Us Judge CATHOLICS BY THE BIBLE!

Many sincere people regard the Bible as the sole authority for Christian belief.

And they reject the teachings of the age-old Catholic Church because these teachings and forms of Catholic worship are not mentioned by name in Holy Scripture.

"Where," some will ask, "does the Bible say anything about the Mass or purgatory? And how about confession to a priest, praying to Mary, and those seven Sacraments you Catholics talk about? They're not in MY Bible."

Although everything contained in the Bible is true, yet the Bible is not the sole source of all truth. For example, we know that Christ established His Church . . . that the Church existed long before the Bible was completed . . . that millions lived and died in the Savior's truth without ever having seen a Bible.

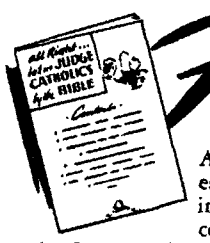
But we are willing to set aside these historical truths for the moment and judge Catholic beliefs and practices by the Bible.

Take first, for instance, the fact that the Bible does not mention the Mass or purgatory by name. Well, neither does it mention the word Bible by name. Furthermore, nowhere within its covers is it stated what are the writings which contain the inspired Word of God. The only authority you have for this is the word of the Catholic Church, which preserved and collected the Scriptural writings and put them between the covers of a book.

The word "Sacrament," meaning a sacred rite, is not used anywhere in the Bible. But Holy Scripture does make clear the sacredness of such Catholic rites as Baptism, Confirmation, the Eucharist, Matrimony, Penance, the Last Anointing, and Holy Orders, the latter rite being the deputizing of the successors to the Apostles.

The Sacraments were in possession of the Church and in daily use before a single line of the new Testament was written. People were being received into the Church by Baptism long before there was a New Testament. They were receiving Confirmation, were being married according to Christ's teaching, and praying over and anointing the dangerously sick.

Christ definitely *did* establish His Church. He *did* deputize His Apostles, and their successors, to continue His teaching. He *did* promise that His Church would endure forever, and could not fall into error. But He *never did say:* "All My teachings shall be in a book. Read and believe nothing else."



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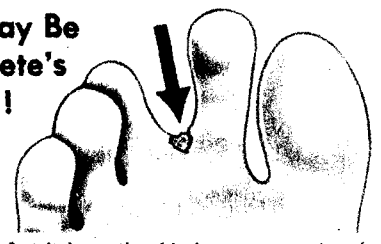

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SCHNOZZOLA!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

"I liked that town very much," he says now. "Georgie Burns and Gracie Allen had played the same theater the week before, and they stayed over to catch us.

"There was an act on ahead of us called The Cowboy and the Girl. Now I'm standing in the wings, and they had lines like, 'Roses are red, violets are blue, horses neck, do you?' And this act was getting *dynamite* laughs, and so we are in high spirits.

"I go out there. I look down at George and Gracie in the audience and they are applauding like mad. And then I open with I'm Jimmy, That Well-Dressed Man. Believe me, all the years I've been in show business . . . Nothing, just nothing happened! I have on a raccoon coat, and I remember someone in the audience saying out loud, 'He's *not* well-dressed . . .'

"And then we did I Know Darn' Well I Can Do Without Broadway, and I come to a line where Shubert is supposed to be standing in the wings, and he comes out and says, 'Jimmy, use both knees—and Jolson is finished!' Nothing. Nothing at all! And that had been our biggest laugh in New York.

"Now we're discouraged. Discouraged. Jackson didn't go so good with his number, either. Lou got some applause, but everything was kind of sour and we go off."

In the dressing room afterward, beads of sweat stood out on Jimmy's head. "What's the matter with these people?"

"Don't worry, Jimmy," Jackson said. "Don't worry about it at all."

But Eddie couldn't take his own advice. After the second show, Durante and Jackson went to a little restaurant, feeling so bad they did not want to be recognized.

A Frustrated Comedian's Plea

That night Jimmy said to the manager, "Listen, I don't want no money. I'll work another day so you can get another act. I don't care who you get. We just want to get on the train, take our band, and go back to New York."

The manager replied, "You boys will be all right."

"Now to make things tougher," Durante continued, "we have with us a kid working as a kind of secretary, Jack Harvey. He's one of our writers now. Well, this kid Harvey is out on the street one day, and he walks against the lights, and a cop gives him a ticket, and he calls the cop a hick. And then headlines come out that one of the boys in the band called a cop a hick and we think this is a hick town. Well, I could have died.

"The act went very bad, and on top of this the guy calling a cop a hick, which was out of line. I said to Lou, 'Oh, please. Let's drop the whole business and go home.'

"Well, Burns and Allen are awful good people but they come to our dressing room and they simply got to laugh about this. They had done well, and they always did do well. And around the booking offices in New York, every time Lou would appear, the booker would say, 'Do you want us to book you in Minneanapolis?' "

The Minneapolis fizzle awakened the Schnozzola to the realities of the American taste for comedy beyond the little area of Times Square.

"We hadn't given them what they wanted," he said. "It was before the big broadcasting days—and, of course, television. And sound was just coming into the movies, and I found out that Broadway and New York ain't the whole world. There's a great big country outside of it, and each place has a solid humor of its own, and you got to have an act that is right down to earth.

"It wasn't the fault of Minneanapolis. It was our fault. And I was very happy a long time afterward in 1934, when Minneanapolis voted me the best comedian in pictures. I loved 'em for this. I loved 'em for teaching me a valuable lesson."

Toward the end of that summer, the team found itself back East, booked for a three-day engagement at a Red Bank, New Jersey, casino operated by a man known as Lonesome Tom. Instead of a guarantee, Tom offered to turn over to the trio all the $4 cover charges collected in the room, which seated 400. Clayton accepted with alacrity, and the troupe made almost $5,000 for the three days, a circumstance which made them feel better about their fiasco in Minneapolis. (Lou further improved his own state of mind by relieving the proprietor of $25,000 in a Hungarian card game called Klaberjass.)

It was an enjoyable week end in other respects as well. Before going to bed each morning, the trio had an opportunity to play golf on the nearby Shrewsbury course. One morning Clayton, Jackson, Durante and Lonesome Tom played a foursome. Tom was a fine golfer, as was Clayton, so the two men made side bets. These wagers did not apply to Durante or Jackson, who were duffers.

A railroad station stood near the fourth tee. As the foursome prepared to tee off there, a train crowded with passengers arrived at the station. It was Clayton's honor, and he drove a long one down the middle. Jackson teed off next and did fairly well, and Lonesome Tom whacked a dandy. Now it was the Schnozzola's honor. He took a stance, swung like Casey at the Bat—and "came up empty." He went through with the false shot, however, pivoted magnificently, and posed with the club about his neck, gazing like a bird dog into the distance.

After he had stood there several seconds, Clayton said in wonderment, "Hey, what are you looking at?"

"Yeah," said Jackson. "The ball is still on the tee!"

The Schnozz shouted angrily, "Pernt out there the same as I'm doing, will you please? Don't let me stand this embarrassment! Everybody on that train is looking!"

The others solemnly "pernted." Then a four sportsmen walked off, leaving Jim' ball on the tee.

"Gee!" said Jimmy. "I never felt so good about anything as getting away from that train." He quit at the fifth hole, and declined to have any more truck with golf for the rest of the engagement.

Caddie Trouble for Clayton

Next morning, Clayton had difficulty getting a caddie, although a number of them were standing about. He approached one of the boys and asked what the trouble was.

"I'm waiting for the big-nosed fellow."

"Why wait for him? He can't even hit his head with a hammer."

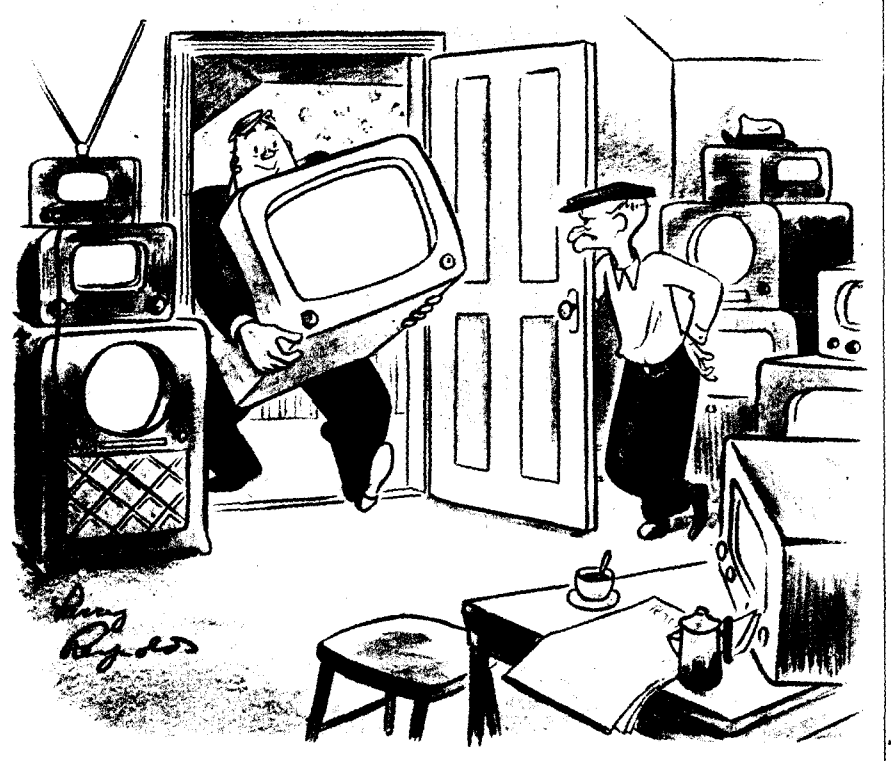
The caddie nodded. "That's it. He plays five holes and gives me twenty-five dollars. For you I'd walk eighteen holes and make five. I'm no dummy."

If the Red Bank engagement was brief and satisfactory, the team's next booking was just brief. They opened the fall season at a place called the Silver Slipper on West Forty-eighth Street; a few days before they reported for work someone sold a drink to a prohibition officer, and 10 days after opening night the place was padlocked.

At this point, the Chinaman entered their lives again. He met Clayton on Broadway and broached a proposition: "I have a chance to go into the café business, but I wouldn't think of it unless I had Clayton, Jackson and Durante." The café he had in mind was a room on the East Side of Broadway near Fiftieth Street, formerly called the Follies Bergere but known at this time as the Plantation. Clayton was acquainted with the place and agreed to play there with his partners. Under the new management the name was changed once again, to Les Ambassadeurs.

The team did well there, but there was trouble with the owners from the start. A somewhat unsavory collection of characters had gone into partnership with the Chinaman to operate the place; the three per-

BUTCH



"Somehow I can't—uh—recapture th' enthusiasm I had when you swiped th' six-inch, then th' 10-inch, 12-inch, 14-inch, 16-inch, 17-inch, 19-inch—"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

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formers discovered after a while that, instead of putting up any substantial amount of money, the proprietors were banking on the popularity of Clayton, Jackson and Durante to keep their business going. In addition, there were numerous brawls at Les Ambassadeurs, and several sharp quarrels among members of the management.

The worst blow came when—after a couple of men had been beaten up at the club, giving it a bad name—the owners decided that the solution was to change titles again. They dubbed the place the Rendezvous.

"You have changed the name of Les Ambassadeurs just after we have memorized it," Durante complained, "and now we've got to turn around and find out how to spell Rendezvous."

However, the three performers stuck it out at this café, and as a result had the privilege of being present at the start of a great career.

A friend of Durante and Clayton, talent agent Lou Irwin (discoverer of Helen Morgan), had been dining one evening at a night club called Little Russia on Central Park South when a slim, dark-haired miss named Ethel Zimmerman gave an imitation of torch singer Libby Holman. This girl had a special kind of fire, Irwin thought; he spoke to her afterwards, and suggested that she drop in at the Rendezvous for an audition.

Next afternoon, Durante and Clayton interviewed Ethel in the presence of her mother. She told them that she worked days as a secretary for sportsman-financier Caleb Bragg in Wall Street. She lived with and was the sole support of her parents in Astoria, Long Island. Miss Zimmerman, Clayton later remarked, seemed much younger than the twenty-one years she claimed to be.

Irwin had counseled Ethel to quit imitating Miss Holman and other blues singers. For this occasion she sang merely as herself.

"We picked up our ears like donkeys," Durante recalls now. "This girl was dynamite!

"We changed her name to Ethel Merman, and you know the rest. A tornado. What a pair of pipes! Before we met her, she had tried out for George White's Scandals, and Georgie had turned her down. Later on, after she had come to us, he paid her more than $1,500 a week and a share of the gross to sing for him.

"Anyhow, we put her to work at $85 a week, and then $100, and later on she went into the show Girl Crazy. I think we smothered a few rough edges off of her and also give her some tips that encroached her statue as an artist."

Compromise on Top Billing

In the years to come, Miss Merman was to appear with Jimmy in shows that gave her equal billing with her big-nosed co-discoverer, shows like Stars in Your Eyes, and Red, Hot and Blue. By that time, she had become such a big name in her own right that Clayton had to fight to keep The Schnozz from getting a subordinate place in the showcards and advertisements; it was finally agreed that both names were to appear on the same line and in the same type size, with Durante's name first one day, and Miss Merman's first the next.

Jimmy recalls with pleasure their appearances together. "Ethel Merman," he says, "is the world's greatest salesman of lyrics. She is the talk of show people because she never gets nervous on first nights, but gives the best performance of anybody, and is never so good later as she is when everybody else on first night has butter-knives in their stomach.

"It was like working with Babe Ruth to work with that gal. She had class and spirit, a tear in her voice, and a native facsimile for anything she tried."

A few months before the season ended at the Rendezvous, Clayton, Jackson and Durante were engaged for Florenz Ziegfeld's forthcoming production, Show Girl. They canceled their plans for the usual summer holiday, and buckled down to learning a new medium—the Broadway musical. Jimmy was jubilant at the opportunity. "Toots," he told his wife, "Mr. Ziegfeld is going to glorify my nose."

Although George Gershwin had written the music for the show, and his brother Ira had collaborated on the lyrics with Gus Kahn, Ziegfeld felt that Durante's inimitable style demanded something different, and he asked the Schnozz to supply a song of his own. Jimmy promised to try.

Police Captain's Sad Story

One night soon after that, a police captain he knew dropped in at the club. Normally a stern fellow, this officer would become greatly depressed when a third quart of wine replaced the blood in his heart; on this occasion, with tears flowing out as the beverage flowed in, the captain confided to Jimmy that his wife had grown cold toward him, notwithstanding the fine house he had bought her.

He had been so very happy, he sobbed, back in the old days, when, as a patrolman first class, he and his lady had resided in a furnished room in Brooklyn.

"You can have your six-room or seven-room home," he wept: "Let me be happy in my little one-room flat."

"Say," Jimmy consoled him, "don't let anybody knock your house."

The captain babbled on: "You can keep your fourteen-room, sixteen-room, twenty-room home. So I tell you, I gotta one-room home, and my wife, she likes to make pretty pillows for the settee. But no more. You can go on being proud, while you have a one-room, two-room, six-room . . ."

Ultimately, the captain collapsed over the table, and Durante had two bus boys take him to his car. The next day Jimmy appeared at rehearsal with a new song, One-Room Home, containing a reference to hi "one-room, two-room, three-room" establishment, and he later sang it in the show.

Some years afterward, Jimmy presented this song on the radio. He was promptly sued by poet Alfred Kreymborg, who charged plagiarism and copyright infringement. Kreymborg asked damages of $100,000, alleging that material for the one-room epic had appeared originally in 1916 in his volume of poems called Others.

In federal court, the complainant's attorney said that Durante had taken a fine poem and ruined it by means of comical recitation. He charged that if Walt Whitman were alive, he would be exposed to a like disaster at the hands of Durante.

"Whitman?" asked Durante in a loud whisper to Clayton. "Wasn't he the district attorney in the Gyp the Blood case?"

The complainant's attorney recited from Whitman's Salut au Monde! and Durante urged his counsel to object. "It don't make no sense!"

The judge ruled in Durante's favor, holding there had been no infringement of copyright.

The next day Lou Clayton found Durante in his room at the Astor with several sheets of paper before him on the writing desk. He was busy scribbling.

"What you doing, Jimmy?"

"Shh!" and Jimmy looked up at the ceiling "I'm ruining that poet Whitman."

Clayton picked up the sheet of paper and read:

"I sing of America, of the United States, of the Stars and Stripes, and of Canarsie. I sing of railroad cars, of hotels, the breakfasts, the lunches, the dinners, the suppers, the soup, the fish, the entrees, the game, the pudding, the ice cream, I sing all. I eat all . . . I want to go back. I want to go back. Where? I don't know where. I don't know when, I don't know how. But I want to go back. You've heard. I want to go back to the tumbled-down shack. I want to go back to Caroline. I want to go back to Mammy. I want to go back to Miami, Maine. In fact, I want to go back . . ."

The grinning Clayton seized Durante by

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the nose. "Stick to singing," he advised.

Show Girl, which opened in New York in July, got approving reviews, but theater business was bad that year, and the production closed in October. A short time after that, finally fed up with the management of the Rendezvous, the trio quit that club and began shopping for a new café job.

It was at this point that a whole new field opened up: Paramount Studios had bought a scenario by playwrights Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, to be produced at its studios in Astoria, Long Island. The company wanted Clayton, Jackson and Durante for the picture, and the Broadway team drove over to discuss the deal.

"Just leave this to me," Clayton told his partners. "We are not going to work for peanuts in the movies."

In Astoria, the trio was shown into a conference chamber so ornate that the awe-struck Durante could hardly speak in it, and Eddie Jackson began to perspire from nervousness. Sitting there were the three regents of the Paramount empire: Walter Wanger, Jesse Lasky and Monta Bell. It was Wanger, a night-club devotee, who had been responsible for the meeting—having insisted, against much opposition, that Durante's looks would not scare patrons away from the movie theaters.

Of the three Broadway showmen, Clayton was the only one not upset by the grandeur of the place, and he was cool as an Eskimo.

After Wanger had outlined the Hecht-MacArthur story, Clayton asked, "What is your proposition, gentlemen?"

"Well," Lasky replied, "the picture will take about four or five weeks to shoot, so we'll give you $7,500 a week for four weeks, $30,000 in all."

Bell placed a contract and four carbon copies of it on the table. Durante and Jackson looked at Clayton, and underneath the table the Schnozz nudged Lou with his knee as a signal to accept the proposal.

"I tell you, gentlemen," Clayton said, "we get fifty-five hundred or six thousand dollars doing personal appearances at the Palace Theatre, where we entertain only 2,000 to 4,000 people a day. In a café we get $3,000 a week, and we entertain around 400 people a night there. Now you offer us $7,500 to entertain millions of people."

Durante kept kneeing Lou, who paid no attention. "I don't think the figure is right," Clayton said.

"Well, then," Wanger inquired, "for what figure would you want to make the picture, Mr. Clayton?"

"We'll take $50,000 for the four weeks," Lou replied. "Twelve thousand five hundred dollars a week."

This was more than Durante could stand. He suddenly bounced out of his chair and looked at his wrist as if to see what time it was.

Clayton knew that Jimmy had no wrist watch. "Did you cut yourself or something?" he asked with simulated concern.

The Schnozzola blushed desperately. "Pardon me, gentlemen, I have an apperntment."

"Jimmy," said Lasky, "why don't you use one of these phones on the table?"

Still looking at his bare wrist, Durante said, "No, this is private. I don't want you gentlemen to hear the number I am going to call." And he almost ran from the room. Jackson, mumbling something, followed.

Aftermath of the Conference

A short time later, Clayton emerged from the conference room; wordlessly, his partners fell in behind him and got into his car for the drive back to Manhattan. Silently they rode toward the Queensborough Bridge; just before they got there, Durante spoke.

"Do me a favor, will you? Drive us up against the curb."

Clayton put on the brakes. Following the Schnozzola's lead, the three men got out of the car and gathered on the sidewalk.

"What's on your mind?" Lou asked.

"I just want to tell you," said Jimmy with great indignation, "I don't feel like riding any farther with you. I don't like your refusing $7,500 a week. What was your reason?"

"Because," said Clayton, "I didn't think it was enough money. Does it have to be a bigger reason than that?" He stared a challenge at Jackson, who muttered, "I'm not saying a word!"

"You shoulda signed that contract," the Schnozz insisted angrily.

"Who says I didn't?" And Clayton brought a document out of his breast pocket. There on the sidewalk, Durante and Jackson peered at the contract. It called for $50,000 for four weeks.

Jimmy yelped and grabbed Clayton. Forcing his partner against a wall, he began to search Lou's pockets, hollering: "I want to see if you got a gun; because, brother, the way you ask for twelve thousand five hundred a week, you must have one! You ask them for it without even smiling. Don't you *ever*, as long as we're together, invite me into an office again. Do you hear? Any time you talk business, I don't want to be there. I can't stand it!"

Caught in Wall Street Crash

The trio began making the motion picture, Roadhouse Nights, several weeks after the October crash in Wall Street. Just how much money they lost respectively in the market is not easily determined. According to Clayton, he himself had a marginal interest in many stocks. He often had advised both Durante and Jackson not to wade too deeply in speculation, but they had champed at the bit, wanting to be a part of the great bullish throng. There seems little doubt that they all lost fairly heavily—especially Clayton.

But—at least during the early days of the depression—they had fewer day-to-day financial problems than many other people. With their entry into the movies, Clayton, Jackson and Durante were working almost round-the-clock. They were still doing night-club shows. At 3:00 A.M. they would leave the cafés, grab a few hours' sleep, and appear on the set in Astoria at nine. At 4.00 P.M., they had to be on stage at the Palace, where they were making one of their numerous vaudeville appearances. From there they would go back to the club. After the first show there, they would hurry back to the Palace for the 10:00 P.M. show —and then return to the café to finish out the night.

Jimmy's career in the movies gave his old father, Bartolomeo, a rare opportunity to watch his son in action. Bartolomeo, the former barber of Salerno, Italy, was fast becoming a neighborhood legend in the Brooklyn district where he lived with his married daughter, Lilian. The spry, white-haired, alert old fellow with the long mustache used to stroll through the streets nodding affectionately at friend and stranger alike—and often passing out money to people who seemed to need it. (Eventually, Jimmy had to stop sending his father money, to keep him from giving it away; instead, he made Lilian the old man's banker.) The senior Durante was a favorite of the neighborhood shop girls. He would arrive early in the morning to buy trinkets and candy for the children he might encounter during the day, and he would wink mischievously at the girls to indicate that he was still full of fire.

Nevertheless, Broadway night clubs kept hours that were too late for the old gentleman. As a result, he had seen his son perform in a café only once. When he was asked on that occasion whether he thought Jimmy was funny, Bartolomeo considered a moment, then replied in Italian: "Let's not get into an argument."

This apparently critical attitude masked a tremendous pride in the Schnozzola's accomplishments, as was demonstrated when the old barber finally went to see Jimmy's first picture, Roadhouse Nights: He sat through three shows. But when someone sought his opinion of the picture, his guard

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promptly went up, and he delivered what might well have been the most profound criticism ever offered of the movies: "Talk, talk, talk!"

Jimmy was the main source of support for his father and for some of the other members of his family, and it was indeed fortunate that when the depression struck, the team of Clayton, Jackson and Durante was right at its peak. For at about that time Jimmy's wife, Jeanne, became quite ill, and had to be hurried to the hospital for an operation. The doctors discovered a growth which they feared might someday become malignant.

"Of course, her illness worried Jimmy a great deal," an acquaintance of those days said later, "but you would never have thought that he had a care in the world while he was working. His mind was so full of worries over Jeanne that it was most amazing for those of us who knew his great troubles to see him give his spirited shows."

The whole world had troubles in those days, for the year 1930 had become a great wake. Business in the theaters collapsed, except for the motion-picture-show houses, where many of the unemployed persons of Manhattan sought diversion from their woes. The Broadway night clubs, of course, were hard hit, although the trio of Clayton, Jackson and Durante continued to do comparatively well at the Silver Slipper.

Theatrical managers tried gamely to shore up their business during the year that followed the Wall Street debacle. But many Broadway houses became dustbins when the street's financial angels lost their golden harps.

Instead of going out at night, New Yorkers were listening free of charge to Amos and Andy on the radio, or making home brew or bathtub gin.

Durante and his partners played many charity benefits that year, in addition to their regular work.

In the early fall, they went into rehearsal for The New Yorkers, a Cole Porter musical show produced by E. Ray Goetz. The show got good reviews, and ran on Broadway for 23 weeks, a fairly good record considering the times. Clayton, Jackson and Durante made $4,250 a week.

Four Men in a Black Sedan

It was while he was appearing in The New Yorkers that Jimmy had another kidnap scare—his third since reaching the big time. At six o'clock one morning early in February, as he was driving home, a black sedan with four men in it tried to force Durante to the curb. Jimmy managed to race past the car; at the same time, he honked his horn and called to a neighbor who had come out to get the morning milk. The black car sped away from the scene.

The next night the theater doorman gave Jimmy an unsigned letter which read: "You were very lucky night before last, but it won't be that way next time. In the second act tonight wear a red carnation which will mean you want to get in touch with us."

"Wear the carnation," Clayton told Durante. "Then we'll get in touch all right, and I'll personally take care of anyone that makes a move."

Jimmy wore the flower. After the show, Clayton stayed inside the theater for a few minutes to confer with the producer. Durante went outside. As he left the stage door, a gentleman of the Avenue known as Lumps the Grabber gave the Schnozzola a big hello.

"Gosh, Jimmy!" said Lumps. "Please accept the apology of everybody concerned."

"Everybody who?" asked Durante.

"Just forgive 'em, Jimmy. They're awful sorry this letter happened, because they all love you, and merely wanted five grand, and got hopped up and impulsive. And now they tell me to say they're awful sorry, and it's all over, and the junk has wore off them complete, and will you forget and forgive?"

"I'll forget and forgive," said Jim. "But you better keep out of Clayton's way. He never forgets, even if he sometimes forgives."

"Thanks," said Lumps the Grabber. "You don't happen to have a C note on you at the moment?"

"It so happens I have four C notes," said Jimmy. "And I'll split 'em with you." With that, Durante gave $200 to Lumps. "Go buy some carnations with it."

After The New Yorkers closed early in the summer of 1931, something happened that was to mean a great change for the now famous team of Clayton, Jackson and Durante: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer offered Jimmy Durante—and Jimmy alone—a five-year contract in Hollywood.

The decision was a tough one to make, although Jeanne was jubilant. She said that she and Jimmy at last would find a permanent home in California, away from the hurly-burly of Broadway, the all-night separations and the gangland threats.

Team Discusses Splitting Up

But the prospect of breaking up the closely bound triumvirate was not as simple as all that for the Schnozzola. He called his partners together to ask what they thought of the motion-picture proposal. "Times is tough," he said, "but I won't leave my pals."

"Jim," said Clayton, "we want you to be the success you deserve. The other things don't matter."

"I'll do whatever you want, Jimmy," said Jackson.

Clayton was thinking hard. "Let's go over and ask Sime Silverman what he recommends we ought to do."

There was a meeting, a momentous one for the trio, in Sime Silverman's apartment. The wise little editor of Variety had seen many changes on Broadway in his time, and now the street was changing again in appearance and mood. Sime told the three men that the prosperous night-club era not only had reached its end, but never would come back in the same carefree way as in the twenties.

"The cover charge is on the way out," he said. "And so are the times we have known. Only the Casino in Central Park is staying out of the red, and that is Jimmy Walker's own pet place. I know how close and loyal you three mugs are, and I love you for your loyalty, but for that very reason you should let Jimmy go ahead and not stand in the way of his picture career."

"I won't make a move without my partners," said Jimmy.

"Well," said Silverman, "you'd better take care of your partners in some other way."

Jimmy turned to Clayton. "Without you doing the business," he said, "I don't want to go out there. Come with me and take care of things and you'll get a third of everything I make as long as I live. And Eddie, you're coming, too."

"Well," said Jackson, "I like to sing. It's in my blood. But I'll go out there with you anyhow and look things over."

"Jim," said Clayton, "I'll go along if you want me to. There's no doubt in my mind you're going to be a big hit. You haven't got anything to worry about. If you want me to go out there with you, I'll hang up my dancing shoes from now on and look after your interests. I know you're going to be a big success."

"Success?" said Durante. "I think success is not to worry too much, to do the best you can—and to stick with your friends and pray they'll stick with you. The rest is in God's hands."

Dark days were in the offing for Jimmy Durante, but the irrepressible Schnozz still had fun. Next week's Collier's tells about his troubles in Hollywood; his meeting with Albert Einstein; how he co-starred with an elephant, and disappeared in Europe. Be sure to order your newsstand copy

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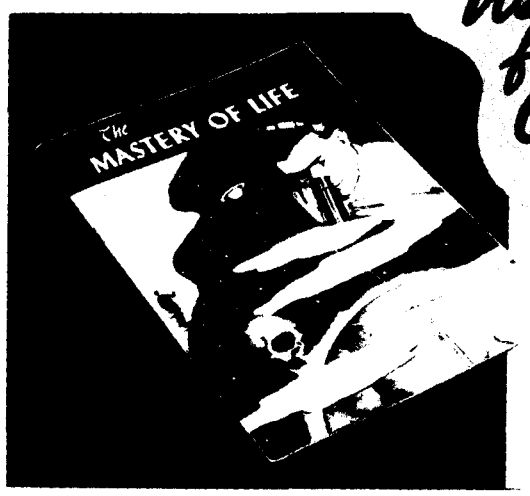

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HARRY DEVLIN

Not Quite Ready

AN ARTICLE in our June 30th issue quoted Deputy Secretary of Defense Robert A. Lovett as saying, apropos of Russia's superiority in numbers, "We don't have to match them man for man. We aren't going to square-dance with them." This was Mr. Lovett's unhackneyed way of phrasing a belief which the majority of Americans undoubtedly share: we cannot hope to match Communist man power, but we don't need to worry about it, because we have the industrial capacity and engineering genius to outmatch that man power in guns, tanks, planes, ships and so on.

The United States can certainly boast the greatest industrial advancement of any country in the world. But some recent statements from authoritative sources have raised the question of whether we are taking full advantage of that superiority, and of whether we may not be underestimating our adversary's accomplishments and advantages in the same field.

General Vandenberg, the Air Force Chief of Staff, told the Senate "MacArthur committee" that the Air Force is operating on a "shoestring basis." He testified that the Soviets evidently have a mass-production method for "very excellent aircraft," and that the engine of the Russian MIG-15 jet fighter is superior to any jet engine we have in combat today.

H. Mansfield Horner, president of United Aircraft Corporation, one of the world's biggest manufacturers of airplane engines, said that General Vandenberg "has access to the facts," and that there is no reason why he should not be believed implicitly.

Captain James Jabara, the first jet ace in the history of air warfare, went even further. Having put our best jet fighter in Korea, the F-86, to the ultimate test of combat against its Russian counterpart, he concluded that the MIG-15 not only has a better engine than the American plane, but that it could outclimb the F-86, outrun it in level flight at high altitudes, and that its 20-mm. or 23-mm. cannon, firing explosive shells, had a greater weight of firepower than the F-86's .50-caliber machine guns. The only advantage the F-86 has, according to the captain, is in diving.

Colonel John C. Meyer, an ace of World War II (as Captain Jabara is), rates the F-86 ahead of the MIG-15. He said that the Communist pilots in Korea lack advanced training —as the United Nations' score of 31 MIG-15s destroyed and 60 damaged, as against the loss of one American fighter, seems to prove. But he also conceded that the damaged planes had not been destroyed because our aircraft lack a "lethal punch," and because we "need something better than we've got."

The American aviation industry has at least four new engines, at or near the stage of going into production, which it believes are twice as powerful as the MIG-15's power plant. But, as one industry spokesman put it, "We don't know what the Russians have ready for production." For all our advantages, the Soviet aviation industry has at least one advantage over us in the jet field. That is a head start.

At the end of the second World War, the Russians took over what the Germans had done with jet power at that time, and secured a good many German engineers to work on its further development. The United States didn't really get started on its rearmament program until 1948. And even then the aviation program, along with others, was the subject of a rather academic, time-consuming, policy-paralyzing debate.

The champions of air power argued that a 70-group force was the minimum requirement for the country's adequate defense. But their goal, like similar goals of other services, got nowhere in the days of the famous "economy" drive of former Defense Secretary Louis Johnson. Then in the fall of 1949, when domestic spending seemed more likely to produce votes in the Congressional elections only a year away, President Truman "impounded" $648,000,000 which Congress had voted to build up a 58-group Air Force because he didn't think the expenditure was necessary.

The result of all this is that we are facing the present crisis not only with a "shoestring" Air Force but, according to expert testimony, with an inferior "shoestring"—at least in the category of jet fighters.

We do not think that the American aviation industry is at fault. We have faith that the whole of American industry has the resources, facilities, experience and talent to make us superior in quality as well as quantity. But we will not achieve that double superiority if we indulge ourselves in a smug underestimate of the opposition's strength. The Russians are not dopes. They are a first-class power, as well as a ruthless and determined one. They may not have invented the telephone, the radio and television, but they have developed some guns, tanks and airplanes which are pretty damned good. Indeed, it may not be accidental that the Soviet propagandists have pressed these absurd and provably false claims of inventive "firsts" and at the same time have kept quiet about their armament developments. They may well be trying to distract the American government and public with these ridiculous boasts and lull us into a false sense of security and superiority.

If direct war with the Soviets should come, there is the possibility that they could hurt us very badly at the start unless we bestir ourselves right now and get going.

The United States has soldiers and sailors and fliers who are inferior to none. If there was ever any doubt on that score, the Korean war should have removed it. They deserve the best. And for the staggering sum of $84,000,000,000, which the American people have spent on defense in the past five years, they should have the best. If they haven't, then it's time for our inquiring congressmen to look into the matter and find out why.

Mercy!

"A-Bombs May Fog Films"—Headline in Science News Letter.

Gad, this thing *is* getting serious.

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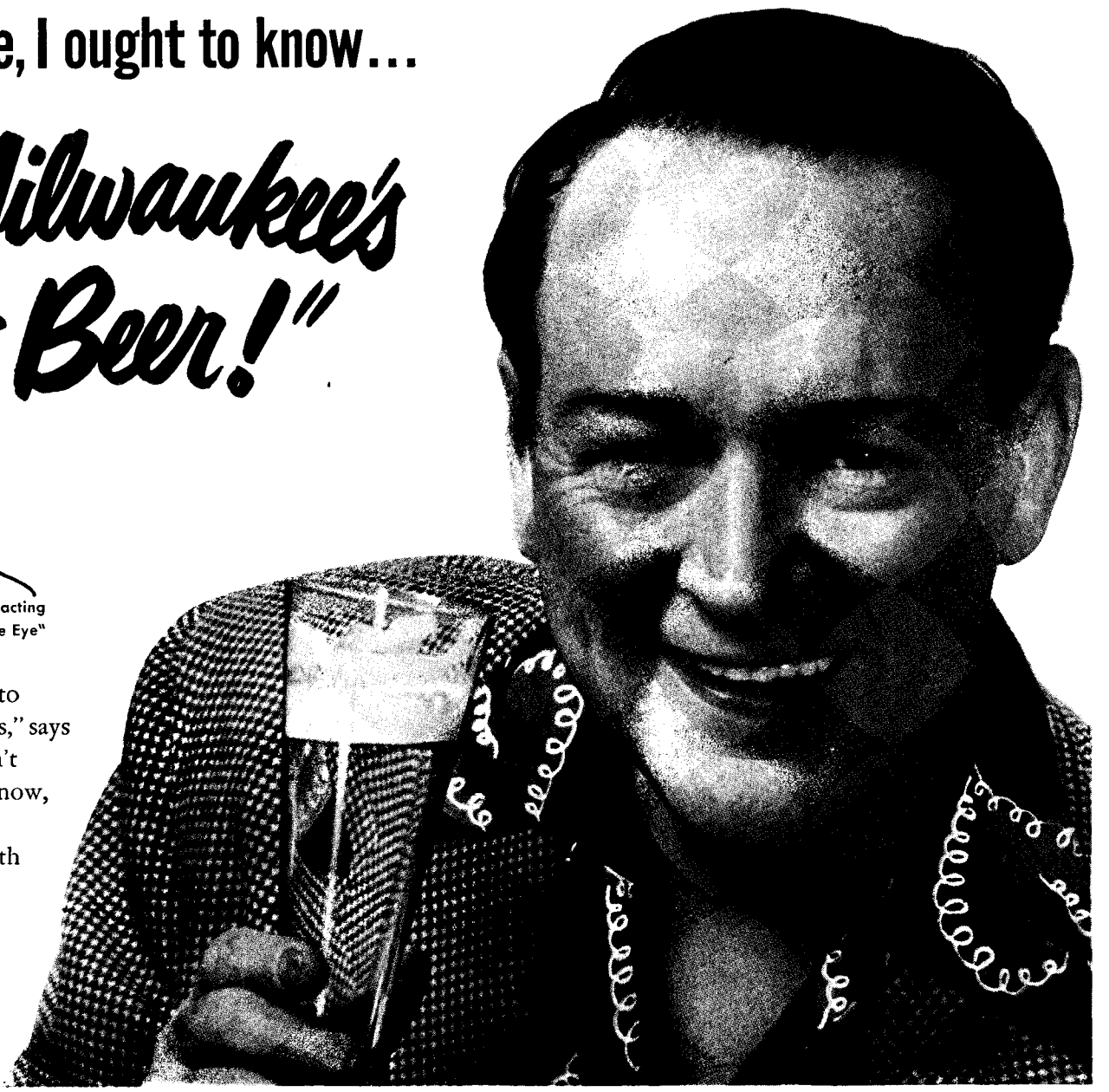

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